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JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM, M. & L.L.D.

F.R.S. F.A.S. F.L.S. &c. &c. &c.

Published Jan.y 1. 1817 by W. Skelton, Stafford Place Pimlico.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF THE LATE

JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM,

M.D; LL.D; F.R.S; F.A.S; F.L.S; &c. &c. &c.

WITH A SELECTION FROM HIS

Correspondence.

26693

By THOMAS JOSEPH PETTIGREW, F.L.S.

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS; SURGEON EXTRAORDINARY TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKES OF KENT AND SUSSEX; SURGEON TO THE UNIVERSAL DISPENSARY; FELLOW AND REGISTRAR OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETY; REGISTRAR AND SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY; HONORARY MEMBER AND SECRETARY OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON; LECTURER ON ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY, &c. &c. &c.

B. 3225.

Yy b 22

Inspicere tanquam in speculum in vitas omnium
Jubeo, atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi.
TER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

bc
9-12-71

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1817.

TO

FIELD MARSHAL

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE EDWARD,

DUKE OF KENT AND STRATHEARN, EARL OF DUBLIN,

K. G. G. C. B. G. C. H. K. P.

&c. &c. &c. &c.

SIR,

Appreciating as I do the flattering privilege granted me by Your Royal Highness of dedicating to Your Illustrious Patronage these Volumes, I cannot but be gratified with the reflection, that, however the work may be executed, the subject of it is not unworthy the high distinction thus conferred upon it. The benevolent themselves are alone capable of justly estimating benevolence in others: who then, is so competent to understand and to feel the excellencies and virtues of the lamented

Philanthropist, whose character I have endeavoured, with a feeble hand, to delineate, as Your Royal Highness? Your country proclaims that the milk of human kindness flows a living and exhaustless stream through the heart of Your Royal Highness, which the hand of Death has frozen in the once warm and genial bosom of my departed friend. Dr. Lettsom needs no Panegyrist. To detail his useful and eventful life is to pronounce his highest eulogy.

Yet, while the active sympathies of his character which are known, and which were followed by corresponding exercises of charity, have formed for him a mausoleum more magnificent than can be constructed by the proudest efforts of art—his highest praise lies yet concealed: it is every day emerging from alleys and hovels into which his bounty stole secretly —and it is heard in the sighs of those who miss the stream of which they drank, almost without themselves knowing the fountain whence it flowed.

Such was the man whose life forms the substance of the succeeding pages—and over whose remains Your Royal Highness is extending the wing of Your protection: in so doing, You are not only illustrating departed worth, but shedding glory over Your own Princely Character.

I have the honour to remain,

Sir,

Your Royal Highness's

most grateful and most dutiful servant,

THOMAS JOSEPH PETTIGREW.

Bolt-court, Fleet-street,

January 1, 1817.

PREFACE.

THE Collection of Letters now submitted to the Public have been selected from among many thousands, forming the principal part of the Correspondence of the late celebrated Dr. Lettsom. The Editor trusts that he has not committed to print any subjects calculated to excite unpleasant feelings in the bosom of any individual. His object has been, where Letters from different Correspondents have occurred on the same subject, and expressing a difference of opinion, to admit the statements on both sides with the utmost candour.

From all the Correspondents now living, with whom he could possibly communicate, he has solicited their permission for the printing of their Letters; from all of them, without a single exception, he has received kind attention, and by many he has been favoured with

the Doctor's Letters to connect the Correspondence. To the relations of several of the deceased Correspondents he has also made similar application, and has received like consideration. For these he is extremely grateful, and feels the highest satisfaction in making his acknowledgments to the following individuals: Sir Thomas Gery Cullum, of Bury, Suffolk, Bart.; Rev. James Plumptre, B. D. of Great Gransden, Huntingdonshire; Rev. John Glasse, Rector of Burnham, Norfolk, the Executor of the late Sir Mordaunt Martin, Bart.; Rev. Francis Wrangham, M. A. of Hunmanby; Dr. William Babington, of Aldermanbury; Dr. Joshua Dixon, of Whitehaven; Dr. Edward Jenner, of Berkeley; Dr. John Johnstone, of Birmingham; Dr. Jonathan Stokes, of Chesterfield; Dr. Joshua Walker, of Leeds; and to Patrick Colquhoun, LL.D. the worthy Magistrate of Westminster.

To the Son-in-law of the late Dr. Lettsom, John Elliott, of Pimlico-lodge, esq. the Editor is under very great obligations, not only for access to the Correspondence, but for a Memoir of the early Life of Dr. Lettsom, written by himself.

To John Nichols, esq., and to Mr. John Bowyer Nichols, the Editor also feels deeply

indebted for their kind assistance in the ornamental part of the work, by the loan of the plates of the birth-place of Dr. Lettsom, of the General Sea-Bathing Infirmary, and of Dr. Cuming; and for several valuable hints in the prosecution of the publication.

Several of the Letters appear in the form of Extracts. This has been deemed advisable when the whole of the contents of the Letter has not been thought proper, or sufficiently interesting, for publication. By this means the Editor has been enabled to introduce a greater diversity of correspondence than could otherwise possibly have been done, unless by adding to the number of the volumes.

The multifarious character and abundance of matter composing Dr. Lettsom's Correspondence has occasioned the task of selection to be one of no small difficulty and responsibility. This collection might have been greatly enlarged, without any diminution of interest in the subjects; but the work, even in its present form, has extended much beyond the original design of the Editor.

The Editor conceived the idea, in the first instance, of accompanying the Correspondence with short Biographical Sketches of the Correspondents. He is already in possession of

considerable materials for the work, and may probably hereafter submit them to the judgment of the public.

Since the printing of these volumes has been concluded, several Letters from various Persons have been transmitted to the Editor, for which he feels grateful, but is under the necessity of declining the use of them at present; at some future opportunity he hopes to be enabled to improve what he has now performed; and to facilitate that purpose, still requests of the Friends and Correspondents of the late Dr. Lettsom, to favour him with such letters and communications as are in their possession.

It was the wish of the Editor to have arranged the Letters either according to the time at which they were written, the situation of the place whence they were transmitted, or the subjects on which they treat; but it was found to be impracticable: it would have divided the Correspondence of different individuals, which it has been thought proper to preserve in the order of time in which the Letters were written: those from America are classed in succession, as they relate to similar topics.

A few Letters originally intended to be printed have been suppressed: it has arisen from private considerations, and in some instances from the pressure of more important matter.

The task has been one of considerable labour; for every Letter in the Doctor's Correspondence which has hitherto come under the Editor's notice, has been carefully perused by him. To this labour he has appropriated those hours not engaged by his professional pursuits, and many of those usually devoted to rest, for the execution of the most ardent of his wishes —to pourtray the genuine character of his amiable friend, Dr. Lettsom: that character, he conceives, may be duly appreciated by an examination of the ensuing Correspondence, and a *faithful* detail of his eventful life. Beyond this the constant aim of the Editor has not extended; for—

> "No power of words,
> No graceful periods of harmonious speech
> Dwell on my lips: the only art I boast
> Is honest truth, unpolish'd, unadorn'd,—
> Truth that must strike conviction to your heart!"
>
> MURPHY'S ZENOBIA.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

DR. LETTSOM, &c.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

DR. LETTSOM, &c.

TO supply the loss of living examples—to stimulate survivors to animitation of the greatly benevolent—and to perform an act of justice to the memory of those who have benefited mankind while living—are among the most exalted objects of posthumous biography.

But this pleasing task is generally committed to the personal friends of the deceased; and, in many respects, it is well that this should be the case: for such friends can best appreciate their virtues, judge of their motives, describe their actions, and pourtray their character. Yet the partialities of friendship, the endearing sympathies of reciprocal views and pursuits, and, above all, the natural wish one feels to impress others with favourable sentiments concerning the worth and respectability of our connexions in life, are apt to bias the judgment, and direct the hand of such a writer.

Who would have it said, that he has been the friend and companion of the base and the worthless? Nay, what man will be forward to own, that he has had numerous opportunities, by long personal intercourse, to observe the failings and the errors of even those who, in the main, have been wise and good? Such a confession glances obliquely on one's own character, and seems to imply, either that we have been somewhat deficient in the powers of discrimination, or that our own example has not been super-eminently impressive.

Little, however, has the biographer of the late Doctor Lettsom to dread on this account. For, though Dr. Lettsom certainly possessed his share of the weakness and peccability of our common nature, he has left but little to apologize for; and even that little was so completely lost in the general blaze of his benevolence and real goodness of heart, that the present writer is inspired with no small degree of confidence in the character of his friend; especially as he is convinced that the ample developement of that character, in the ensuing Correspondence, will not fail to establish, and even to increase, the profound respect and veneration, in which Dr. Lettsom was held by persons of eminence and value, in almost every part of the civilized world.

It is, however, deeply to be regretted, that the subject of the present Memoir did not live to accomplish — what he often expressed to the writer of this Sketch — his intention to write an account of his own Life: a life pregnant with interesting

events, and intimately connected with the history of the most celebrated men of his time. The universality of his acquaintance, his extensive practice as a Physician, his unbounded philanthropy, and his connexion with public institutions, for the promotion of Medical, Philosophical, Literary, and Benevolent pursuits, introduced him to the knowledge of all classes of Society, and obtained for him universal esteem and admiration.

A few pages, giving a relation of the events of the first twenty years of his life, have been put into the hands of the writer. They are very important, as demonstrating the evolution of that character which peculiarly distinguished Dr. Lettsom in the course of his existence. Foster * has very justly remarked that "the smallest thing becomes respectable, when regarded as the commencement of what has advanced, or is advancing, into magnificence." An account of his own life would have put us into possession of his feelings, opinions, and habits; and, as a narration of successive events, would have pointed out the causes productive of or influencing them.

About the age of 22 years, Dr. Lettsom had collected memoirs of many persons with whom he had been acquainted: these had gradually increased to a considerable volume. This was a favourite companion during part of a voyage to the West Indies in the year 1767; but its author having been seized with such severe indisposition, as to induce him to conceive

* Essays, vol. I. p. 6.

his recovery very doubtful, he threw the volume into the ocean, to prevent its falling into improper hands. He frequently had occasion to regret the loss of it, and endeavoured, some years afterwards, to supply its place, by collecting such materials as memory might recall, or subsequent connexions afford. About his 56th year, the trunk containing nearly all the subsequent memoranda, was stolen out of his carriage, by which he was reduced to his former misfortune. The task was then relinquished until a very late period of life; and the few sheets before alluded to, are all that remains of what must have been an extremely interesting and instructive history, as it contained memorials of friends with whom he had passed a pleasing portion of his life, or with whom he had maintained a correspondence more or less interesting to his happiness.

In the cluster of the Virgin Islands in the West Indies, Tortola is the largest. Of the small ones, EDWARD LETTSOM (the father of Dr. Lettsom) was in possession of three. These were Little Vandyke, Green Island, and Sandy Island; besides which, he owned a Sugar Plantation in Cane-garden Bay. The Island of Tortola, although only 24 miles long, and not exceeding 4 or 5 in breadth, appeared like a Continent, in contrast to the smaller Islands or Quays scattered around it. The favourite residence of Edward Lettsom was on Little Vandyke. There he cultivated cotton, with the aid of about 50 slaves, whose humble cottages were situated on a declivity near his little mansion.

The ancestors of Dr. Lettsom on the father's side, originated from Letsom, or, as it is called in Domesday-book Ledsom, a small village in Cheshire. On the mother's side, they are lineally descended from Sir Cæsar Coakley, an Irish Baronet, whose family for many years possessed a seat in the Parliament of that Kingdom, the last of whom was Sir Vesey Coakley. Different branches of these families, during the Government of Ireland, went to Barbadoes, in favour of the Commonwealth; and settled afterwards in different Islands among that large cluster known to us by the names of the Leeward and Windward Islands.

JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM was one of a twin, born at Little Vandyke, on the 22nd of November 1744*.

When any merchant-ships arrived at Tortola, it was usual with the commanders or captains to hire small vessels, called Shallops, for the purposes of trade with the smaller Islands, on which cotton, and some other produce, were cultivated. The whole product of these Islands, including Tortola, which raised and exported sugar, was at this time inconsiderable; and the consignments were then chiefly to Lancaster and Liverpool. At the former resided two brothers, Abraham and Hutton Rawlinson, who maintained an extensive mercantile connexion with these Islands.

* The Doctor informed the writer of this, that his mother had seven times had twins, all of whom were males. He and his twin brother Edward were the last children borne by her, and the only two who survived.

In 1749 one of these vessels was commanded by William Lindo, who enjoyed an intimacy with young Lettsom's parents. It was proposed that John-Coakley should be sent to Europe for education. An amiable tenderness, however, impressed the minds of his parents so forcibly on the prospect of separation, as to induce them to postpone the scheme to the subsequent year, when he was placed under the protection of the captain, with whom he arrived at Lancaster, where he was received by the Rawlinsons, to whose care he was consigned by his parents; the first, it is believed, in these Islands, who possessed the fortitude and good sense to make such a sacrifice of private feeling.

At six years of age John-Coakley departed from the West Indies. At that time (1750) coaches had not been introduced into any of the Virgin Islands. In the passage, they made the city of Dublin. Here, no object attracted his admiration so forcibly as the view of the carriages, and the velocity and the ease with which they were moved.

The Ministry among Friends (Quakers) is voluntary, and gratuitous; nevertheless, they exert themselves with great zeal, and frequently under great inconveniences. They travel from considerable distances to visit meetings, to inculcate their sentiments publicly, as well as to convey private advice. As they admit of no specific mode of education to qualify themselves for the pious functions to which they are devoted, they are rarely learned, or possess the requisites for effective oratory. They conceive, that

the great leading principles of religion are obvious to every intellectual being; and that plain truths may be explained and enforced by plain doctrine, without the ornaments of oratory. On Lettsom's introduction to the house of the Rawlinsons, there was one of these ministers, who afforded an exception to most others of this Society, for the wonderful powers of elocution which he exhibited; and he was generally considered as one of the most distinguished orators that ever issued from the Society. This was Samuel Fothergill of Warrington, the younger brother of the celebrated Dr. John Fothergill of London.

It is curious to trace the trivial incidents that frequently determine the fortune of individuals. In the present instance, the marked attention and affection of this great preacher were obtained by a particular dance, taught and practised by the negroes, which young Lettsom performed before him, and for which he was rewarded with a half-penny.

The Rawlinsons had a sister of the name of Barnes, who resided about two miles from Lancaster, near which was a school under the direction of Gilbert Thompson, an unmarried man, whose house was kept by his sister. He was celebrated among the Society of Friends. Under his tuition Lettsom was placed, and lodged at the house of Mrs. Barnes, then a widow. The affectionate Lindo, the faithful friend of Lettsom's father, took him to this rural residence. The house was situated in the parish of Sankey, which gave name to a street in Warrington. With-

in about 200 yards of this residence ran a stream of water, or brook, which empties itself into the river Ribble, and divides the parish of Sankey from Penketh, in which parish the school was erected. Adjoining to it was a meeting-house for the Society, which was frequently visited by Samuel Fothergill. A common, or heath, about three miles in circumference, intervened between the dwelling-house and the school. The number of boys at the school varied from 40 to 60; they were governed and instructed by the master and an usher, his nephew, of the same name.

These particulars are here introduced, because they materially contributed to the preservation of his health, and the invigoration of his constitution. The vicinity of the brook afforded amusement and exertion, as it contained fish of different kinds, which they usually caught by forming two dams at a little distance from each other, and then, laving out the water included between them, the inclosed fish were easily taken. Upon Penketh Heath several holes had been formed by digging out the sand and gravel for the public roads; these cavities filled with water formed so many ponds; each boy claimed one of them, which were made store ponds for the fish taken out of the brook.

The common amusements of bird-nesting, nutting, sliding, and other usual country sports, occupied much of the school-boys' leisure. Each boy was in possession of a linnet, goldfinch, or canary-

bird, which were uniformly hung up in cages in the eating and sitting parlour (for they had only one room besides bed-chambers); and the noise and melody formed a compound sufficient to stun the ear, and confuse the head, of any unaccustomed to such a combination of notes.

During the time of Lettsom's continuance at this school there were two linnets, each possessing, from some unknown cause, a most cogent attachment to the other. They were birds of fine song, but never appeared so happy as when put into one cage. In fine weather they were frequently taken to Penketh Common, and one or the other allowed to fly in the open air for the space of nearly the whole day; that at liberty would mix with the wild linnets, but never could be enticed to fly beyond the call of that in the cage. When he was tired of his liberty, he would go into an open cage placed alongside his favourite. They were distinguished by the names of Robert and Henry. The former at length died, and Henry afterwards pined away, and in a short space of time likewise died.

One of the most violent and gratifying species of amusement, which they occasionally enjoyed, was following the hounds and huntsmen. By habit, in the period of age between 10 and 13 years, most of the boys had acquired such activity and fleetness, as enabled them to keep up with the hounds. Each boy was furnished with a long elastic pole, by the aid of which, hedges and ditches were surmounted

and passed, with an agility and spring equally surprising and dangerous.

In summer the master encouraged bathing and swimming; but upon these occasions, he either attended himself, or his usher, to prevent accidents. The most favourite books were Robin Hood and Robinson Crusoe. The former was so enchanting, that every boy had learned to repeat it from memory. This gave rise to bows and arrows, in the use of which the boys became very expert. Parties arranged themselves under different leaders, each of whom assumed the name of some popular character in the exploits of Robin Hood, whose orders were implicitly obeyed by his followers. These parties traversed different parts of Penketh Heath, either to shoot at a dead mark, or oftener at birds in flight: in the latter case the leader of the band gave the word of command, and immediately every arrow flew towards the object pointed out; by this shower of arrows the birds were frequently brought to the ground.

These exercises and amusements, no doubt, contributed to the health of the scholars; for during forty years that Gilbert Thompson presided in this happy place, one death only had occurred in the whole school: this was in the case of Springett Penn, the son and heir of the Penns of Pennsylvania; and it was said that he was in a consumptive state when he first entered the school.

In 1756 (two years before the school was dissolved) the usher, Gilbert Thompson, went to Edin-

burgh, where he took the degree of Doctor of Medicine. During these two years, no extra usher was engaged, but the station was supplied by monitors, selected from the school-boys; two were chosen from the boarders, and Lettsom was invested with equal powers as a coadjutor. Jealousies soon sprang up, though in some measure smothered by the motive of maintaining their stations, divided as their power and influence necessarily must have been. The house of the master was situate at the distance of half a mile from the school. On one occasion he did not appear in the school at his usual hour, and to ascertain the cause, one of the monitors left the school-room to inquire the reason, that in case of absence they might be at liberty to hear the lessons. The first monitor not returning as soon as might be expected, the other likewise left the school, to ascertain the cause of detention. Before the return of either, the master, who had accidentally come to school by a circuitous walk, arrived; and finding that both his monitors had deserted their post, deposed them, and constituted Lettsom the sole monitor, which situation by diligent attention, he sustained for nearly two years, when the school broke up.

The widow Barnes had a son settled in Liverpool, to whose house she retired, and took Lettsom with her.

His removal to Liverpool took place about the conclusion of his 14th year. The death of his father had been recently communicated to him;

and soon afterwards he heard of the second marriage of his mother to Mr. Samuel Taine, and that his father's executor had neglected his property, and had disposed of the sugar-plantation in Cane Garden Bay. No instructions had been recently transmitted to direct his studies; it was, however, at length concluded, that he should attend a seminary in Liverpool, to learn merchants' accounts, preparatory to admission into a mercantile house. This plan was pursued till he had reached his 15th year, when an event occurred which diverted him to another pursuit.

He had a distant relation in Tortola, named John Pickering*, whose two youngest sons, Isaac and Josiah, by his last wife, were sent to the care of Samuel Fothergill, who placed them at Penketh school; but on its dissolution, they were removed to a school at Shelborne.

John Pickering had by his first wife a son, named after himself, who on his return to Tortola, married the daughter of Bezaliel Hodge of the same island. John Pickering visited England for curiosity and improvement. On his arrival at Liverpool, he was met by Samuel Fothergill, who always appeared to feel great interest in promoting Lettsom's happiness, and he proposed to him to join in his guardianship. This being settled, it was concluded to send him apprentice to Abraham Sutcliff, a Surgeon and Apothecary at Settle in Yorkshire. Ac-

* See note [A].

cordingly a pack-horse that used to pass from Lancashire to Yorkshire, was hired, and upon it Lettsom travelled to Settle. This was in April 1761. The little classical knowledge he had attained at Penketh, was dissipated during the time he spent in acquiring the mercantile routine. Thus prepared, he was to be qualified for the most important professional duties, and that too in an obscure part of the country! Mr. Sutcliff was distantly related to S. Fothergill, at that time Lettsom's guardian, and who, no doubt, entertained a favourable opinion of his new tutor, who proved, happily for Lettsom, a man of no ordinary talents. Sutcliff was an excellent classic, although self-taught; and so attached was he to Latin, that he never would permit Lettsom to read an English book in his presence, and often would instruct him in his favourite language.

About Halifax weaving was extensively encouraged. Sutcliff having no patrimony, received only twelve months instruction to spell and read a little English, when he was appointed to the loom; but the exertion of throwing the shuttle was too hard for his constitution to bear. He was asthmatic early in life, and he suffered so much in the chest from the mechanical exertion of weaving, as to be obliged to relinquish the employment. He had a distant relation in Kendal, of the name of Ecroyd, an eminent Surgeon, to whom he applied for any species of servitude. This journey, a distance of 60 miles, he performed on foot. At first he was engaged in carrying out medicines, and in cleaning the shop.

In this town a considerable school was conducted by Thomas Rebanks. Young Sutcliff became acquainted with some of the school-boys, from whom he borrowed books and occasionally procured instruction. He left the loom when he was about 16 years of age, and at 18 he had acquired so much Latin, as to enable him to read a prescription, which he also learned to compound, and at length was permitted to visit patients for his master. Having by strict œconomy saved a little money, he was allowed by him to visit Edinburgh to attend some of the classes. Here he regularly studied under Professors Monro, Sinclair, Rutherford, &c. In summer he walked back again to his old station, and resumed his services to his indulgent master. For two or three subsequent winters he repeated his perambulations, and became not only a scholar, but a proficient in medical science; and with a view of exercising his abilities independently, he visited the town of Settle, and commenced his professional duties, in a single chamber, practising Surgery, Midwifery, and Pharmacy. He acquired so much celebrity, as to include in his attendance an extent of at least ten miles on every quarter from his residence, at the period when Lettsom was apprenticed to him.

Settle is a market-town, but the church is situate at Giggleswick about two miles distant, and separated by the river Ribble. This church and a free school were under the care of Paley, father of the celebrated Archdeacon.

Mr. Sutcliff was then in possession of a spacious house, built under his own direction. In society he was universally courted; and for his general knowledge employed by the neighbouring gentry, very frequently, on legal subjects. In many difficult matters he was made the sole arbitrator. His knowledge of the Law was surprising, yet, according to Lettsom, who had access to his library at all times, he had not one law-book in his possession.

Although he was weakly and asthmatic in the early part of his life, he enjoyed uninterrupted health, exposed as he frequently was to all the changes and inclemencies of the weather, passing over bleak, and almost trackless mountains, by night as well as by day.

When Lettsom arrived, Sutcliff possessed an amiable wife, the mother of two children. Her condescension and kindness added much to his comfort, during the whole of his residence at Settle*.

Dr. Lettsom was ever exceedingly grateful to Abraham Sutcliff for the attentions he received from him. The latter, having in 1780 accumulated by professional industry a sum of money (about 10,000*l.*) was anxious to retire from the more arduous parts of professional exertion in favour of his son. Dr. Lettsom's flourishing condition in London at this period did not obliterate the esteem and gratitude so justly due to Sutcliff. He was urged and even

* Sutcliff received a fortune of 500*l.* by his marriage. He had eight children, some of whom are at this time living.

offered 100*l.* by the Doctor, to pay his expences in coming to London to visit his old apprentice. It was not till after the lapse of several years that Mr. Sutcliff paid this visit, which continued fourteen days. Against his arrival Lettsom had procured for him a diploma of Doctor of Medicine. He addressed him by observing, that he was now old, that he had a son qualified for his profession, and that he ought to retire and enjoy the easier earnings of a physician. Sutcliff replied, that he had designed it, but was at a loss to apply for a diploma, as his old teachers were no more. Dr. Lettsom presented one to him. How surprised and delighted was the good old man to find that he was already one of the diplomatic body: "My lad," said he, with his eyes suffused with tears of joy, "this is more than I know how to acknowledge!"

About the second year of Lettsom's apprenticeship, he began to visit patients, when his master was out of town or engaged by Midwifery; but never having heard a lecture, nor seen any anatomical figure, except a skeleton, he could but be ill qualified to discharge the functions with which he was intrusted. He had, however, read much, and had by that means alone, acquired some knowledge of comparative anatomy. In Sutcliff's library he was assisted by Keil's Anatomy, Monro on the Bones, Douglas on the Muscles, and Winslow's Anatomy. In Medicine, were some of Boerhaave's works, and Shaw's Practice of Physic: a very incompetent medical library, it must be acknowledged!

Lettsom was so early sensible of the want of a good memory, that at this time (being in his 18th year), he availed himself of notes, and constructed tables, to assist it; and by often reverting to them, the impressions that he wished more particularly to retain, were rendered so strong as rarely to elude recollection. Thus, with moderate powers of mind, he was enabled to supply by industry and art, what nature had denied him. By the construction of tables, he surmounted many difficulties which occurred in the course of his attention to anatomy, and was thus prepared the better to understand what he had collected by reading.

By the attention of his master, aided by his own application, he recovered his knowledge of the Latin language, and was then anxious to acquire such a proficiency in the French tongue, as would qualify him to read an author. To effect this, a party of his acquaintance of both sexes, united in expence to procure a French master from London; and, by due application, in three months they could read the language with facility, and both speak and write it so as to be understood. Soon afterwards Lettsom procured a few Greek books, and, with Stackhouse's Grammar, acquired a little knowledge of this language also; but he never could overcome the early neglect of his classical education.

His most favourite study, indeed, was Botany. To assist him in it he borrowed Gerard's Herbal; and in his excursions in the vicinity of Settle, he collected many good specimens of rare plants, with

which he composed an Hortus Siccus. From other specimens he made impressions on paper, which resembled drawings, and may be done with very little trouble *.

When at Penketh school, he often visited a copper-smelting-house at Sankey; and at that early period took a delight in collecting specimens of those ores, as well as of variegated stones or pebbles which he met with in his walks. When at Liverpool, his attention was directed to sea-weeds, some of which he preserved to the last day of his existence. But at Settle his mind was absorbed by Botany, under his guide Gerard.

Thus his time glided smoothly away. His chief acquaintances were the Birkbecks, who, from a state of comparative indigence, rose to great opulence; but who never abused or disgraced their riches by pride, extravagance, or want of charity. With Miss Mary Morris, who afterwards married Dr. Knowles, and settled in London, he enjoyed an intimate friendship; and they occasionally interchanged pieces of poetry, in the construction of which she was much the superior. She excelled also in epistolary correspondence; and in her conversation there was a sprightliness and poignancy which riveted and gratified the attention of every hearer. Miss Morris was once introduced to the King, and was rewarded by His Majesty for her great ingenuity in needlework. She executed an excellent likeness of the Monarch in worsted, which is now in one of the

* See note [B].

royal palaces. She was very careless in her dress, sometimes to an unpleasant degree.

Another of his associates was Miss Deborah Barnett, a handsome young woman, of most interesting manners. She afterwards married the well-known Mr. Darby of Colebrook Dale. Mrs. Darby became a very eminent preacher in the Society of Friends, although she was not a person of literary education. She was, however, very eloquent in her extemporaneous delivery.

Mary Fothergill of Warrington, with whom he was acquainted when a school-boy, and with whom he maintained a pleasing correspondence, married Mr. Watson of Waterford, in Ireland, and she likewise became a celebrated preacher.

Not any of his male acquaintances, either at Settle or among all his schoolfellows, entered the ministry. Women are more disposed to devotional exercises than men; and it is honourable for them to assume this character. In the Society of Friends, the number of female preachers greatly exceeds that of the men.

After having completed the five years' apprenticeship in Settle, under the superintendance of Sutcliff, Lettsom determined to emerge from a small market-town, to enter the metropolis of England, without having a relation, or knowing a friend in it. Many worthy people in Settle, whose good opinion he had secured, advised him against his intended journey, in consequence of four apprentices from the same house having died soon after their entrance into London.

Lettsom, however, was not to be diverted from his intention; and his guardian, Samuel Fothergill, seeing no obstacles, recommended him to his brother, Dr. John Fothergill, one of the most celebrated Physicians in Europe. Lettsom arrived in London, and waited upon him in the Summer of 1766.

It has been observed, that Mr. Sutcliff was often appointed sole arbitrator in many disputable cases. Alexander Fothergill was the eldest of the family. His daughter had married counter to his inclination, and soon came to great distress. On application to him for relief, she was refused assistance. At length, after repeated importunities, the matter was referred to the decision of Sutcliff, who decreed, that the parent should extend such a degree of relief as should prevent abject want. When Lettsom departed from Settle, his master gave him a letter to Dr. Fothergill, which he imagined to be introductory to his acquaintance. He had another from his brother Samuel Fothergill, of a nature purely introductory. On his arrival in London, he delivered Mr. Sutcliff's letter, and instantly perceived that the Doctor was much agitated, and somewhat irritated. He spoke to him in such a warm manner on the subject of Sutcliff's interfering in the concerns of his family, as alarmed him considerably. Lettsom assured the Doctor that he was ignorant of the contents of the letter, and had, indeed, conceived it to have been an introduction to him. The Doctor was naturally warm and hasty in his temper, but his good sense had in a great measure subdued this dis-

position. Lettsom, however, had occasionally opportunities of observing it in his future acquaintance with him; and in such instances the Doctor would quickly reflect upon his unguarded warmth, and an obliging placidity would supervene; and where he suspected that he had hurt the feelings of any individuals, he was ever afterwards more disposed to serve them. After perusing Sutcliff's letter, he cast his eye on his brother Samuel's, and recalling to recollection his kind patronage of Lettsom, he became truly condescending; and this continued to the end of his life. He was more like a parent than a friend —he had access to him at all times, and usually breakfasted with him once a week as long as he lived.

It has been remarked, that his old usher, Gilbert Thompson, left Penketh school to study medicine at Edinburgh, where he graduated, and then came to London; but meeting with little encouragement, he attended a boarding-school at Tottenham as a writing-master, and afterwards became a journeyman, or shopman, to Mr. Bevan, an eminent Chemist in London Street. A little before Lettsom's arrival in London, his uncle, Gilbert Thompson, of Penketh, died, and left the Doctor an independent fortune of £.4000. He had recently taken apartments at No. 40, Gracechurch Street; in which house Lettsom was also accommodated, and thus again engaged the kind attention of his former usher.

The distance of his apartment was convenient for attendance at St. Thomas's Hospital, where he entered as a Surgeon's dresser, under Benjamin Cowell, Esq. The other Surgeons were Mr. Baker

and Mr. Smith, men of no great eminence. The Physicians were Akenside, Russell, and Grieve. Lettsom was early fond of poetry, and had read the "Pleasures of Imagination" with admiration. He anticipated great pleasure in coming under the Author's notice; for, by a small premium, a Surgeon's pupil is admitted to the practice of the Physicians of the Hospital.

Great, however, was his disappointment, in finding Dr. AKENSIDE the most supercilious and unfeeling Physician that he had hitherto known. If the poor affrighted patients did not return a direct answer to his queries, he would often instantly discharge them from the Hospital. He evinced a particular disgust to females, and generally treated them with harshness. It was stated that this moroseness was occasioned by disappointment in love; but hapless must have been that female who should have been placed under his tyranny. Lettsom was inexpressibly shocked at an instance of Dr. Akenside's inhumanity, exercised towards a patient in Abraham's Ward, to whom he had ordered bark in boluses; who, in consequence of not being able to swallow them, so irritated Akenside, as to order the sister of the Ward to discharge him from the Hospital; adding, "he shall not die under my care." As the sister was removing him, in obedience to the Doctor, the patient expired.

One leg of Dr. Akenside was considerably shorter than the other, which was in some measure remedied by the aid of a false heel. He had a pale stru-

mous countenance, but was always very neat and elegant in his dress. He wore a large white wig, and carried a long sword. Lettsom never knew him to spit, nor would he suffer any pupil to spit in his presence. One of them once accidentally did so, yet standing at some distance behind him. The Doctor instantly spun round on his artificial heel, and hastily demanded, who was the person that spit in his face? Sometimes he would order some of the patients, on his visiting-days, to precede him with brooms to clear the way, and prevent the patients from too nearly approaching him. On one of these occasions, Richard Chester, one of the Governors, upbraided him for his cruel behaviour: "Know," said he, "thou art a servant of this Charity."

On one occasion his anger was excited to a very high pitch, by the answer which Mr. Baker, the Surgeon, gave to a question the Doctor put to him, respecting one of his sons, who was subject to Epilepsy, which had somewhat impaired his understanding. "To what study do you purpose to place him?" said Akenside to Baker. "I find," replied Baker, "he is not capable of making a Surgeon, so I have sent him to Edinburgh to make a Physician of him." Akenside turned round from Baker with impetuosity; and would not speak to him for a considerable time afterwards.

Dr. Russell was as condescending, as Akenside was petulant. Akenside, however, would sometimes condescend to explain a case of disease to the pupils, which always appeared sagacious; and, notwith-

standing his irritable temper, he was more followed than Russell by the pupils. Dr. Russell resided at No. 1, Church Court, Walbrook.

Dr. GRIEVE lived in the Charter House, to which he was Physician. He was an amiable man, and an unassuming scholar. He was the translator of Sydenham.

The pecuniary circumstances of Lettsom did not enable him to continue longer than 12 months in London, and excluded him from the school of Edinburgh. He, accordingly, devoted his time incessantly to the Hospital, and the Lectures which London afforded. He was a constant attendant of the Physicians in their walks through the Wards, and embraced as many opportunities as he possibly could to avail himself of the advantages arising from it. In the morning, early, before any attendance was given, he usually visited many select patients, wrote out the symptoms, and afterwards examined the prescriptions of the Physicians. On some particular cases, he compared the writings and practice of authors, and gradually acquired a considerable degree of precision, in anticipating both the practice and the remarks of the faculty. If he thought himself much at a loss, he repeated his visits to the Hospital in the afternoon; and this not only confirmed the little knowledge he had acquired, but likewise gave him a frankness and ease of demeanour at the bed-side. During all his attendance, however, no other pupil adopted this system, which he found so highly interesting to his

advancement. At the same time he continued to take notes of, and make reflections upon, what he saw; and thus acquired a method of investigation and decision, which ever afterwards proved of the highest use in determining his medical conduct and practice. Until his return from the West Indies in 1768, he never could claim the advantages of any other lectures than those afforded by a course of Midwifery and Anatomy. His private clinical practice was a substitute for the rest.

This close application to his studies prevented him from cultivating many acquaintances. His intimate friends at this time appear to have been Samuel Clarke, James Beezley, and Richard Chester, all of whom were of the Society of Friends.

Samuel Clarke had been the partner of Richardson the Printer, the celebrated novelist. He was a man of shrewd understanding, and of a social disposition; but he occasionally laboured under violent hypochondriac affections, and he then became gloomy and dejected.

Soon after Lettsom's arrival in London, he was accosted in the street by James Beezley, to whom he seemed as an alien, without society, and frankly asked him to visit him at his apartments, which he accepted, and from that time their friendship continued without deviation. In figure he was very tall, and rather awkward; but his various knowledge and reading, with an openness in conversation, soon excited esteem and admiration. Upon religious subjects, he evinced a degree of candour

and liberality which Lettsom had never before witnessed.

By a total exclusion from all society but that of the sect in which he had been educated, Lettsom had acquired a degree of illiberality which he would with great difficulty have overcome, had it not been for the agreeable and liberal manner in which Beezley discussed subjects of religious opinion; and in the expansion of his sentiments he found his mind enlarged. Thus early in life he began to think that the Creator was the equal parent of all his rational creatures, and that each had an equal claim on the exercise of virtue, to his regard, and to the prospect of future felicity. His ideas respecting the narrow system of a select few — of a favoured people — and of arbitrary distinctions on account of religious opinion, were dissipated; and the practice of applying the term *antichristian* to every other teacher but those of the Society of Friends, appeared to him void of propriety and Christian charity, and he lived to derive some of his dearest friendships from the society of the Clergy of almost every denomination.

Beezley was the ingenious author of the Defence of the Character of George Fox against Formey, which was highly commended by all distinctions of readers.

During Lettsom's attendance at the Hospitals, no person was more kind to him than RICHARD CHESTER. At the same time that he maintained the orthodox friend, he possessed an affectionate and liberal

mind, which led him to view the failings of others with a forgiving disposition. He was very cheerful and pleasant in company, steady in his friendships, and open-handed to the poor.

The time now arrived when Lettsom was to bid adieu to those few but highly-valued acquaintances. In the interviews he had with Dr. Fothergill, and the opportunities of witnessing his wonderful routine of professional employment, he could not avoid feeling an ambition to settle in the metropolis. There seemed, however, to be an insurmountable obstacle opposed to such an event, in his pecuniary situation, and in the wide distance from Europe of his native Island.

He went to Liverpool to embark for the West Indies; but the vessel not being quite ready, he spent a few days at Warrington with Samuel Fothergill. On the 8th of October, 1767, he went on board the brig Alice, Captain Fazakerly, for Tortola, but first to call at the Cove of Cork, to take in provisions.

He kept a journal of the voyage, comprising an account of the course of the ship — her progress — the state of the wind — latitude — longitude, &c.; with a few observations on passing occurrences *.

It was in the course of this voyage that, being seized with severe illness, which prevented him from continuing his journal and observations subsequently to the date of the 14th of November, he threw overboard those memoirs of himself and friends, alluded to at the commencement of this sketch.

* See Note [C.]

On the 8th of December he arrived at Tortola, and remained there until July 1768.

Lettsom's object in returning to his native Island was to take possession of the little property left him by his father, which then consisted of a small portion of land, and about 50 slaves. At this time he was not possessed of 50*l.* in the world; but, viewing the traffic in living blood as wicked and unlawful, he immediately *emancipated* them, and became a voluntary beggar at the age of 23. He never repented of this sacrifice; indeed, Heaven soon repaid it, by conferring upon him innumerable temporal blessings; and, what must be estimated still more highly, a grateful heart to diffuse them among his poorer fellow creatures. He did not liberate his slaves from any advice of the Society to which he belonged — he did not do it from religious motives, merely as such, but he had early read much; he had considered the tenets of different religions and professions, and he thought there was only one true religion, consisting of doing unto others as we wish they should do unto us. A demure face, and all the sanctimonious exteriors of individuals, he apprehended as nothing, where beneficence was wanting. Impressed with these sentiments, as he lived, so he died *. But he lived to correct his opinion as to the mode by which the emancipation of slaves should be effected. In a letter to the Rev. Dr. Madison of Virginia, dated September 24, 1804, he observes, "There is one subject which I have slightly hinted at, the tolera-

* See Note [D].

tion of slavery in America: and after perusing the excellent pamphlet on the emancipation of your slaves, with which thou some months ago favouredst me, I feel a difficulty in determining upon any plan adequate to the magnitude and urgency of the object.

"To sell them to others for future slavery would be the height of cruelty; and to continue them with yourselves, in perpetual slavery, is impolitic and dangerous, as you have recently experienced, as would be their immediate and complete freedom. I conceive, with every dispassionate writer, that a *gradual emancipation* is *alone* feasible, and in my opinion easily practicable. It requires, however, a considerable length of time to teach a slave to be free; therefore, emancipation should be gradual; for were it immediate and general, slavery would degenerate into sloth and unbridled licentiousness. The example of the late Prime Minister, Count Bernstoff, of Denmark, should be adopted. He liberated his slaves with the most scrupulous caution and parental attention. He first allotted to each of them a piece of land, and instructed them to plough, sow, and otherwise cultivate the soil. He obtained for them tools and utensils of every requisite kind, at a considerable expence; and during this course of instruction, he supported them under every exigency or want, to which such a novel state had introduced them. In a few years, they not only maintained themselves, but acquired a surplus to pay him a rent, and the old Count lived to see his domains four-fold in value, and the freemen, whom he had

reared from a state of slavery, enjoying ten-fold happiness. One of the Count's estates was traversed by four great roads; in the centre where they met, he lived to see a statue erected to himself, as a monument of their gratitude. This was erected solely at their expence."

At Tortola, Lettsom commenced practice, and in the course of five months succeeded in amassing nearly £.2000, half of which he gave to his mother; with the remainder he determined to return to London, with the view of following the steps of the great Dr. Fothergill.

In September 1768, he landed at Liverpool, and after spending a short time with Samuel Fothergill, at Warrington, arrived in London. In October he set off for Edinburgh, and attended Dr. Cullen's Clinical Lectures, and his Lectures on the Institutions of Medicine. He also attended Dr. F. Home on the Materia Medica; after which he proceeded to Paris, Spa, Aix-la-Chapelle, and other situations favourable to the obtaining of medical knowledge, or the reception of invalids for the benefit of change of air, the drinking of particular waters, &c. He had obtained from eminent men several letters of introduction to the Professors and principal Literary Characters in these countries, which were of the greatest use. With many of these distinguished persons he maintained a correspondence for many years. Among these were the celebrated Macquer, Le Roy, Vicq d'Azyr, and Dr. Dubourg*, to whom he was intro-

* See Note [E].

duced by the following letter from the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Franklin. It is here quoted as being the first instance of Dr. Lettsom's name appearing in print:

"* * * * * * * Cette lettre vous sera remise par le Docteur Lettsom, jeune médecin Américain de beaucoup de mérite, qui est de la paisable secte des Trembleurs, et que vous regarderiez conséquemment au moins comme une rareté à contempler, quand même vouz auriez épousé toutes les préventions de la plûpart de vos compatriotes sur le compte de ces bonnes gens." Œuvres de Franklin, tom. ii. p. 314. Paris, 1773.

After visiting the different schools, he took his degree of Doctor of Medicine at the University of Leyden, on the 20th of June, 1769. His Thesis was entitled "Observationes ad vires Theæ pertinentes;" and was inscribed to his patron Dr. John Fothergill, to his guardian Samuel Fothergill, and to his old master Abraham Sutcliff.

Soon after graduating, he returned to London; and, in 1770, having become a Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, he commenced practice under the protection of Dr. Fothergill. In this year also he was elected an Honorary Member of the Physico-Medical Society of Edinburgh.

Dr. Lettsom was now rapidly rising in his profession, and he determined upon forming a matrimonial connection with an amiable young lady, the daughter of Mr. Miers, a wealthy tin-plate-worker, resident in Cannon-street. This desirable event took place on the 31st July 1770: an union

formed on the most durable basis, increasing in strength every year of their existence. There could not be a more tender, engaging, or attentive partner than the Doctor, whose perpetual solicitude, the writer of this has repeatedly had the happiness of observing, was particularly directed to the increase of her comforts. She lives to deplore her irreparable loss. By this marriage Dr. Lettsom acquired a very considerable fortune, which enabled him to exercise those acts of beneficence (which had hitherto been in a degree confined), upon a more extended scale. His liberality, however, laid him open, on many occasions, to the impositions of hypocritical knaves, whose deep and dark designs he was unfortunately far from suspecting.

In this year he was chosen a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries; and in the following one, a Fellow of the Royal Society.

In 1772, he published a work entitled "Reflections on the General Treatment and Cure of Fevers." The subject is undoubtedly one of the greatest importance, and at the time at which this Essay appeared, was of greater moment than even at present, as the management of fevers was not so perfectly understood, and the annual deaths consequently much more numerous.

In this Essay, the Author laudably endeavours to direct the attention of Medical Practitioners from that blind routine or form of practice, which, after attaining much employment in their profession, they are apt to do, preventing the necessary exertion

of the mind to discover more powerful remedies, or a better method of applying them in the cure of diseases.

During the short period in which Dr. Lettsom practised in the West Indies, he had frequent opportunities of observing the success of a practice recommended in this Essay, when applied in the beginning of fevers, particularly of such as often prove fatal within the Tropics, and in warm climates, and seasons in general, if not cured in their earlier stages.

The nature of fevers in general is briefly treated of; and an inquiry instituted respecting the actual sources of them, of which marsh miasmata is regarded as the most frequent, particularly in those of the intermittent or remittent and nervous fevers. The symptoms of fevers are detailed, and some observations made on the various remedies that have been proposed for their cure, such as bleeding, emetics in general, particular emetics, camphor, castor, saffron, valerian, contrayerva, neutralized acids, volatile alkali, &c. After demonstrating the inefficiency of these means, and the injurious delay occasioned by their exhibition to the exclusion of the more efficacious means of relief, the Author proceeds to detail his plan of treatment. It is necessary here to premise that Dr. Lettsom supposed the indications of cure to be,

I. To take off the fever by removing the spasm; and,

II. To strengthen the system against the recurrence of the fever.

To answer these indications, he recommended the promotion of perspiration by the application of heat, by means of the warm bath, heated bricks, &c. Internally a combination of emetic tartar, with opium, to produce nausea or vomiting. If symptoms of inflammation be present, bleeding will be necessary. Upon a remission being obtained, he proposed to exhibit the Peruvian bark to prevent a recurrence of the disease.

This sketch will serve to shew the degree of attention and interest with which he viewed his professional pursuits, and his anxious desire to loosen the trammels which habit and custom had too long and injuriously fixed.

The subject of Dr. Lettsom's Inaugural Dissertation has already been noticed. In this year (1772) he published a Translation of it, accompanied with the natural history of the Tea Tree, under the title of "The Natural History of the Tea Tree, with Observations on the Medical Qualities of Tea, and Effects of Tea Drinking," 4to. This was inscribed, by permission, to His Grace the Duke of Northumberland. The favourable reception it experienced from the public, rendered another edition necessary in 1799, which contains many important additions. Great merit is due to Dr. Lettsom for having judiciously brought together, in a narrow compass, the principal opinions of authors on this important article of commerce. The authors on this subject are exceedingly numerous, being upwards of one hundred. Sir John Hill, from observing different num-

bers of petals in different corollas, described the Green and Bohea Tree, as different species, giving to the first nine, and to the latter only six petals. He conveyed this opinion to the great Linnæus, who adopted the mistake. Dr. Lettsom proves, in this work, that there is only one species of the tea-plant, the difference of green and bohea tea depending upon the nature of the soil, and the culture and manner of drying the leaves. Linnæus, in a Letter to the Doctor, admits the incorrectness of the opinion into which he had fallen.

We are indebted to the Doctor for the first correct graphic representation of the tea-tree. The figure which is prefixed to this publication, was taken from a tea plant (the first that flowered in Europe) in the garden at Sion-house, belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.

Dr. Lettsom suggested, that an infusion of Tea was first introduced in China and Japan, to correct the water, which is said to be brackish and ill-tasted in many parts of those countries. It is probable that the Dutch first introduced tea into Europe. They carried on a considerable trade at Japan, at the time of its introduction. The general mart now is China, and the province of Fokien, or Fochen*, the principal country that supplies both the empire and Europe with this commodity.

Dr. Lettsom shews that there is not the slightest

* In this province, the shrub is called Thee, or Te; and, as the Europeans first landed here, that dialect has been preserved. See History of the Tea Tree, &c. p. 25.

foundation for the belief that green tea owes its colour to the copper-plates on which it is supposed to be cured or dried. The minutest and unerring tests for the discovery of this metal, cannot produce a single appearance of its existence.

The work treats of the Commercial history of the plant, in which department there is much curious matter.

The latter part is the Medical, on which so much has been both said and written; yet the beneficial or injurious effects of tea is a question still undecided. That it possesses narcotic properties, is beyond a doubt; but that it occasions the violent effects spoken of by the Doctor is very dubitable. Thus, bleedings from the nose, mouth, lungs, &c. in those persons whose occupation is to mix the tea, it is more probable arises from mere mechanical irritation, such as would be produced by any other extraneous substance, than that it should proceed from any inherent powers of the plant itself. The injury arising from drinking of tea is more to be attributed to the heated state in which it is taken, than to any injurious principle contained in the vegetable. This conjecture is strengthened by the fact, that the Chinese always take it cold. The work is highly creditable to the author, and is published in a very splendid style.

In 1770, Dr. Lettsom united with several benevolent friends, to establish a new species of Medical Institution, entitled, "A Dispensary for the relief of the Sick and Necessitous part of the community." The subsequent establishment of numerous similar

institutions proves the value and efficacy of the original plan. The General Dispensary was the first of the kind instituted. The utility of these institutions is evident to all, when it is considered how many poor there are necessarily confined to their wretched dwellings, suffering under the agonies of disease, and who would perish from want, if the assistance afforded by Dispensaries were not extended to them. Such considerations could not fail of influencing the benevolent spirit of Dr. Lettsom, whose activity was unceasingly exerted to promote so laudable a design.

In 1773, he was elected one of the Physicians of the Charity, and published a Pamphlet, entitled, "Of the Improvement of Medicine in London, on the Basis of Public Good." A second edition was published in 1775. This small pamphlet is worthy of its benevolent author; and, no doubt, did much towards advancing the interests of the Institution. It treats of the plan and design of the General Dispensary; its progress and the state of its finances; of the state of the Poor in the City of London; of the advantages of the Dispensary to domestic servants; as it affects the Faculty at large; on the utility of admitting Surgery; as a school of Physic; on the influence of the Dispensary on the Burials of London; on the advantages of Baths; and concludes with a description of the Plan of a Building for a New General Dispensary.

At the commencement of the Institution, Medical cases only were admitted. Dr. Lettsom soon

experienced the necessity of Surgical assistance; and, upon his motion, the Governors of the Dispensary resolved to admit Surgical cases. Dr. Lettsom was too liberal in his views to desire that the assistance afforded by the Dispensary should proceed only from that department of the profession to which he belonged.

The fourth section of this pamphlet puts us in possession of the Author's opinion on the state and condition of the Poor in this Metropolis. This it would be unjust to detail, otherwise than by quoting the Author's own words. He observes,

"The poor are a large, as well as useful part of the community. They supply both the necessary and ornamental articles of life: they have, therefore, a just claim to the protection of the rich, whose interests must direct them to encourage the industrious in their employments, to frame laws for the maintenance of their rights, and to succour them in the misfortunes to which they are unavoidably incident.

"This mutual obligation between the rich and the poor, neither of whom could long subsist without the aid of the other, has, in all ages, formed the most natural and permanent ground of intercourse between the different degrees of the people; the artizan always depending upon the affluent for employment, and the success of the artizan being always necessary to the ease and convenience of the affluent.

"In a country where many individuals are en-

riched by commerce, and where all people are possessed of civil liberty, and the unrestrained exercise of their faculties, the ornamental and necessary arts must unavoidably flourish: but, wherever many persons are employed, labour must be cheap. The earnings, therefore, of the artizan will seldom exceed his expences; and as many of these arts depend upon circumstances changeable in their nature, multitudes must thereby be liable to suffer a temporary poverty.

"However, whilst health continues, the resources which daily open to the industrious in a trading country, afford also a temporary subsistence to their families: but a long continuance of health is the lot of few. The poor, from the occasional want of employment and wholesome food, from exposure to all changes of the weather, and from various other causes, are often visited with sickness, as well as with poverty: one, indeed, is consequent upon the other, and thereby they become the immediate objects of assistance. It is then peculiarly necessary that the hands of Pity should be extended to soften the pangs of a sick bed, and to restore health and ease to the poor in affliction.

"But affecting as the picture of poverty, united with disease, may appear, it serves to heighten our approbation of the generous and benevolent spirit, which every quarter of this City nobly exhibits. The numerous Hospitals, and other munificent receptacles for our distressed fellow-creatures, are undeniable proofs of the piety, compassion, and

liberality of the opulent, which no preceding age ever afforded. Greece had her exquisite statues, and Rome her public baths and edifices; but Christianity hath raised monuments of compassion and beneficence, unknown both to ancient Greece and Rome.

"In a free country, where the manners of the people are thus softened and humanized, and amongst whom mutual interests must perpetually subsist, a spontaneous gratitude will naturally arise in the poor towards their benefactors, to repay, by their industry, those obligations which their unavoidable sickness had incurred: they not only meet their families with pleasure, but they are animated to follow their daily labour with redoubled cheerfulness and vigour.

"I have been too intimately acquainted with the condition and manners of the poor, to want facts in support of what I advance. If I err, it will be in not doing sufficient justice to that industry and gratitude, which they exemplify in their general deportment. Those who form their judgment from a superficial observation of a few intoxicated objects, who are found in the most frequented places, are much mistaken with respect to the body of the laborious poor, who humbly seclude themselves in miserable courts and alleys. Vice is bare-faced, and boldly exposes itself in the open streets; but modest Worth steals from the public eye, and frequents the most solitary avenues. One vicious man, therefore, becomes more conspicuous than a thousand good

men; and our conclusions cannot be just without being formed from the whole, both with respect to the lower, as well as higher stations of life.

"When I consider the distresses of the indigent, I rather admire that the instances of their misconduct should be so rare. When they behold the affluence, ease, and indulgence of their superiors, when, in spite of their utmost industry, they can with difficulty support their families; and when sickness and disappointments supervene, it is not to be wondered at, if some expressions of discontent should break forth amongst them. But such only can properly judge of these repinings, who have seen a whole family, that once experienced better days, confined to one chamber, and one solitary bed; with sickness, with want, and a total incapacity to raise one penny. Let such try the experiment without murmuring, before they form a conclusion to the disadvantage of the sufferers.

"During the last three years, I have attended nearly six thousand poor persons, into many of whose habitations I have entered, and been conversant with their sufferings, and their resignation under them; in both of which they have exceeded many of their fellow-creatures, whose lot has cast them in a superior station, and whose contentment under temporary miseries should ever be sustained by this comparative reflection,

"What myriads wish to be as blest as I!"

SHENSTONE.

"Great cities are like painted Sepulchres: their public avenues, and stately edifices, seem to preclude the very possibility of distress and poverty; but, if we pass beyond this superficial veil, the scene will be reversed; the pleasing lights and shades of the picture will be blended with, and lost, in a dark back-ground.

"A man, conversant only with the common concerns of life, would infer, upon the least reflection, that as families in the middle station, with the utmost circumspection, cannot restrain their expences under considerable sums a year, the labouring poor, and many ingenious artizans, who cannot possibly acquire more than £.40 or £.50 in the same time, must be liable to suffer much distress either when out of employment, or when visited with sickness. Temperance and labour render them prolific; and to support a numerous family with all the necessaries of life, by their small earnings, is an invincible proof of the economy and industry that generally prevail among them.

"Sometimes, indeed, by successive attacks of illness, they are incapable of procuring the common necessaries of life. They have literally wanted bread, as well as clothes; and, instead of a bed, an old oil-cloth has been substituted, and the whole furniture of it has been a worn-out blanket, insufficient to hide what decency requires. On such a couch have been found a husband, a wife, and two or three children, at once chained by disease, without any resources to procure a morsel of bread; they

have thus continued, till the payment for their wretched dwellings became due, when this dismal confinement has been changed for the horrible restraint of a prison, loaded with putridity and poison.

"It must be owned, indeed, that such examples of extreme distress do not very often occur; they are, however, much more frequent than is usually imagined by those who consider the amazing sum which the poor's-rates annually amount to, and the various other provisions calculated to relieve the indigent.

"Though I wish not to accuse individuals, yet truth obliges me to say, that evils exist somewhere, which require immediate reformation. I have reason to believe, that the sum annually raised, would supply all the necessities of the national poor, were it timely and properly applied; and this I can deduce from the conduct of a Society, whose poor are comfortably supported, and their children cloathed and educated, and set forward in life, with no great expence to the individuals of the community.

"But from whatever causes the prevailing distresses of the poor may originate, present misery requires present aid; whereby health, which is so necessary to their subsistence, will be sooner restored, famine and a prison avoided, the nation enriched by industry, and a hardy race of useful members preserved to the community.

"The occasions of making ourselves happy by extending relief to the needy, are numberless, and would seem adapted to diffuse happiness more ge-

nerally among mankind. If affluence and independence could universally prevail, the benevolent would not experience the inexpressible pleasure of relieving the distressed; neither could there exist that grateful satisfaction, which modest indigence ever feels from well-timed succour. In this city, however, there is no probability that these causes of mutual pleasure will ever be removed; but, on the other hand, the affluence of some rises in proportion to the necessities of others, whose wants silently petition for their assistance.

"A little good, properly directed, is often great in its increase; the widow's mite was not bestowed in vain: no person, therefore, should withhold his hand from the reflection that a little can produce no benefit; but rather be animated to do good by observing, that great effects have resulted from trifling causes; that the smallest spring is the source of a mighty river which waters numerous provinces; that the loftiest oak of the forest is germinated from an acorn; and that the particle that seems lost in the ocean may become a pearl of inestimable value."

The excellence of the picture above drawn, and the benevolent genius that animates it, will, with the candid reader, plead an excuse for the length of the extract. The writer of this sketch was the more anxious to insert it, as faithfully pourtraying that opinion of the Poor of the metropolis which the amiable author cherished during life. Experience served but to confirm those opinions which all good men must be desirous to entertain.

In the year 1773 Dr. Lettsom published "The Naturalist's and Traveller's Companion; containing Instructions for collecting and preserving objects of Natural History, and for promoting Inquiries after Human Knowledge in general." These directions, given for the preservation of subjects of Natural History, cannot be too strictly attended to, as they are chiefly the result of experiment. A second edition of the work was published in the following year, inscribed, by permission, to the celebrated Linnæus. A third edition, considerably enlarged, was published in 1799, copies of which it has not been possible, for a considerable time, to obtain. The length of time that has elapsed since the publication of the last edition, renders it at present extremely defective as to many of its objects. Many new genera of animals, &c. have been since described, and various excellent instructions issued for the preservation of specimens of them. Chemistry has assumed a totally different aspect, from the brilliant discoveries of Sir Humphry Davy, and each branch of science has been enriched and illustrated by the discoveries and labours of the enlightened in their several departments. A new edition of this work has been for the last two years in preparation by the writer of this Memoir, undertaken at the request of the Author. Translations of the Naturalist's Companion have appeared in the French and German languages.

This year was born JOHN MIERS LETTSOM, who, at a very early period, gave indications of that

superior intellectual capacity, by which, in manhood, he was distinguished. He received a most excellent education. His father, feeling the difficulties arising from a slight acquaintance only with the classics, determined that his son should enjoy every possible facility. No expence, therefore, was spared to procure the ablest teachers for his advancement. The refined state of his moral, as well as of his intellectual powers, evinced the judicious and paternal care which fostered his early genius.

With Dr. James Sims, a learned Physician (now residing at Bath, retired from practice), he visited various parts of Europe; and having graduated at Göttingen, returned to London, to practise the profession of Physic. He now became of vast assistance to his excellent parent, who, having always set apart certain hours in the morning for being consulted by the Poor, had the opportunity of introducing him to an extensive field for acquiring a knowledge of diseases. Independently of the professional reputation which Dr. Lettsom possessed, his well-known character for acts of benevolence tended greatly to increase the number of his gratuitous patients, who frequently received pecuniary assistance, in order to provide themselves with the necessary medicines, or articles of food or dress. No wonder, then, that he frequently had from 100 to 150 patients in the morning, when the petitioners were certain of obtaining the most kind consideration, especially if their maladies were such as to preclude the possibility of relief.

Dr. Lettsom entertained the highest admiration of his son. He invariably obtained the esteem of all with whom he became in any wise connected. Dr. J. Gregory, in a letter to Dr. Lettsom, dated April 29, 1794, speaks thus of him during his stay at Edinburgh for professional information:

"You must certainly have thought me a most eminent Goth for not answering your letter, which I received six months ago, by your son. The truth is, I delayed answering it till I could tell you something about him; and he took his departure so suddenly at last, that I had not time to write to you by him.

"It is not yet too late to tell you, that during his residence here, his conduct in every respect corresponded perfectly to the character you gave me of him; and was not only unexceptionable, but exemplary. I am much obliged to you for giving me an opportunity of being acquainted with such a young man; who, I am confident, will soon do honour to his profession and his country."

In a letter to Dr. Cuming, dated January 13, 1785, Dr. Lettsom delineates the character of his son*; and in another to the same person, bearing date May 31, 1783, he observes, "I do not believe there is another such boy in England. In five minutes his unaffected and pleasing manners would captivate any heart. He begins to love Botany; he has been botanizing as far as Rochester and Gravesend; went off by a Gravesend boat at one in the morning, and returned on the

* Vide Letter XXXI. CORRESPONDENCE.

third day with a variegated collection of plants. He has a garden of his own, which he stores himself. He has a distinct and a considerable library, which he pores over and regulates like an old librarian. I mean soon to purchase for him a cabinet of ores and minerals. He has learnt the various metamorphoses of insects, having attended them from the egg and the chrysalis, to the pupa and the imago.—Pardon this selfish excursion. I have made him a Governor of many Charities, whose meetings he attends, and votes like an experienced member. He is sometimes admitted among the Athletæ*, and is one of the foremost in their gymnastic games."

On the 9th of April, 1795, Dr. John Miers Lettsom formed a matrimonial connexion with Miss Rachel, the only child of William Nanson, of New Bridge Street, Esq. She was not less distinguished for her excellent understanding and purity of manners, than for her personal accomplishments. Three children were the result of this marriage: one son and two daughters. The former has lately honourably distinguished himself at the University of Cambridge.

Advanced to years of maturity — his 28th year — in full practice, he fell a sacrifice to the arduous duties of his profession. Judge, ye tender and affectionate parents, what must have been a father's

* A Club, consisting of twelve professional Gentlemen, who met monthly at each other's houses to dine; and, when at Grove-hill, Dr. Lettsom's villa, to amuse themselves at bowls, quoits, and other gymnastic exercises.

agonies to lose such a son! It was a dreadful stroke to Dr. Lettsom; and although he many years survived this melancholy event, the shock was too powerful to be forgotten; the severity of the loss too poignant ever to be obliterated. The premature death of this amiable young man is thus pathetically and justly described in the Gentleman's Magazine for January 1800:

"After twelve days' illness, from a fever, supposed to have originated from his unremitting attention to the duties of his medical profession, and particularly to the sick poor, to whom he was a friend and benefactor, that bright ornament of the community, Dr. John Miers Lettsom, eldest son of Dr. Lettsom, died, at his house in Sambrook Court, Basinghall Street, in the 28th year of his age.

"In the station of a son, it is believed that he never occasioned one sentiment of disapprobation; in that of a husband, and of a parent, he might be imitated, but could not be excelled; whilst the uniform suavity of his manners, and the undeviating rectitude of his character, rendered him universally beloved, as he is now universally lamented; and prepared him to retire from the society of friends to that of angels, to which his spotless mind was ever congenial."

Two admirable epitaphs were written on this melancholy occasion: one by the learned author of "Indian Antiquities*;" the other by H. Smith, Esq. The latter has never before appeared in print†.

* See note [F]. † See Letter XCIX. CORRESPONDENCE.

His widow survived, but for a very short period, this melancholy loss. Her health gradually declined from the time of the death of her husband, and she died on the 22d of September 1801, aged 30, at the house of her father. Her amiable temper supported her through an extremely painful illness without repining. Her chief anxiety was respecting her children, concerning whom, when sensible of her approaching dissolution, she conversed with the greatest composure. Upon the tuition of her eldest son she often dwelt with peculiar tenderness, desirous that he might emulate "the angel his deceased father," an expression she frequently made use of.

In 1773, Dr. Lettsom united with a few Medical friends to establish a Society to give Practitioners in Medicine frequent opportunities of meeting together, and conferring with each other, concerning any difficult or uncommon cases which may have occurred; or communicating any new discoveries in Medicine, which may have been made either at home or abroad. This Institution was established under the title of "The Medical Society of London," and held its meetings in Crane Court, Fleet Street, until the year 1788, when Dr. Lettsom presented the Society with a freehold house situate in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, excellently adapted for all the purposes of the Society, where its meetings* con-

* The first meeting was held on the 7th of January; which was opened with an Address to the Society by Dr. Lettsom, on the state of Medical Knowledge, and the improvements it had of late years received from the establishment of Medical and Literary Societies.

tinue to be held, and where is collected together a most valuable Library of reference on Medical Subjects and the Sciences connected therewith. His liberality to this Institution did not stop here; he contributed several hundreds of volumes to its Library, and proposed to give annually a gold medal for the best essay upon a prize question announced by the Society, on some subject of Medicine or Natural History. This medal he called the Fothergillian (in honour of his friend and patron, Dr. John Fothergill), the origin and institution of which is best explained by the following Letter to the Society:

"To the Medical Society of London.

"Gentlemen,

"To preserve the memory of illustrious characters by some permanent memorial, is not only grateful to the friends of the deceased, but excites in the living that commendable emulation, which leads to great and virtuous actions. Such were those which will render dear to distant posterity the name of Dr. John Fothergill; in memory of whom I have ordered a medal to be struck, under the patronage, and at the disposal, of the Medical Society of London. It will be in gold, of ten guineas value, to be called the Fothergillian Medal, and be given annually on the 8th day of March*, to the author of the best Essay upon a prize question, proposed by the Society, on a subject of Medicine or Natural History.

* The birth-day of Dr. Fothergill.

"The manner of proposing the annual question, and of determining upon the merits of the memoirs of the candidates, I refer to the determination of the Society; being persuaded, from the unanimity of their meetings, and the learning and judgment of their members, that their decisions will be calculated to promote medical science in particular, and physics in general; which are my motives for requesting their patronage of the FOTHERGILLIAN MEDAL. JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM."

"*London, May* 25, 1784."

It is almost needless to add, that this very liberal proposal met with the most ardent reception from, and approbation of the Society, and that the members felt highly sensible how much he had contributed to the advantage and reputation of the Institution by so generous an offer.

The first medal was adjudged to Dr. William Falconer of Bath, for a dissertation in answer to the following question: "What diseases may be mitigated or cured, by exciting particular affections or passions of the mind?"

The medal was presented by Dr. Lettsom to Dr. Falconer; and the manuscript was, with the permission of the Society, and the consent of the author, submitted to his disposal. It was accordingly published under the title of "A Dissertation on the Influence of the Passions upon Disorders of the Body." This went through two editions. The Introduction is written by Dr. Lettsom, and commences by defining the duties of the Practi-

tioners of Medicine, Surgery, and Pharmacy, and observing on the importance of an Institution which associates the respective members of each. He then proceeds to notice the question proposed for the first Fothergillian Medal, and communicates that the adjudication of it has fallen to Dr. Falconer. He then enlarges upon the influence of the human passions and affections, and justly observes, that "every practitioner who studies the honour of his profession and the happiness of his patients, should sedulously endeavour to cultivate an acquaintance with the anatomy of the mind, as well as that of the body. The first, arduous as it is, is so connected with the rational and metaphysical nature of man, and all his moral actions, as to add to investigation, the knowledge most highly estimated by sages, *the knowledge of ourselves.*" Dr. Lettsom had once proposed to himself the task of attempting to trace and describe the passions of the mind in health, and their influence in inducing disease. To promote this, he consulted authors of antiquity both sacred and profane; but the materials became so voluminous, as to render the condensation of them, with the little leisure he could command, impracticable. In this address, however, he enters upon the subject, drawing his materials from the Bible alone. To notice this further, to enter upon the different passions, would trespass beyond the limits prescribed to this Memoir of his Writings; though the subject is almost too interesting to be so slightly spoken of.

It has been remarked that in 1773 Dr. Lettsom was chosen one of the Physicians to the General Dispensary. So extensive a field of practice connected with his private professional engagements, afforded opportunities for observation, which his penetrating mind could not fail of profiting by, nor of benefiting his fellow-creatures. The fruits of his researches he submitted to the public in the following year, in a work entitled "Medical Memoirs of the General Dispensary in London, for parts of the years 1773 and 1774."

The Memoirs are preceded by an Introduction on the State of the Poor, and a Plan of the Charity. The work principally consists of cases that occurred in the practice of the Dispensary, arranged under nine sections.

In the first section Fevers are referred to three kinds; *viz.* the inflammatory, the nervous, and the mixed of these two. For the putrid (low nervous fever) is recommended the internal exhibition of bark, proper attention to the state of the bowels, and the free access of cold air. The good effects arising from the exposure of the patient to a current of cold air are well described and urgently recommended. This practice is illustrated by several cases.

The object of the second section is to point out in what cases opium acts as a stimulant, or as a sedative. These speculations arose from distinctions made by Dr. Cullen, in his Lectures on the Materia Medica on this subject.

The third section is denominated a Defence of Inoculation. This Essay is a reply to an ingenious attack on the practice inserted in the Monthly Ledger, a periodical work, at that time in great reputation among the Society of Friends. Dr. Lettsom wrote several pieces in this publication under various signatures: "EDGAR," "APYREXIA," &c. The principal objection to Small-pox inoculation, endeavoured, but ineffectually, to be answered, is that upon comparing the yearly Bills of Mortality from 1667 to 1722, and from 1731 to 1772, "it appears that out of 1,005,279 burials within the last 42 years, 17,242 persons more have died by the small-pox than the proportionate number as collected from the experience of the first 42 years; or seventeen more burials in a thousand have been occasioned by the small-pox, since inoculation hath been generally adopted, than before." At a subsequent period, Dr. Lettsom admitted the full force of this objection to the practice of inoculation, and evinced the deepest interest to prevent the highly injurious practice altogether, upon the discovery of the Cow-pock by the immortal Jenner.

The fourth section is devoted to the description of a species of Leprosy; the Lepra Ichthyosis of Sauvages. The description is succeeded by the relation of three cases, which appear to have been cured principally by the decoction of elm-bark, after various other means had been used without the least effect. A vegetable diet &c. are, no doubt, important auxiliaries in the course of treatment.

The fifth section descants on the method of treating the Confluent Small Pox. Happily, since the introduction of the Cow Pock, cases of confluent small-pox rarely come under the cognizance of the Medical Practitioner. At the time this essay was written, however, it was a very frequent and most formidable disease. Of all maladies to which the human species is subject, it is certainly the most loathsome and destructive.

Air, bark, and that class of medicines termed antiseptics, having been found insufficient to avert dissolution, Dr. Lettsom was induced to seek for more efficacious means, and conceived that he had discovered *mercury* to be an antidote to the variolous poison, and that it powerfully promoted the maturation of the small-pox pustules. He communicated this idea to many of his correspondents; and among others, to the celebrated Baron Haller, whose reply * contains the following remark: "My old friend Scheiler looked on the small-pox as very near related to the plague, and thought of *mercury* for an antidote." Subsequent practice, however, has demonstrated the inefficacy of mercury in this dreadful disease.

Boerhaave also appears from the two following Aphorisms, to have entertained an opinion that a specific for the small-pox might be found; and hints at the likelihood of its being either antimony or mercury.

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* See MEDICAL CORRESPONDENCE,' Vol. III. Letter 2. p. 119.

"1391. Quale inveniri posse, comparatio historiæ antidotorum, et indoles hujus mali, faciunt sperare; et ad indagandum impellit summa hinc futuro humano generi utilitas.

"1392. In *stibio*, et *mercurio*, ad magnam penetrabilitatem arte deductis, nec tamen salinâ acrimoniâ nimium corrosivis, sed bene unitis, ut quæramus, incitat aliquis horum aliquando successus."

The sixth section treats of the Hooping Cough, and the object proposed is to recommend the internal use of a compound of tincture of cantharides, bark, and the camphorated tincture of opium. Twenty-seven cases are related to prove the efficacy of the practice. This Essay contains some judicious observations on the propriety of bleeding, the exhibition of emetics, &c. in this disease.

The seventh section consists of various Medical cases and reflections:

1. An ulcer of a cancerous appearance cured with the use of hemlock.

2. A cancerous ulcer under the tongue cured by the same.

3. An ulcer of the lip of a cancerous aspect, cured by the same.

4. A tumour of the breast, cured by the same.

5. An obstinate head-ach, cured by the same.

6. A tumour treated with saponaceous liniment.

7. An obstinate palpitation of the heart, cured by white vitriol.

8. A case of salivation brought on by watch-gilding.

9. Tremors brought on by the same.

10, 11. Cases of abscesses from infection.

13, 14. Fixed air employed in a gangrene and in a phthisis pulmonalis.

15. Some account of a deaf person, who understood the motion of the lips.

The eighth section is composed of Tables of Diseases and Deaths for one year. And the ninth consists of the Formulæ of the General Dispensary.

In this year (1774) Dr. Lettsom associated with the late Dr. Hawes, Dr. Cogan, and a few other individuals, to establish an Institution for the Recovery of Persons apparently Dead. This Society owes its existence chiefly to the unremitting exertions of the benevolent Dr. Hawes.

Twenty-two years previous to this period, the celebrated Dr. John Fothergill addressed to the Royal Society, some observations on a Case, published in the last volume of the Medical Essays and Observations by a Society in Edinburgh, "of recovering a man dead in appearance, by distending the lungs with air," maintaining "the possibility of saving many lives without risking any thing." It is singular that this Paper excited but little notice, and that the object was not pursued, though opportunities were every day presenting themselves.

In 1767 M. Reaumur communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, some instances of Resuscitation which had occurred in Switzerland; and in the same year a Society was formed at Amsterdam, which offered premiums to those who saved

the life of a citizen in danger of perishing by water. It proposed to publish the methods of treatment, and to give an account of the cases of recovery. Instigated by this example, the Magistrates of Health at Milan and Venice issued orders, in 1768, for the treatment of drowned persons. The City of Hamburgh appointed a similar ordinance to be read in all the churches, extending their succour, not merely to the drowned, but to the strangled, to those suffocated by noxious vapours, and to the frozen. The first part of the Dutch Memoirs was translated into the Russian language, by command of the Empress. In 1769 an edict was published in Germany, extending its directions and encouragements to every case of apparent Death which afforded a possibility of relief. In 1771, the Magistrates of the city of Paris founded an institution in favour of the Drowned, &c.: and the repeated instances of success in each country abundantly confirmed the truth of the facts related in the Amsterdam Memoirs. These Memoirs were, in 1773, translated into English by Dr. Cogan, in order to convince the British Public of the practicability, in many instances, of recovering persons who were apparently dead from drowning. No sooner were they translated, than they engaged the humane and benevolent mind of Dr. Hawes. His very soul was absorbed with the animating hope of saving the lives of his fellow-creatures: but, in making the attempt, he had to encounter both ridicule and opposition. The possibility of resuscitation was denied. He as-

certained its practicability, by advertising to reward persons, who, between Westminster and London Bridges, should within a certain time after the accident, rescue drowned persons from the water, and bring them ashore to places appointed for their reception, where means might be used for their recovery, and give immediate notice to him. Many lives were thus saved by himself and other medical men, which would otherwise have been lost. For twelve months he paid the rewards in these cases; which amounted to a considerable sum. Dr. Cogan remonstrated with him on the injury which his private fortune would sustain, from a perseverance in these expences; he therefore consented to share them with the public. They accordingly agreed to unite their strength, and each of them to bring fifteen friends* to a meeting at the Chapter Coffee-house, with the express intention of establishing a Humane Society in London; this was happily accomplished in the summer of 1774. The object of this Society was then, like that at Amsterdam, confined to the recovery of persons who were apparently dead from Drowning.

For the first six years, the Annual Reports of the Society were prepared by Dr. Cogan, who, in the year 1780, returned to Holland. The Reports were then composed by Dr. Hawes till the period of his decease; when Dr. Lettsom undertook the task and continued it up to 1813; since which period the writer of this Memoir has regularly prepared them.

* See note [G].

The tide of prejudice, for many years, ran very strong against a set of men, who presumed, or pretended, to bring the dead to life.

It was at this time, that Dr. Lettsom in particular stood forth to protect an Institution, which has proved the means of preserving to Society several thousands of lives that otherwise would have been lost; and rewarded those numerous praise-worthy individuals who have risked their own existence to save that of their fellow-creatures. His influence and opinion were opposed to the prejudices of the vulgar, and to the doubts of the weak-minded; and the Society became firmly established. Dr. Lettsom was elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Humane Society, of which he was one of the Vice-Presidents, and from which he received the gold medal for the restoration of a Case of Suspended Animation.

In this year (1774), a Bill was brought into Parliament, entitled "an Act for preserving the health of Prisoners in Gaol, and preventing the Gaol-distemper." This subject naturally engaged the attention of Dr. Lettsom, who had frequently visited these abodes of wretchedness, and paid particular attention to the subject of fevers. The Bill very judiciously inculcated cleanliness, and ordered the Justices of the Peace to have the cells, ceilings, &c. of the prisoners, scraped and whitewashed at least once every year; to be regularly washed and kept clean, and to be constantly supplied with fresh air. It directed also, that rooms should be set apart for

the men and for the women in case of sickness, into which, upon its occurrence, the captives were immediately to be removed. It also provided baths for the use of the prisoners, and expressly declared, that they should "be washed in such warm or cold baths, or bathing-tubs, according to the condition in which they shall be at the time, before they are suffered to go out of such gaols or prisons, upon any occasion whatever."

Dr. Lettsom in a letter inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine for August 1774, points out the importance of this measure, as far as it provides for, but at the same time shews its inadequacy to accomplish every thing desirable to be effected by it. The bodies of the prisoners are directed to be cleansed, but not a word is said respecting their *apparel*. "Bathing the body," observes Dr. Lettsom, "will avail little, while that body is still to be covered with garments as poisonous as the shirt of Nessus, and peculiarly capable, not only of retaining, but also of communicating the infection." The truth of this observation is confirmed by experience, which has unfortunately shewn that, through the medium of cotton, woollen, &c. the infection of the plague has been conveyed from one place to another.

Dr. Lettsom suggested, that the Bill should have enjoined, that no prisoner should be released from any gaol or prison, without being previously washed in a warm or cold bath, and afterwards new clothed; and were these new garments well fumigated with

aromatic gums or herbs, &c. it would render the wearers still less dangerous to the community, as most strong odours are found to neutralize putrid infection, or at least obviate its baneful effects. He suggested, also, that the old garments of the prisoners should never be worn again; that they should be made, at every quarter sessions, a burnt-offering, in honour of Hygëia; and that the expence of it should be defrayed by the county wherein the prisoner had been confined.

These suggestions were the result of reflection on facts related in the Medical Memoirs of the General Dispensary, already noticed. This subject introduces to our acquaintance an important philanthropic act of Dr. Lettsom. The letter alluded to was written at a time when the miserable inhabitants of Wood-street Compter were not supplied with any Medical assistance, should they be visited with sickness. Dr. Lettsom, therefore, devoted himself to their service, hazarded his own existence by exposure to the influence of contagion in a prison, where frequent sources were manifested, and by application to the Governors of the General Dispensary, got the prisoners supplied with medicines, without the aid of which they must probably have perished. In addition to this, the writer has the best authority to state, that the wretched captives often experienced the liberality of the Doctor, enabling them to procure the common necessaries of life, and many trifling things rendered of importance in the hour of sickness. His own table frequently furnished them

with food, and his cellar supplied those, whose cases required it, with wine and other cordials.

In the Monthly Ledger for this year, also, Dr. Lettsom had inserted, "Hints respecting Female Character, and a Repository for Female Industry." In this address, the Doctor eloquently and pathetically pleads in behalf of those unfortunate females who have deviated from the paths of chastity. Its object is, to excite a spirit of compassion for these unhappy creatures, and to endeavour to reclaim them from their error. He feelingly observes, "There is no state which demands more movingly the tear of compassion; nor is there any more worthy to touch the bosom of either sex with sympathy, and animate it to afford protection. May I, fair readers, induce you thus to think and act towards your unfortunate sisters, before vice becomes habitual, and the amiable characters of sensibility and affection are converted into a polluted channel! Some who once seemed devoted to destruction, I have now the happiness to be acquainted with, who have lived to bless and animate the attachments of their husbands, and to set a good example to the fruit of their affections. What a source of happiness must you acquire, should your charitable endeavours be crowned with success, and allow you to join the amiable author of the 'Fool of Quality,' in his cheering invitation:

"Lovely Penitent, arise,
Come and claim thy kindred skies;
Come, thy sister Angels say,
Thou hast wept thy stains away."

As habits of industry conduce to virtuous actions,

the second part of this address recommends the formation of a Repository for Female Industry, to which the articles, the production of female ingenuity, manufactured by persons above the menial rank of servants, should be brought, and for which a sum of money should instantly be paid, that labour might meet with an immediate reward, and the persons be protected from pursuing vicious purposes probably for the obtaining of the necessaries of life. "Such a system (says the benevolent author) would gain the blessing of the daughters of many clergymen; of young women brought up to good expectations, whose fathers have died in reduced circumstances; of thousands that class a little below the middle ranks of life, upon which the happiness and the virtue of the community greatly depend."

In the same publication, and in the same volume, Dr. Lettsom submitted "Hints respecting a Substitute for Wheat Bread." The substitute here proposed is Indian corn, which, when mixed with that of this country's produce, is said to make very wholesome bread; and, if employed, would materially reduce the price of that article so truly denominated *the staff of life.*

In the year 1775, MARY ANN LETTSOM was born. She was an amiable and intelligent person; and on the 16th of June 1794, formed a matrimonial connexion with Dr. Philip Elliot, the nephew of Major Grant, and a gentleman distinguished for erudition, profound medical knowledge, mild temper, and unblemished character. Four children were the fruits

of this marriage, two sons and two daughters, one of whom is no more. Mrs. Elliott died of a decline, on the 3d of October, 1802.

In 1776, Dr. Lettsom published, "Observations preparatory to the Use of Dr. Myersbach's Medicines;" which went through two editions in the same year. The second edition is ornamented with an engraving of "The Water-Doctor," from an original picture by D. Teniers, anno 1638.

The detection and exposure of the fraudulent practices of Dr. Myersbach, entitle Dr. Lettsom to the thanks of every good member of society. The practice here denounced is in existence, though not to the same extent, even at the present time. This German Impostor contrived to amass a considerable fortune by the very "*bathos* of empiricism." He was consulted by hundreds of all ranks and conditions, many of whom were persons otherwise possessed of enlightened understandings, but who conceived that their diseases could, indeed, be accurately ascertained, and consequently proper methods had recourse to for the removal of them, by the mere inspection of the urine.

The pamphlet by Dr. Lettsom soon dissipated the delusion; and in a very short time Dr. (as he was called) Myersbach was almost wholly neglected. Very successful satire characterizes this production: the characters are well drawn, and the effect produced is perfect. It is satisfactorily proved, that this Quack could not, by examination of the urine, distinguish either the sex or age; nay, more, not even the species of the patient.

By the confession of one of the Urine-caster's Apothecaries, the composition of a *red powder*, the *green drops*, the *sweet drops*, or *black pills*, are exposed. These were prescribed indiscriminately for the cure of asthmas, dropsies, fevers, consumptions, stone, pregnancy, hysterics, rheumatism, deafness, and all the "thousand natural shocks, that flesh is heir to."

A reply to this Pamphlet was shortly afterwards published, but the attempt was too impotent to deserve notice.

In 1777 HARRIET LETTSOM was born. She lived only two years.

In 1778, SAMUEL FOTHERGILL LETTSOM was born, to whose education equal attention was paid with that of his eldest son, John. On the 6th of April, 1802, he married the only daughter of William Garrow, Esq. (now Sir William Garrow, Knt. Attorney General) by whom he has had six children, three of whom, two sons and a daughter, are now living.

It is the practice of the Medical Society of London, annually, to appoint one of the Fellows to deliver an Oration on the day of the Anniversary. Dr. Lettsom was appointed to this honourable situation for this year. The subject which he selected, was a sketch of the "History of the Origin of Medicine." At the request of the Institution it was printed in the same year, with various Historical Illustrations, collected from upwards of a hundred authors, and forming a quarto book of 170 pages. This is mentioned to display the facility with which Dr.

Lettsom composed; and he was enabled to do so from the construction of the tables to assist his memory, mentioned in the early part of this memoir.

The Oration comprehends only the first chapter of a "History of the Origin and Progress of Medicine, and its Professors," upon a very extensive scale, which there is good reason to regret that want of leisure did not permit the Author to pursue. To exhibit distinctly such a variety of objects as a plan of this kind must comprehend, he suggested that it would be proper to divide it into periods, which form certain particular æras in Medicine, and are connected with some important circumstances in the general history of the world, each of which might contain four divisions in the following order:

1. Of Medicine in general.
2. History of Discoveries in Medicine.
3. History of Benefactors to Medicine.
4. History of Arts and Sciences in general.

I. The first Period to commence with the Creation, and end with the Trojan war, 1184 years before Christ; and to be comprehended, under the title of NATURAL and FABULOUS MEDICINE.

II. The second to begin with the Trojan and end with the Peloponnesian War (which includes 753 years) at the time of Hippocrates, about 400 years before the Christian æra, and fifty before the birth of Alexander the Great: this to be distinguished by EMPIRICISM from NECESSITY.

During this period no medical records have been preserved, though it is probable much advancement

in Medical Science was made, from the perfection it had arrived at in the following period. This was most likely attained in the Esculapian Temples at Cos, Cnidos, and Rhodes. Hippocrates is said to have drawn his first breath at the former of these places, and is frequently styled the Sage of Cos. The extensive medical knowledge possessed by him, surpasses that of any other individual, and was thought sufficient by Dr. Lettsom to warrant him in separating the States of Medicine at the Trojan and Peloponnesian Wars. Venesection was first performed in this period; medicine given internally generally adopted; and the dissection of animals practised.

We are informed by our author, that the two periods just alluded to were distinguished in a more conspicuous manner by the following circumstances: "About two hundred years before Hippocrates*, Thales † and Pythagoras ‡ brought philosophy

* Hippocrates died 361 years before Christ, aged 99. He flourished in the time of Pericles with Socrates, Democritus, and Thucydides, a period famous for the second Plague of Athens, when each man was permitted to marry two wives, and Socrates was one of the first who took advantage of that privilege. *Blair.*

† Thales died 548 years before the Christian æra, aged 96. He flourished when Solon was Archon and Law-giver of Athens; a period famous for the successes of Nebuchadnezzar against Jerusalem and Tyre, the first 587, and the second 572 years before Christ.

‡ Pythagoras died 597 years before the Christian æra. He flourished about 538 years before the birth of Christ, a period famous by the destruction of the empire of Babylon, that city being taken by Cyrus.

into Greece. The first of these studied the nature of animal bodies by anatomy; the second attempted physics by philosophy; and this introduced a kind of reasoning in medicine, which was unknown in its first period." Dr. Lettsom adds, "It is probable, however, that the experience of one school would be unconnected with the philosophy of the other; but the union of these two was requisite to an extensive improvement of the healing art; and this union was accomplished in Hippocrates, who founded Dogmatism, which I have distinguished as the third period."

III. From Hippocrates to the Destruction of Carthage, at the time of Serapion, 146 years before Christ, including DOGMATISM.

IV. From Serapion to the birth of Christ, about the time of Themison, in the reign of Augustus; in which period would be included PROFESSED EMPIRICISM.

V. From Themison to Galen, the physician and Peripatetic philosopher, who flourished under the emperor Marcus Aurelius, about 160 years after the birth of Christ. This æra might be properly called the period of METHODISM.

VI. From Galen to the time of Paracelsus, who was contemporary with the emperor Charles V. and flourished in the beginning of the 16th century; which period might be distinguished by PERIPATETIC DOGMATISM.

VII. From Paracelsus to Harvey, who lived in the reign of Charles I. near the middle of the 17th

century, and discovered the circulation of the blood, the CHEMICAL DOGMATISM.

VIII. From Harvey to Boerhaave, who flourished early in the 18th century, the MECHANICAL DOGMATISM.

IX. From Boerhaave, who introduced a new system, which included all the others, to the present time, GENERAL DOGMATISM.

As the opinions of mankind are no more uniform than their constitutions, it cannot be supposed that any of these systems prevailed universally, at any one period; it was sufficient to ascertain when each of these principally flourished, and the improvements in the healing art, which resulted from them.

The Oration treats only of Medicine in general, which commences with the Creation, and ends at the Trojan War. This æra of NATURAL and FABULOUS MEDICINE is treated of in seven sections: 1. Of the Practice of Physic:—2. Of Surgery:—3. Of Midwifery:—4. Of Anatomy:—5. Of Botany and Pharmacy:—6. Of Chemistry:—7. Of Mystic Medicine.

The Oration is illustrated by an immense number of references, and a variety of interesting anecdotes and quotations. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that it met with universal approbation. The multifarious reading it exhibits is truly astonishing, and the conclusions drawn from the various references are highly creditable to the author. The work is accompanied by a plate representing the *Grigris*, a charm in use among the Africans, as a protection

against diseases. The charm here represented was taken from a chaplet belonging to a King of Brak, near Senegal (and who was killed with this charm about him). It was preserved in Sir Ashton Lever's Museum.

Dr. Lettsom continued to improve this work, on which he dwelt with much satisfaction, until the end of his life. The writer of this Memoir is in possession of it, with the other manuscripts and additions to his several works, which he may, probably, hereafter submit to the Public.

In 1775 a Society was established for General Inoculation of the Small Pox, of which Dr. Watkinson was the Physician. This Institution was approved of and supported by Dr. Lettsom, whose appointment to the General Dispensary had afforded him many opportunities of seeing the most frequent and destructive diseases of thousands of poor families in the Metropolis, and of suggesting the means of obviating, in some measure, the misery and fatality so prevalent among them.

Sir Robert Barker and George Stacpoole, Esq. two individuals of philanthropic character, were active members of this Institution; and to them in 1778 Dr. Lettsom addressed a printed letter in favour of their Society. The object of this letter was to impress on their minds the advantages of Small Pox Inoculation, from the following circumstances:

I. That the matter of Small Pox may almost always be procured from the most healthy subjects.

II. That the disease is usually milder.

III. That the infection from Inoculation is in general so mild, as that, with proper precautions, the practice might be safely extended to the poor in every part of the Metropolis; which would preserve the lives of many promising children, who might either be lost to the community, from the fatality of the natural infection, or become burthensome from the consequences of it.

At the close of this letter Dr. Lettsom observes: "I beg leave to add, that though I am engaged in the plan for General Inoculation, an institution which has not been so fortunate as to have gained the patronage or approbation of the justly celebrated Baron Dimsdale, yet it has not arisen from the most distant idea of opposition to him. I acknowledge with pleasure, that I have long enjoyed the favour of his friendship, and the more intimately I have been acquainted with him, the more I admire and esteem his character as a gentleman, and his discernment as a physician; and I am persuaded, that he would as cordially as myself unite in promoting a plan for General Inoculation, if he had the same conviction of its public utility.

"Upon such a principle, every man who wishes well to his fellow-creatures should found his conduct."

It is difficult to conceive, how such a passage could give offence to, or excite the anger of Baron Dimsdale; but such, indeed, was the case. The Baron accordingly published "Remarks" on the Letter, in which, not satisfied with discussing the

professional question, to which they certainly should have been confined, and which alone could be interesting to the Public, whose attention was considerably excited upon so important a subject as Inoculation, as a means of preventing the ravages of the Natural Small Pox; he added the most severe censures on the conduct of Dr. Lettsom, and the most depreciating and injurious insinuations on his " meanness and presumption, in pretending to an acquaintance where none subsisted." The " Remarks" were very widely circulated by the Baron, and even industriously distributed at Coffee-houses, where they were advertised to be left for general inspection. A great number also were transmitted to the Continent.

The " Remarks" were followed by " Observations on Baron Dimsdale's Remarks," by Dr. Lettsom, in which he replies in the most satisfactory manner to the illiberal conduct of the Baron. That an intimacy absolutely amounting to friendship, had existed, is evident from the private circumstances brought forward by the Doctor. It was, no doubt, a very painful task for him to be under the necessity of particularizing private, and in themselves unimportant transactions; but his character was attacked, and to preserve his reputation, it was rendered highly necessary. Prior to the publication of the " Observations," Dr. Lettsom addressed the following Letter to Baron Dimsdale:

" It is with much concern, that I find myself under the necessity of defending my character

against the insinuations inserted by Baron Dimsdale in the conclusion of his pamphlet 'in answer to a Letter I had addressed to Sir Robert Barker, Knt. and George Stacpoole, Esq. upon General Inoculation.' The pains that have been taken to spread this pamphlet on the Continent, as well as through this kingdom, have induced me to reply immediately to the personal reflections contained in it; the publication of which appear to have been the principal motive of his writing; and I doubt not but the Baron will consider an open explanation of my conduct equally necessary and honourable. But as it is possible that I may not have been so accurate in ascertaining dates, as I have been in stating facts, I thought it would be but candid to enclose him the Manuscript, and submit it to his correction, as I wish to obtain justice only on the sure ground of facts.

"Upon this ground it is, that I hope to reply soon to the other particulars contained in the Baron's publication. I do not, however, mean to restrict myself solely to them, but shall enter into a more general review of Inoculation, and a minute history of those opinions, which the Baron as well as his opponents have entertained on the subject. This was avoided in the letter which the Baron has attacked, which was written chiefly for the use of the Governors of the Society for promoting General Inoculation, and not as a critical examination of the sentiments of any writer either for or against the practice.

J. C. LETTSOM.

"P. S. I shall wait a week in expectation of the Baron's reply. Formerly when we corresponded together, the Baron always honoured me with an early acknowledgement.

London, April 17, 1779."

After Baron Dimsdale had perused the manuscript, he returned it with a remark upon a particular passage, which was, in consequence, immediately altered.

Before the Baron published his Review of the "Observations," he sent Dr. Lettsom the Manuscript through the medium of a friend, politely intimating that "if Dr. Lettsom should make any observations on parts that he thought should be corrected, they should be attended to." This Manuscript was returned with Dr. Lettsom's acknowledgement of the Baron's politeness, in offering to attend to any observations he might make "on parts of his pamphlet;" but, as he thought almost the whole consisted of, at least, gross misrepresentation, he deferred any observations on particular parts to a future time. A few weeks afterwards Dr. Lettsom received the following:

"Baron Dimsdale begs Dr. Lettsom's acceptance of the enclosed pamphlet, and would be obliged to him for the names of the persons to whom Dr. Lettsom's Observations were presented, as Baron Dimsdale intends to present each of them with a copy of the publication.

"*Hertford, July* 17, 1779.

which produced the subsequent reply:—

To Baron Dimsdale.

"I received Baron Dimsdale's pamphlet last night, accompanied with a note, requesting a list of the names of the persons to whom my "Observations, &c." were presented. Such a request appeared to me the more extraordinary, as Baron Dimsdale, who first began the dispute, had advertised his pamphlet in the public prints for many months, and, as I am informed, had disposed of the whole impression, had not communicated to me the least information respecting the distribution of any part of this edition: whilst my pamphlet has never been advertised, and the principal part of the edition is still in my hands. Few, however, as the number may be, which I have distributed, it would, probably, afford me some difficulty to recollect to whom: but a method has occurred to me, which I think would remove every difficulty; and that is, for Baron Dimsdale to suspend the disposal of his present pamphlet till my reply is printed, which will be in about a fortnight, and let these two pamphlets be stitched together, to be disposed of in sets only, by which means our friends on each side will have the whole evidence before them, and neither of us have reason to complain of the other.

"I would add further, that I hope Baron Dimsdale will excuse me for not troubling him with my manuscript in reply, as I observe his printed Review differs from the manuscript he sent me as his own production, and lays me under the necessity of attending to his MS. as well as to the Review of

my Observations, printed by J. Phillips in George Yard, Lombard Street. J. C. LETTSOM.

London, July 22, 1779."

To this proposal the Baron did not accede. Dr. Fothergill ineffectually attempted to appease the disputants, and to check that controversy which could be productive of little information to the public. In a letter to Dr. Fothergill, dated May 28, 1779, Dr. Lettsom remarks, "Upon the whole, I can perceive that the Baron has admitted so many prejudices against me, for introducing his name in the most respectable and decent manner, or from other motives, that nothing will satisfy his mind, but venting it before the public, at whose tribunal I trust I shall appear with that firmness which Truth and Justice require, and which the defence and security of character against a powerful opponent demand. If I know my own mind, I entertain no animosity against the Baron: what I have hitherto done, has resulted from the necessity of defending my character. I have still no other object in view."

The controversy became almost wholly personal. The "Observations" of Dr. Lettsom produced a "Review" of them from the Baron, which was followed by an "Answer" from Dr. Lettsom; and here this unpleasant dispute terminated.

Prior to the decease of Baron Dimsdale, which took place on the 30th of December 1800, all animosity occasioned by this literary warfare was buried in oblivion. A Memoir of the Life of the Baron

appeared in the European Magazine for August 1802, professedly written by "a correspondent." That correspondent was Dr. Lettsom. With an extract from this Memoir, we shall dismiss this subject. "A few years before the Baron's decease, Dr. Lettsom, observing that he was in peace with all mankind, expressed a desire that the Baron and himself should afford a written evidence of mutual freedom from personal animosity; the Baron, however, deemed it not requisite, as he *never* had entertained any; and since his decease several reciprocal marks of kindness have supervened between the Doctor and the relatives of the Baron, so that it may be justly concluded, that every unfriendly sentiment, if ever any existed, is completely eradicated."

During the controversy an excellent Letter was published on the subject, addressed to Dr. Lettsom, by an unknown person, styling himself "an uninterested Spectator of the Controversy between Baron Dimsdale and Dr. Watkinson," on the propriety of General Inoculation *. This letter espoused the cause of Dr. Lettsom.

In 1779, proposals were issued for the establishment of a Society under the title of "Medical Society and Dispensary, for the private and only immediate use of the Subscribers, their Families, and

* See "An Examination of a Charge brought against Inoculation by De Haen, Rast, Dimsdale, and other writers. By John Watkinson, M. D." 8vo. Lond. 1777.

Friends." This money-getting scheme, for it does not deserve a more liberal appellation, was opposed by Dr. Lettsom. In his "Observations" on the plan, he points out the futility of the scheme, and exposes its immediate object, that of raising money under the semblance of protecting the health and pockets of individuals from the encroachments and devastation of ignorant quacks and apothecaries. It is sufficient to remark, that the plan was never carried into effect.

Dr. Lettsom was elected an Honorary Member of the Bath Philosophical Society, in 1780.

He did not confine his exertions to the benefit of his own profession, or the advancement of objects *immediately* connected with it; but extended his views to the promotion of every species of useful literature. We have already exhibited the diversity of talent possessed by the Doctor; and in the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1780, we find inserted a paper, entitled, "Hints for establishing a Society for promoting Useful Literature."

Dr. Lettsom very justly observes, that "the benefits which result from the most important discoveries, as well as the inconveniences to which they are liable, depend chiefly upon the application of them to the purposes of society." There is no blessing we enjoy that may not be perverted, and rendered even a source of misery and injustice.

Reflecting upon the many obligations which the community owe to useful authors, Dr. Lettsom could not but feel a painful regret, that great talents

should ever be unprofitably employed; or, as in too many instances is the case, devoted to the worst of purposes. The prostituted pen he conceived to be impelled by want, as there cannot be any pleasure in writing on the side of Vice; and were the pecuniary advantages equal, he observes, "no author, surely, could withhold his support from the cause of Virtue." To remedy this evil, he proposed, that a Society for the purpose above mentioned should be established, to reward the ingenious labours of indigent but useful writers. By such an establishment, the feeling mind would be relieved from the recital of distressing narratives of ingenious men, whose whole lives have been devoted to the cause of science, literature, and virtue, reduced to the last extremity by penury and disease, nay, perishing from absolute want.

If such a Society should be properly established and supported, Dr. Lettsom proposed, that its objects should be multiplied: that Prize-Questions for the exercise and encouragement of genius and abilities should be offered; that the widows and orphans of such as have laboured usefully in literature should participate in the liberality of the Institution; and that monuments of grateful respect to departed genius should be erected, that the living candidate for fame might be excited to, and encouraged in those pursuits which should secure to him lasting posthumous honours. He suggested, also, that in the course of time they might be enabled to collect a library for general use, to introduce a national taste for literature, and render it subservient to the best interests of virtue and religion.

Ten years subsequent to the appearance of this proposal, that excellent institution the Literary Fund was established. It does not, however, owe its origin to the "Hints" of Dr. Lettsom; but to a private society of Literary men, in consequence of the death of a profound scholar, Floyer Sydenham, the translator of Plato. This amiable man, revered by all who were acquainted with him, was arrested and thrown into prison*, where he expired. Dr. Lettsom added his subscription to the Literary Fund, calculated to carry into effect, in some measure, the design he had for a long time cherished.

In the 50th volume of the Gentleman's Magazine, Dr. Lettsom inserted an interesting account of a case of extreme woe, that led him to suggest some "Hints respecting the immediate effects of Poverty." The narrative is too interesting to be omitted: He entitled it

"A MORNING WALK IN THE METROPOLIS."

"About the beginning of December, on going out of my house, I was accosted by a tall thin man, whose countenance exhibited such a picture of distress and poverty as fixed my attention, and induced me to inquire into his situation. He informed me that he was a day-labourer, just recovered from sickness, and that feeble as he then was, in order to procure sustenance for a sick family at home, he was compelled to seek for work, and to exert himself much beyond his strength; and he

* For a debt due to a victualler, who had, for some time, furnished him with his frugal meal.

added, that he lived in a Court, called Little Greenwich, in Aldersgate-street. This poor object seemed to feel distress too deeply to be an impostor; and I could not avoid bestowing some means of obviating his present want, for which he retired bowing, with tears in his eyes; but when he got out of sight, his image was present with me: I was then sorry that my generosity had not been equal to my sensibility, and this induced me to attempt finding out his family. He had mentioned that his name was Foy, and by the information he gave me, I discovered his miserable habitation: with difficulty I found my way up a dark passage and staircase to a little chamber, furnished with one bedstead. An old box was the only article that answered the purpose of a chair, the furniture of the bed consisted in a piece of old ticken and a worn-out blanket, which constituted the only couch, except the floor, whereon this afflicted family could incline their heads to rest: and what a scene did they present! Near the centre of the bed lay the mother with half a shift, and covered as high as the middle with the blanket. She was incapable of telling her complaints. The spittle, for want of some fluid to moisten her mouth, had dried upon her lips, which, as well as her gums, were covered with a black crust—the concomitant symptoms of a putrid fever, the disorder under which she laboured, in its most malign state. At another end of the blanket was extended a girl about five years old: it had rolled from under this covering, and was totally naked,

except its back, on which a blister-plaister was tied by a piece of pack-thread crossed over its breast; and, though labouring under this dreadful fever, the poor creature was asleep. On one side of its mother, lay a naked boy about two years old; this little innocent was likewise sleeping. On the other side of the mother, on the floor, or rather on an old box, lay a girl about twelve years old; she was in part covered with her gown and petticoat, but she had no shift. The fever had not bereaved her of her senses; she was perpetually moaning out, 'I shall die of thirst; pray give me some water to drink.' Near her stood another girl, about four years old, bare-footed: her whole covering was a loose piece of petticoat thrown over her shoulders; and to this infant it was that her sister was crying for water.

"I now experienced how greatly the sight of real misery exceeds the description of it.

"What a contrast did this scene exhibit to the plenty and elegance which reigned within the extent of a few yards only! for this miserable receptacle was opposite to the stately edifice of an honourable Alderman, and still nearer were many spacious houses and shops. I have observed that the daughter, who was stretched on the floor, was still able to speak. She told me that something was the matter with her mother's side, and asked me to look at it. I turned up an edge of the blanket, and found that a very large mortification had taken place, extending from the middle of the body to the middle of the thigh, and of a hand's breadth: the length was upwards of half a yard; and to stop

its progress nothing had been applied. It was a painful sight to behold; and many not less painful exist in this Metropolis. I procured medical assistance immediately, and for a trifling gratuity got a neighbour to nurse the family. The Churchwarden, to whom I made application, heard their history with concern; and added his humane aid, to rescue from death a poor and almost expiring family. I have, however, the pleasure to conclude this relation of their unspeakable distress, by communicating their total deliverance from it; which, I think, may be justly attributed to the timely assistance administered."

The communication of the above distressing case did not fail to excite the attention, and secure the aid, of a generous public. The relief afforded, Dr. Lettsom in a subsequent number of the Magazine assures us, produced the most happy change in the situation of the poor family, who, most probably, had not Dr. Lettsom interested himself concerning them, would have fallen victims to want and disease.

In 1781, Dr. Lettsom was chosen an Honorary Member of the Humane Society of Philadelphia; also of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester; and in the following year, he was elected a Fellow of the College of Physicians, Philadelphia.

In this year the Doctor had another son born, who came into the world afflicted with Hydrocephalus. Although capable of reading, he never could be taught to write. He went to school, and possessed the faculty of memory until his 16th year. After this period, it failed him; and he has ever

since continued to have epileptic fits that have totally destroyed his intellect, and power of speech.

On the 25th of December 1780, died the benevolent and learned Dr. JOHN FOTHERGILL. This was a severe loss to Dr. Lettsom, who ever generously acknowledged the obligations he owed to that excellent individual. In the Memoirs of Dr. Fothergill he observes*, "I cannot but gratefully recall to mind how much I owed to my deceased friend, when I left Europe to revisit my native Island: that though after seventeen years' absence, I returned to the bosom of my relations and of my friends; yet it must be admitted, as a medical man, my character was solely reflected from the patronage of Dr. Fothergill, whose name was as familiar throughout North-America, and the Antilles, as in London."

The long and close intimacy which Dr. Lettsom had the honour to enjoy with this amiable man, peculiarly qualified him to become his biographer. The congeniality of his mind with that of the deceased, rendered him a highly proper person to perform the important task of handing down to posterity the memoirs of so truly great and excellent a character. He entertained the same spirit of inquiry after general knowledge, the same thirst for the study of natural history, the same philanthropic ardour, perpetually directed to the relief of the distresses of his fellow-creatures.

Dr. Fothergill was, at the time of his decease, the

* Memoirs of Dr. Fothergill, page 159.

President of the Medical Society of London, at whose meetings papers, and other communications, on medical subjects were read, or made. Many of these were furnished by Dr. Fothergill; and the Members felt desirous of having some account of his life submitted to them. Accordingly, Dr. Lettsom was requested to draw up the Memoir. His gratitude and inclination coinciding with their wishes, it was prepared, in 1782, read before the Society, and subsequently published. It extended even to a fourth edition, notwithstanding that three other memoirs of the same person had been submitted to the public. One, under the title of "An affectionate Tribute to the Memory of Dr. Fothergill," by the late Dr. William Hird, of Leeds: this appeared in 1781. Another, by Dr. John Elliott, prefixed to an *imperfect* collection of the Medical and Philosophical Works of Dr. Fothergill; which also appeared in 1781. And a "Memoir of the Life, and a View of the Character, of the late Dr. John Fothergill;" read before the Society of Physicians, who conducted the Medical Observations and Inquiries, of which Dr. Fothergill was President: this Memoir was written by Dr. Gilbert Thompson, the early tutor of Dr. Lettsom, and was published in 1782.

Dr. Lettsom's "Memoir" is much more copious and accurate than any of those alluded to, and is, perhaps, the best written of any of the Doctor's productions. It is a very interesting tribute of affection and esteem. Dr. Lettsom frequently acted as the amanuensis of Dr. Fothergill, and thereby be-

came intimately acquainted with his practice. He also occasionally resided with him, both in town and in the country; and thus became familiar with his character and feelings.

Expence, in whatever concerned the memory of his deceased friend, was never an object of consideration with Dr. Lettsom. The Life of Dr. Fothergill is published in a very handsome manner, accompanied with memoirs of his friends and correspondents, Dr. William Cuming, Dr. George Cleghorn, Dr. Alexander Russell, and Mr. Peter Collinson. Portraits of these individuals, and of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, also an intimate friend of Dr. Fothergill, ornament the publication.

One of the leading features in Dr. Fothergill's character was his attachment to the science of Botany. Dr. Lettsom's we have already noticed to have been not less ardent; and he profited materially by frequent visits to the garden * of Dr. Fothergill, which is spoken of by Sir Joseph Banks † in the highest terms of commendation.

Dr. Fothergill had also a very extensive collection of Shells, many of which were extremely rare. He had likewise a variety of specimens of different subjects in other branches of Natural History. This collection was purchased by the late Dr. Hunter, for £1500. and now forms part of the Doctor's museum at the University of Glasgow.

Dr. Fothergill's collection of Drawings (chiefly on

* See note [H]. † See note [I].

vellum) of subjects in Natural History amounted to not less than 1200, and were purchased for the late Empress of Russia, for £2,300.

Recourse to this collection was of service to, and excited the attention of, Dr. Lettsom, who now began to collect for the establishment of a private museum of his own.

The humanity of Dr. Fothergill gave Dr. Lettsom an opportunity of enlarging upon a topic very near to his heart, of which we have already noticed him frequently treating — the distresses of the Poor. The character he draws of Dr. Fothergill in this respect, and the relation of the mode adopted by him for the mitigation of woe, is a faithful transcript of his own character*.

As no complete collection of the Writings of Dr. Fothergill had been published, Dr. Lettsom felt himself, under the obligations of gratitude and affection, impelled to discharge this posthumous debt. This duty he performed in an elegant and correct edition of his Works, printed both in quarto and octavo, with the Biographical Memoir just noticed prefixed; containing also an account of the disease which proved fatal to this celebrated Physician. To the writings of Dr. Fothergill is added a Selection from his Correspondence with Doctors Cuming, Percival, Falconer, Dobson, A. Fothergill, and James Johnstone; also with Henry Smeathman, Esq. This publication is embellished with

* See note [K].

eleven engravings. Dr. Lettsom added also to this work the "Hortus Uptonensis," or a Catalogue of the stove and green-house plants in Dr. Fothergill's garden at Upton, at the time of his decease. It is arranged in alphabetical order; botanical arrangement, however, is not wholly neglected; the class, order, genus, and English name of each species of plant being introduced. The situation each requires is also specified; and occasional notes subjoined. As many rare and curious plants are natives of the East-Indies, and as throughout the Indian Archipelago, as well as upon the Coast of Coromandel, the Malay language is either spoken or understood, Dr. Lettsom has, in many instances, added the names of certain plants in this language, to enable the traveller more readily and certainly to gain the object of his research. To the Catalogue are added directions for bringing over seeds and plants from distant countries, prepared by Dr. Lettsom, with the approbation of Dr. Fothergill.

To the fourth Edition of the Life of Dr. Fothergill, as it has already been observed, Dr. Lettsom added memoirs, of Dr. William Cuming, Dr. George Cleghorn, Dr. Alexander Russell, and Mr. Peter Collinson, associates and correspondents of Dr. Fothergill. Dr. Lettsom became possessed of materials for these biographical sketches from the letters that had fallen into his hands by the decease of his patron, and in consequence of the engagement he had made to publish his Life and Select Correspondence. Additional matter, however, was fur-

nished by the two first individuals, which renders them authentic and interesting.

Dr. CUMING was a Physician, who, at the recommendation of Dr. Fothergill, his fellow student at Edinburgh, had settled at Dorchester. He was a gentleman of great erudition, and assisted the Rev. John Hutchins, of Wareham, in the composition of a History of the County of Dorset. Richard Gough, Esq. the celebrated Antiquary, who was an intimate friend of the Doctor's, gave his assistance also to the work. Of Dr. Cuming Dr. Lettsom observes, that he "affords a pleasing instance that virtue and probity, whether glowing in the public walks of life, or calmly shining only in the private avenues of retirement, will ever be courted and admired. The surviving companions of his youth are still the friends and correspondents of his advanced years: those that remain, who consulted him professionally, still visit, and occasionally consult him; and, retired from active business as he is, and almost wholly confined within doors, he enjoys nevertheless the singular satisfaction not to be forgotten, but to be visited by persons the most respectable in the county, for probity, rank, and fortune."

Dr. Cuming died on the 25th day of March, 1788, aged 74.

Dr. Lettsom maintained an extensive correspondence with Dr. Cuming, though he was not personally acquainted with him until within a few days of his death. At the request of the Doctor, upon the occurrence of that illness which terminated his

existence, Dr. Lettsom went down to Dorchester to visit him—for the first and the last time to behold his amiable correspondent. He left Dr. Lettsom all his manuscript letters from Doctors Fothergill, Cleghorn, Russell, Napier, &c. &c.; also the daily journal of his practice; and directed that a copy should be made from his picture, painted by Mr. Thomas Beach, by the artist whom Dr. Lettsom should choose, at the expence of his Executor, to be presented to him. According to his will, also, the Executor offered to Dr. Lettsom the purchase of all Dr. Cuming's printed books, and medical MSS.; all his coins, shells, minerals, fossils, specimens of the Materia Medica, and the cabinets in which they were preserved; together with the whole of his collection of prints, not framed and glazed (exclusive of such books, &c. as were not otherwise disposed of by his will), on condition of his paying 450 guineas. Dr. Lettsom complied with the proposal, and the collections were added to those in his own museum.

Dr. Cuming gave instructions to Mr. John Templeman, his Executor, respecting his interment. He requested to be buried in the Church-yard of the Holy Trinity, in the town of Dorchester, having been always of opinion, that the practice of burying in Churches had in it much of pride and superstition, and was, besides, very injurious to the health of the living by the putrid effluvia arising from the carcasses there interred. He, therefore, desired to be buried in the Church-yard; and that, on the

inner wall of the Church, near the place of his interment, a piece of white marble should be affixed, on which the following Inscription should be engraved:

"Near this place lie the remains of William Cuming, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh; and of the Societies of Antiquaries of London and Edinburgh; who practised Physic in this town and county during the space of fifty years, and who desired to be buried in the Churchyard, rather than in the Church, lest he who studied, while living, to promote the health of his fellow citizens, should prove detrimental to it, when dead. He was born in Edinburgh, September 30, N. S. 1714. He died the 25th of March, 1788."

Dr. George Cleghorn, Honorary Fellow of King's and Queen's College of Physicians, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Dublin, Member of the Academy for promoting Arts and Sciences in Dublin, and of the Royal Medical Society of Paris, &c. &c. studied Physic and Surgery at Edinburgh. He lived under the same roof with the celebrated Dr. Alexander Monro, whose unremitting attentions contributed greatly to advance him to that eminence he in after-life sustained. In 1783, Dr. Cleghorn became acquainted with Dr. Fothergill. The congeniality of their minds soon rendered them inseparable companions; and they maintained an intimacy, either personal or by letter, ever afterwards. Dr. Cleghorn entered the Army, and was appointed Surgeon of the 22d Regiment of Foot, then stationed

in *Minorca*, under the command of General St. Clair. He remained here for thirteen years, during which time he composed a most excellent work on the "Diseases of Minorca." He returned with his Regiment to Ireland; and in the following year (1750) went to London, superintended (with the assistance of Dr. Fothergill) the publication of the above-mentioned work, and attended Dr. William Hunter's Anatomical Lectures.

Dr. Cleghorn settled in Dublin (1751), and commenced the delivery of Lectures on Anatomy. He was soon afterwards chosen Professor of Anatomy in the University. He was one of the first Members of the Royal Irish Academy, and was elected an Honorary Member of the College of Physicians. He died in the year 1789.

Dr. ALEXANDER RUSSELL was the third son of John Russell, of Edinburgh, Esq. a gentleman of great eminence in the Law in that city. He derived his professional knowledge from the instruction of Professors Monro, Sinclair, Rutherford, Innes, Plummer, and Alston, who, in 1732, 3, and 4, filled the several chairs of Physic, &c. in the University of Edinburgh. To Dr. Russell, and the two preceding Physicians, Dr. Cuming and Dr. Cleghorn, the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh owes its origin*.

Dr. Russell visited London in 1735, and soon after went to Turkey, and settled (about 1740) at Aleppo,

* See MEDICAL CORRESPONDENCE, Letter CI.

practising Physic. He soon became master of the language of the country, and his ability occasioned him to be consulted by all ranks and denominations of people. "The Pascha himself became acquainted with the merit of this amiable physician, consulted him, called him his friend, found him upright, sensible, and sincere; as a man, polite without flattery, decent, but not servile; as a Christian, true to his principles; disinterested and generous as a *Briton*; and in point of skill as a Physician superior to every one. A natural, even, cool, and consistent temper; a freedom of behaviour as remote from confidence as constraint, improved by reading and conversation; a mind imbued with just reverence to God, and impressed with a sense of the duty we owe; an understanding fraught with the principles of the profession to which he had been early devoted, happily blended with great benevolence; was a character seldom to be met with in the *Asiatic* regions: this, however, was the portrait of Dr. Russell, when delineated with equal truth and justice*."

Thus respected and esteemed, an excellent opportunity was afforded of gaining materials for a History of Aleppo. At the suggestion of Dr. Fothergill, this was attended to; and the work will ever remain a durable monument of the industry and ability of Dr. Russell.

He possessed so thorough a knowledge of the nature of pestilence, that our Ministry, when alarmed by

* Fothergill's Eulogy on Dr. Russell.

the intelligence that the Plague had broken out at Lisbon, consulted Dr. Russell on the subject. A proposal was made and accepted, that the Doctor should go over to Lisbon, to ascertain a matter that threatened much embarrassment to commerce. This affair (his brother, Dr. Patrick Russell, who wrote a work on the Plague, supposes) revived the subject of Lazarettos, which had been in agitation in Parliament some years before. Dr. Russell suggested the plan of a Lazaretto, and methods for checking the progress of contagion *.

Dr. Russell introduced the seeds of the true Scammony into this country †.

In 1759, having returned to England, he was chosen one of the Physicians of St. Thomas's Hospital, where Dr. Lettsom first became acquainted with him. His conduct at the Hospital has already been noticed ‡.

In 1768 Dr. Russell was seized with a putrid fever, from which, the utmost endeavours of Dr. Fothergill and Dr. Pitcairn could not restore him.

Mr. Peter Collinson is well known as an eminent Naturalist. The Philosophical Transactions published by the Royal Society, of which he was a Member, contain many valuable papers written by him. He early discovered an attachment to Natural History, and made an extensive collection of plants. He was the intimate associate of Drs. Dr-

* Russell's Treatise of the Plague, p. 438.

† Medical Observations and Inquiries, vol. I. p. 13.

‡ See page 23 of this Memoir.

ham, Woodward, Dale, Lloyd, Sir Hans Sloane, &c. by all of whom he was frequently consulted. He enjoyed an acquaintance also with the Dukes of Richmond and Northumberland, the Duchess of Portland, Earl of Mansfield, Earl of Bute, Lords Clarendon, Holland, &c. He maintained a very extensive correspondence with persons in almost every nation in Europe. Also in Asia, even at Pekin. He had the happiness to enjoy the friendship of Linnæus. His information was not confined to Natural History alone, but extended to Antiquities. He was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and contributed many curious articles and observations. He lived to the age of 75, dying on the 11th of August, 1768, at the residence of Lord Petre, with whom he was on a visit.

A list of Mr. Collinson's writings is subjoined to Dr. Lettsom's sketch of his life.

The enterprising Captain Carver has already been alluded to * as receiving the bounty of the late Dr. Fothergill. Dr. Lettsom's knowledge of this unfortunate individual did not commence until three days prior to the close of his miserable existence. His generosity to this family deserves to be recorded. He not only assisted them with money after the Captain's death, but undertook for their benefit to edit, and to pay the expences of, an edition of the Captain's "Travels into the Interior parts of North America." By an appeal also in that never-failing vehicle of benevolence, the Gentleman's Magazine,

* See note [K].

he obtained many donations for the family, and many subscribers to the publication, which made its appearance in 1781. To this edition (the third), Dr. Lettsom prefixed a Memoir of the Traveller, and ornamented it with his Portrait, and a coloured engraving of the Tobacco-plant in full bloom, as it was given in the Captain's Treatise on this subject.

In 1783 Dr. Lettsom had another son born. He was named PICKERING. He was a fine, lively, acute, sensible young man, of extremely good disposition, and engaging manners. After receiving an excellent education, he was articled to Mr. Speering of Walbrook, a Solicitor, and, having served his time, entered as a student of the Inner Temple. After being called to the Bar, he removed from London to Tortola to practise. Here, on the 22d of September, 1808, he married Mrs. Georges, widow of William Payne Georges, of Manchester-square, Esq. sister to Lord Lavington, and mother of Mrs. Charles Combe. This event gave much satisfaction to the Doctor, which, however, served but to heighten the misery the next communication was doomed to convey. Just united to a widow, rich, young, handsome, and intelligent, with every prospect of rising to great eminence in his profession, esteemed by all who knew him—he was cut off by a fever, on the 28th of October following. The friend by whom the melancholy intelligence was communicated, adds, "It will be a consolation to know, that every possible endeavour was made to save him. The most skilful medical aid, united with the fond-

est attention on the part of Mrs. Lettsom, and all around him, failed in their effect: and, as life forsook him, his quivering hand pressed mine, and he departed without a groan, a struggle, or a sigh. In him I have lost a sincere friend, Mrs. Lettsom an affectionate husband, and the world an honest man." He was buried near his relative and namesake, the late Major Pickering *. His wife survived but a short time. Grief terminated her existence on the 24th of January, 1809.

In this year (1783) Dr. Lettsom appears to have been fully engaged in his profession. Each succeeding year, for a considerable time, seemed to increase the reputation he had deservedly obtained. In this and following years he was chosen a Member of various institutions. In 1786 he was elected an Honorary Member of the Colchester Medical Society. In 1788 an Honorary Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, and a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. In 1789 he was chosen an Honorary Member of the Medical Societies of New York, and of Newhaven; of the Agricultural Society of Amsterdam; and of the Bath Agricultural Society, of which he was one of the earliest members. In 1790 he was made a Member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, Montpellier, and an Honorary Member of the Medical Society there. He was also elected a Member of the University of Cambridge, Massachusetts,

* See note [A].

and was made a Doctor of Laws of that University. In 1791 he was chosen an Honorary Member of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh; a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh; an Honorary Member of the Massachusetts Humane Society; and a Corresponding Member of the Medical Society of Bristol. In 1792 he was chosen an Honorary Member of the Medical Society, Massachusetts; a Member of the Pennsylvanian Society for promoting the Abolition of Slavery, the Relief of Free Negroes unlawfully held in Bondage, and for improving the Condition of the African Race; a Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society; and a Corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Montpellier; for which honour he was indebted to the kindness of his friend M. Broussonet. In 1793 he was chosen an Honorary Member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle; and of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society.

The accession of so many honours in so short a space of time, is the best possible evidence of the almost universal opinion entertained respecting the literary, philosophical, and benevolent character and talents of Dr. Lettsom. Among them we observe several from America, a part of the world in which he was most highly respected; for the friends of science and humanity, however scattered, or diversified by religion and country, are the citizens of the same Republic.

Eminent abilities and great virtues have ever been subject to the tax of visits from strangers; and no student from America was thought properly equipped

unless provided with letters of recommendation, or introduction, to Dr. Lettsom. So great was their faith in his judgment, that the selection and purchase of books for the Pennsylvania Hospital was entrusted to him. A rich tract of land, the property of his friend Dr. Rush, upon Sugar Creek, a stream which empties itself into the North East branch of the river Susquehannah, bears his name.

Dr. Lettsom made extensive donations to the various Institutions with which he became connected. To America, in particular, he was eminently generous. To Dickinson's College, Carlisle, he sent a liberal present of books. To the University of Cambridge, Massachusetts, he presented a very valuable Cabinet of Minerals, which is placed in a room purposely dedicated to it*. He also transmitted specimens of Quadrupeds, Birds, &c.

He omitted no opportunity of suggesting and aiding in the completion of any useful purpose. His anxiety to have the woods, &c. of America, explored, to increase our knowledge of its animals, vegetables, and minerals, induced him to propose the establishment of a Society for this purpose; and he offered to subscribe 10 guineas annually.

On the 15th of November, 1785, Dr. Lettsom had another daughter (ELIZA) born. On February 27, 1804, she was married to John Elliott of Pimlico, Esq. by whom she has ten children, five sons and five daughters, all living.

* See Note [L].

The Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1786, contains a letter from a writer (the late Rev. John Warner, D. D.) under the signature of ANGLUS, proposing to erect a Statue to commemorate the God-like actions of Mr. John Howard. This proposition met with the approbation of Mr. John Nichols, the Printer of the Magazine; and he undertook to receive subscriptions to carry the design into effect. One of the earliest to step forward in pursuit of this object was Dr. Lettsom. He addressed the following Letter to the Editor of the Magazine:.

Basinghall Street,

" MR. URBAN, *June* 20, 1786.

" To evince my approbation of erecting a MONUMENT to commemorate the God-like actions of the *living* HOWARD, I inclose a draft for ten guineas, to be appropriated to that DESIGN.

" Persuaded as I am, that his character and writings will survive the most durable monument of friendship, such an example of approbation appears to me calculated to promote many beneficial purposes, though it cannot augment the zeal of this amiable man in the pursuit of lessening human misery. Public approbation of private and public virtues, whilst it acknowledges a debt due to intrinsic merit, reflects the highest honour on the community; for to reward virtue is a pleasing proof of its prevalence; and that it does prevail, the MONUMENT of HOWARD will testify.

" Virtue, whether shining in the public walks of

life, or emitting the soft rays of human benevolence in the dungeons of misery, will ever obtain its own reward beyond all the powers of sculpture; but to exhibit that evidence to the public, to excite emulation in virtuous pursuits, and to induce spectators to go and do likewise, nothing seems more conducive than a MONUMENT to HOWARD.

"The present moment, during his absence in TURKEY, is the most proper to accomplish such a DESIGN. With goodness of heart he unites exemplary humility; and a perfection of mind, rarely equalled, is veiled by a modesty that shuns praise and adulation; but the public applause which is due to great and virtuous actions cannot be ungrateful to the God-like breast of HOWARD. Suppose therefore the first FIVE persons who subscribe TEN GUINEAS each, or upwards, be appointed a Committee to carry such a DESIGN into execution; which Committee may be afterwards augmented, by selecting from the subscribers at large, such persons whose taste and abilities may further assist in designing a MONUMENT to HOWARD.

"JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM."

Subscriptions more than ample to effect this laudable purpose flowed in with great liberality; the Committee felt it necessary to announce that sufficient funds were received. By a letter from Howard, from Vienna, dated December 15, 1786, the intention was checked. This great Philanthropist earnestly requested that his friends would not wound his feelings by carrying into effect the design; which,

although it might have resulted from real esteem, would entail on his mind the severest pain.

In the course of a few weeks the number of subscribers had amounted to 609, and the sum subscribed 1492*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* In consequence of Mr. Howard's request the Committee advertised that each individual was at liberty to withdraw his subscription. Only 126 withdrew them, including 67 gentlemen of Glasgow, who appropriated their money to the building of a Public Infirmary in that city. The remaining money was invested in the funds, in the names of Dr. Lettsom, Dr. Warner, and Mr. Nichols, the most active promoters of the scheme. As Mr. Howard had entirely rejected the honour intended him, in raising a Statue to his transcendent philanthropy, it was resolved, that the money already in hand should be devoted to a Fund for Prison Charities and Reforms, and that the subscription should continue open under the title of the HOWARDIAN FUND. This name was given to the fund without Mr. Howard's consent; and he requested, as it would be impossible for him to pay any attention to the plan, which could only be carried into due effect in particular districts, to have no concern in the disposal of the money subscribed.

It was then proposed, that a Medal should be struck in honour of the great Philanthropist; a copy of which in silver was to be given to every subscriber of five guineas and upwards, and one in bronze to every subscriber under that sum. The remainder of the subscription to be applied to the

relief of Prisoners for Small Debts, or any other Prison Charities.

The year 1788 was one of great scarcity and distress. Sir Matthew Bloxam was at that time one of the Sheriffs of the City of London, and humanely proposed to raise a fund for the relief of such objects as were not comprehended within the regulations which the Society for the Relief and Discharge of Persons confined for Small Debts had been obliged to prescribe to themselves. It was deemed appropriate to devote 200*l.* of the unclaimed Howardian Fund to this benevolent object, by which no less than *fifty-five* debtors, many of them with large families, were released from confinement. This sum was applied under the direction of Dr. Lettsom, Dr. Warner, Mr. Nichols, and the Sheriff.

Whilst the resolutions respecting the medal were under discussion, the melancholy intelligence of the death of our venerated countryman arrived. The object of the medal was immediately relinquished, and the original design of a statue revived. No obstacle was now afforded to its completion: it obtained the entire approbation of the public. A Committee was chosen to superintend its erection, and Mr. Bacon appointed to execute it. Application was then made to have it placed in St. Paul's Cathedral, permission for which was granted, where it now stands a monument of the respect entertained by his countrymen for the exalted virtues and philanthropy of a Howard, who devoted the whole of his life to the mitigation of the miseries, and the advancement of the happiness of mankind.

In the Spring of 1787 Mrs. Lettsom was delivered of a daughter, who survived only for a few hours.

About Midsummer 1786, Sir Richard Jebb obtained a quantity of the seed of a dietetic vegetable (Mangel Wurzel) known in France by the name of "*Racine de Disette.*" Some of these seeds were presented to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c.; and, by the direction of the Committee, transmitted to a few of the Members for experiment. Among this number was Dr. Lettsom. He threw the seed into some light earth placed in the hot-house. They throve well, and were transplanted into the open air. Having obtained a proper growth, the plants were examined, and subjected to experiment. They were found to be an useful vegetable, and promised to prove no inconsiderable acquisition to the list of culinary plants; for, calculating from the product of Dr. Lettsom's garden, a square yard of ground, planted with Mangel Wurzel, will yield no less than 50 pounds in weight of salutary food.

An account of the culture and use of the Mangel Wurzel, or Root of Scarcity, written by L'Abbé de Commerell, accidentally fell into the doctor's hands; and as every individual article of nourishment, especially so abundant a one as this promised to be, is a matter of considerable importance, Dr. Lettsom determined to publish a Translation of the pamphlet. This was accordingly executed, and in August 1787 appeared. The demand for this tract was so great as to render a second edition necessary

in the ensuing month; and in the November following a third, which was accompanied with a coloured Plate, representing the *Beta Hybrida*, as Dr. Lettsom denominated it, and by which name it still continues to be known. A fourth edition was issued in April 1788.

The important character the subject now assumed, and the benefits likely to result from its cultivation, induced Dr. Lettsom to commence and establish a correspondence with the Abbé Commerell; and he imported a very considerable quantity of the seed into this country. Dr. Lettsom did not employ any seedsman in the disposal of this seed. A very great portion was presented by him to all persons acquainted with Agricultural pursuits, and the remainder sold for the benefit of the Royal Humane Society, and the Society for the Relief and Discharge of Persons confined for Small Debts. It was suggested by the late learned and ingenious Dr. James Anderson, that "as no seedsman was employed, it was no wonder it should be abused unseen." Opposition of this kind, however, can only injure for a certain time; and such was the case with respect to the Mangel Wurzel. It was treated with ridicule, and condemned as useless. It is now deemed worthy of notice, and the attention of farmers and others is daily more and more directed to its cultivation. To Dr. Lettsom the merit of introducing the culture and propagation of Mangel Wurzel among the Horticulturists of this country, is certainly due; and in so doing, he had to encounter the severe

shafts of ridicule and satire. He presented seeds and plants of this vegetable, not only to persons resident in this country, but transmitted them throughout Europe, America, and the West Indies, that all countries should partake of the advantages arising from its cultivation. The usual liberality of the Doctor is evinced by the following passage: "There may be individuals averse to accept them gratuitously, or who, from a fear of giving trouble, may be deterred from making application; but, as they cannot yet be purchased here, these objections should not be admitted in opposition to designs of public utility. Indeed by such applications they rather confer an obligation on the donor: for I am persuaded, that the culture of this plant will prove a national benefit; in contributing to which I feel a sincere pleasure, and have therefore a selfish wish to extend on every hand, the cultivation of the Root of Scarcity." The leaves of the Mangel Wurzel in taste resemble those of Spinach, and by many persons are preferred to it. It is a plant of great value for feeding and fattening of cattle.

Notwithstanding the advantages likely to be derived from the culture of this plant, it was, after a very short time, almost universally neglected. The late excellent and philanthropic Sir Mordaunt Martin, Bart.* was almost the only person who with a truly laudable zeal continued to cultivate it; but lately it

* See CORRESPONDENCE, vol. II.

has revived to a considerable extent, and several tracts have been published upon it.

The accounts now received are very flattering; and it is extremely probable that Dr. Lettsom's words will be verified, "that the culture of this plant will prove a national benefit," and that it will constitute an important addition to the list of culinary vegetables. It is in high esteem on the Continent, and great quantities are cultivated in the neighbourhood of Paris. It is nearly allied to Red-Beet, of which the Russians are now making fine sugar in abundance*. To what is to be attributed the almost total oblivion into which it had fallen a few years ago? Has not our superior knowledge of turnip-husbandry, obtained within that period, afforded the farmers a better clue to its culture?

The Abbé Commerell's Account† treats of the time and manner of sowing the seed; the method of preparing the earth into which the roots are to be transplanted; the time and manner of transplanting them; their produce, use, &c. &c.

It is well known that the notorious Lord George Gordon died in consequence of a malignant fever, contracted during his confinement in Newgate. Dr. Lettsom was professionally consulted, and attended him until his death. To this fever also a gentleman

* See Mr. Salisbury's very valuable Botanist's Companion, vol. II. p. 205.

† It is intended to reprint this pamphlet, with additional observations, a part of which have been made and collected by Dr. Lettsom.

on the same (the State) side of the prison, fell a victim. At the urgent solicitation of Dr. Lettsom, the utmost precaution was taken to prevent the contagion from extending. The then recent accounts of the fatality of the Yellow Fever in the West Indies and North American Continent, excited great alarm in the minds of the public; and Dr. Lettsom was requested to visit the whole of Newgate, and to make a report of the health of the Prisoners. By fumigations, and other judicious means, the fever was prevented from spreading.

The reflections arising from the examination of the Prison were submitted to the public in 1794, through the medium of the Memoirs of the Medical Society of London, and afterwards published separately under the title of "Hints respecting the Prison of Newgate." In this pamphlet Dr. Lettsom treats of the case of Lord George Gordon; of the œconomy of the prison; and of the introduction and prevention of infection. A ground-plan of Newgate, and figures of iron frames for cots (instead of wooden bedsteads), accompany this tract.

The winter of 1794-5 was one of extreme severity, and the expence of every article of subsistence at a very high price. To alleviate the distresses of the Poor, under these circumstances, Dr. Lettsom was induced to publish a few "Hints" on the subject, to impress upon the public that much real, inevitable distress actually prevailed among the virtuous Poor; and that at that season when the price of bread, and of all the necessaries of life, were so much increased.

The buying of food, fuel, and clothes, for the Poor, is highly recommended; and the not unusual, but certainly absurd custom of some of the opulent in rigorous seasons of the year, to treat the poor with a whole ox, or oxen, and to regale them with hogsheads of beer, condemned. Justly, indeed, does this humane writer observe, "I doubt not but they get well replenished for the day; but, alas! the day of feasting only makes them feel more poignantly its reverse, the day of fasting. It neither tends to good morals, nor to persevering industry; but, on the contrary, is destructive of both. Much more charitable would it be, to expend the money which the donation of oxen and ale would cost, in fuel, warm clothing, and other necessaries, which would last beyond the day of feasting and fulness, and warm the indigent with comfort through the winter." In this pamphlet, Dr. Lettsom strongly recommends the system of relief to the poor of the Religious Society to which he belonged. This system, he says, is comprehended in two words, "PRINCIPIIS OBSTA,—*remove the cause of distress in its commencement.*" The prominent part of the system is then explained; the general conduct of the poor warmly defended; and attention to their distresses nobly urged.

Dr. Lettsom animadverts upon the practice of wearing the hair powdered, as unnecessarily consuming a vast quantity of flour. He suggests the use of potatoes as a partial substitute for bread; and recommends the union of one fourth of potatoes with

the remainder of flour, as composing the most pleasant and wholesome bread that can be taken. If a little ground rice be added, the bread is prevented from crumbling; a matter of consequence to a large family. Soup-establishments met his entire approbation; the manner of preparing the various kinds of soups is minutely noted in this tract, and the best receipts for making various articles of sustenance collected.

In the course of the year 1795, Dr. Lettsom published a small tract on a very important subject. It was entitled, "Hints respecting the Chlorosis of Boarding Schools." In this pamphlet, the best mode of treating the disease is pointed out, and many excellent rules laid down. The necessity of exercise is very properly dwelt upon, and the folly of obliging the whole school (which always consists of children of various ages) to walk out together, is strongly reprobated. He suggests, that they should be divided into classes, and that the elder should be separated from the younger; and that, as mental amusement is equally important with the enjoyment of the air, they should, at times, be permitted to play and gambol without the presence of the Governess, which often tends to check hilarity, and counteract the advantages that would otherwise be derived. The articles of Diet, Clothing, Cleanliness, &c. are also judiciously treated of.

"To prevent the acquisition of a knowledge of Anatomy (says Dr. Lettsom) is to commit a *felo de se* of individual felicity."

In the year 1795, a Bill, entitled "*The Dead Body Bill,*" was brought into Parliament, and supported by some of its Members, calculated to augment the impediments to Anatomical knowledge, by increasing fines and penalties on procuring dead bodies! "By a perversion of language (says the Doctor) this barbarous, because unscientific Bill, was supported under a plea of Humanity! as if it were inhuman to acquire that knowledge which enables one man to remove or mitigate the miseries of another!"

To prevent this Bill from passing, Dr. Lettsom wrote a pamphlet, to which, as to many others before mentioned, he did not affix his name. He entitled it, "Hints respecting Human Dissections." The subject is very humourously stated, but reflects credit upon the author's ingenuity. Its satire in many places is very poignant, and its aim is directed to the public good. The following letter, addressed to the writer of this Memoir, accompanied with a copy of this *jeu d'esprit*, will best explain and apologize for the levity with which the subject is treated.

"*Sambrook Court,*

"DEAR MR. PETTIGREW, *Oct.* 28, 1814.

"A copy of my 'Hints on Human Dissections,' will accompany this letter. It is the only one I have remaining, and I beg your acceptance of it.

"If I have treated a serious subject with a degree of levity, it is because I thought it most likely to diminish the horror, which many feel, of human dissection, which is (as you well know) at the same

time, essential to the knowledge of the human frame, and of the diseases to which it is incident. It was originally printed, and given to several Members of Parliament, during the discussion of a Bill, which was calculated to annihilate the very sources of Anatomical science; and I have reason to think it produced some influence upon the judgment of the House. I intend to preserve it, as a preventive to the introduction of any future Bill of a similar construction.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

J. C. LETTSOM."

In this pamphlet, Dr. Lettsom traces the rise, and shews the absolute necessity of anatomical investigation, to ascertain the seats of, and remedies for, the different diseases to which human nature is subject. As the Bill did not pass into a law, there is no necessity for dwelling upon its contents.

Dr. Lettsom directed the attention of the public, in the year 1796, to the advantages likely to arise from the establishment of numerous Bee-hives, as appendages both of ornament and utility to the gardens about the metropolis. These are enriched with plants of almost every description, the *nectaria* of which pour out their juices without profit. Dr. Lettsom calculated, that within twenty miles of London, no less than fifty thousand Bee-hives might be maintained; which, upon an average, would produce as many guineas annually, in honey and wax, two very important articles of domestic use.

To excite patronage of the industrious Bee, he suggested the propriety of establishing an Institution for promoting its increase, not only in the neighbourhood of London, but likewise throughout the kingdom. He suggested, that premiums might be offered for ascertaining the food most suitable to the Bee, the best mode of taking the honey, as well as of constructing the hive, and preserving its denizens.

Not long after the publication of this tract, the Author received an obliging letter from Mr. Isaac, of Moreton, near Exeter, the Secretary to the Apiarian Society established there, in which he observes, "It was your *Hints for promoting a Bee Society*, that gave rise to the idea of establishing our Society at Exeter; and the establishment of this, and my correspondence respecting it, with Mr. Bonner, have occasioned the institution of a like Society in Scotland; and Mr. Bonner informed me, that another Society of a similar nature was in contemplation."

This tract contains many valuable observations relating to the management of Bees, and the best plan of establishing a colony of them.

The General Sea-Bathing Infirmary, established at Margate, owes its origin to the exertions of Dr. Lettsom. In the establishment of this new and useful species of Institution, he was assisted by his excellent and philanthropic friends, John Nichols, Esq. and the Rev. John Pridden.

Scrophulous diseases, generally, are not likely to be relieved in the Hospitals and Infirmaries of the metropolis. These complaints often require the

benefit of sea-air and sea-bathing; and it is observable that they most frequently afflict the poor, who, alas! but too commonly are compelled to adopt that mode of living which has a tendency to excite scrophulous action. But that which peculiarly exposes them to attacks of this nature, also operates to prevent them from applying the best means of cure. The expences of a long journey, and of living from home, are not within their reach. Such a circumstance could not escape the benevolent mind of Dr. Lettsom; hence, from his suggestions, arose the Infirmary at Margate, for the relief of the sick poor in London and its vicinity, to whom the practice of sea-bathing seems essential to their recovery. Patients, deserving objects of charity, are permitted to reside in, and receive the benefits of, this Institution, by paying a small sum* for their maintenance.

In 1795 the Committee announced to the public that a suitable building was erected for the reception of Patients. The purchase of the ground on which this building is erected at Westbrook, contiguous to Margate, was made by Dr. Lettsom, John Nichols, Esq. and the Rev. Mr. Pridden. The Infirmary was opened in 1796, and it is almost needless to add has received, and still continues to receive, the support of a liberal public†.

* Five shillings *per week* for all Patients above 12 years of age; and two shillings and sixpence *per week* for children.

† The accompanying Plate will probably convey a sufficient idea to the reader's mind of the architectural structure and ap-

W. Pickett *del.t*

R.t Ashby *sculp.t*

GENERAL SEA BATHING INFIRMARY.

The only relaxation, if such it may be called, that Dr. Lettsom ever permitted himself to enjoy, was an annual visit to Margate, to attend the anniversary of the Institution. For this journey he usually allotted 72 hours. He left town on the Saturday-night sufficiently early to get to Margate in time to hear the charity-sermon preached on the Sunday morning, on behalf of the Institution. The remainder of the day he spent in visiting a few families in the town, at Ramsgate, and at Broadstairs. On Monday he examined every Patient in the Infirmary, attended the General Meeting at the Assembly-house; dined with the Governors and friends of the Charity; and at seven o'clock set off for London, where he arrived on the Tuesday morning. This excursion always afforded the Doctor very great satisfaction.

Dr. Lettsom assisted in the formation of similar Institutions in different parts of the country. The true spirit of humanity, which has ever distinguished that elegant and classical scholar the Rev. Francis Wrangham, well known at Cambridge by having obtained several important Prizes, prompted him to attempt the establishment of a Sea-Bathing Infir-

pearance of this Infirmary. It is a plain brick building, commanding a most enchanting view of the sea; and, as seen from the several avenues leading out of the High Street, is a considerable ornament to the town. Upon a nearer approach, however, its appearance is somewhat mean and low. It is, nevertheless, clean, neat, and comfortable, in a very eminent degree; and its internal œconomy and benevolent object reflect the highest honour on its Founders, Managers, and Directors, generally.

mary at Scarborough; a place in every way admirably calculated to afford the benefits of air and sea-bathing. Mr. Wrangham, feeling assured that Dr. Lettsom could not think any thing a trouble which enabled him to promote the welfare of his species, applied to him for assistance in the arrangement of the plan. His anticipations, founded upon the sure basis of a life spent in the projects and the exercises of benevolence, did not deceive him. It must afford every humane person great satisfaction to learn that that assistance which Mr. Wrangham required, Dr. Lettsom afforded, and that it was not in vain. The Northern Sea-Bathing Infirmary *, as it is called, has yielded relief to numbers of Patients suffering under the affliction of disease, and who probably, but for the institution of this Infirmary, might have perished.

In 1795 Dr. Lettsom was elected a Corresponding Member of the Historical Society at Boston; and in the following year he was chosen an Honorary Member of the Medical Society of Aberdeen. This year, from excessive exertion in his profession, he was attacked with fever, for which he was under the necessity of losing 110 ounces of blood.

In 1798 he was elected an Honorary Member, and one of the Conservators, of the Hospital of New York. In this year he published a tract, intituled, "Hints respecting the Effects of Hard Drinking." This tract contains a relation of the horrid conse-

* It is due to Dr. Thompson and to Mr. Barber to state, that their assistance and medical counsel contributed greatly to the establishment of this Infirmary.

quences of this pernicious practice. Dr. Lettsom suggested the most practicable means of deterring those accustomed to the improper use of ardent spirits, or other intoxicating liquors, and of restoring the digestive organs to their wonted vigour and capability of assimilating wholesome food and innocent beverage. It is, however, much to be feared, that when once practices of this kind are adopted, the habit cannot be counteracted, or, without extreme difficulty, overcome.

This treatise was originally printed to give away; but the demands for it becoming numerous, it was published for the benefit of the Philanthropic Society.

In 1801 Dr. Lettsom was elected an Honorary Member of the Humane Society of Philadelphia; in 1802 an Associate of the College of Physicians; and in 1803 an Honorary Member of the Medical Society of that place.

To Dr. EDWARD JENNER not only this country, but the whole world are indebted, for the grand discovery that those persons are rendered unsusceptible of the contagion of the Small-pox, who have been inoculated with, and gone through, the stages of the Cow-Pock. Dr. Jenner communicated to the Public, in 1797, the result of a number of experiments, which proved, that the disease with which dairy-maids, and those employed in the milking of cows, are frequently affected, originates from matter secreted in the heels of the horse, when afflicted with what is called the *Grease*. Men employed in dressing the heels of the horse, are also

frequently engaged in milking of the cows: they convey the matter from the horse's heel to the teat of the cow, where it excites pustules. The matter from these is communicated to the hands of the milkers, where, when absorbed (which it readily is, for few of these people are free from punctures occasioned by thorns, &c.) it also, if not disturbed, produces pustules. It is, however, usually met with among this class of people, in the form of sores, which, in many instances, are difficult to heal. A portion of the lymph, or vaccine fluid (as it is termed), inserted in the skin of a person not having been previously vaccinated or inoculated with the small-pox, produces the disease, which, having gone through all its stages, the individual becomes insensible to the poison of the small-pox.

This discovery *, which promised to entirely exterminate the most loathsome disease to which the human species is subject, naturally excited considerable attention. Many were disposed to be sceptical, doubting the possibility of so desirable an event. Many, from vulgar prejudice and determined obstinacy, opposed the introduction of this beneficial practice, and employed all the means which groveling and illiberal minds could devise, to

* "Some discoveries are like the showers of Heaven, blessings for a season only; but Jenner's discovery is a *permanent* blessing, a precious gift to the present and future race of man, a donation to the whole human race." Letter from Dr. Waterhouse to Dr. Lettsom, Oct. 21, 1804.

bring it into disrepute. Two of the chief opponents have paid the debt of nature; and there now remains nobody, of any importance, to counteract the decided advantages which arise from the inestimable practice of Vaccine Inoculation.

It was natural that professional men, at the announcement of the discovery, should doubt the adequacy of the proposition to the effect said to be produced: inquiry and experience must of necessity determine its inutility or value. The means were in every one's power; and Noblemen, Divines, Physicians, Surgeons, Apothecaries, together with persons of all ranks, ventured to vaccinate. Females also adopted the practice. It is suggested that this indiscriminate vaccination, performed by persons altogether unaccustomed to such practice, tended to produce many cases of failure, which have, for a time, checked the progress of vaccination. The majority of persons, however, were speedily convinced of its importance, and assiduously promoted it.

Among many others, Dr. Lettsom, as the Author of this Memoir has been informed by Dr. Jenner, was at first doubtful of the possibility of the efficacy of the Vaccine discovery; but he soon made a rigid inquiry into its merits, and, being convinced, became one of its most active supporters. It was Dr. Lettsom who first sent the Vaccine lymph across the Atlantic, and consigned it to the fostering care of his friend Dr. Waterhouse, Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the University

of Cambridge, Massachusetts, from whom it spread through the United States.

To extend the benefits of Vaccination, on the 19th of January, 1803, a Society was established, under the denomination of the Royal Jennerian Society, for the Extermination of the Small-pox. The first meeting of this Institution was summoned by public advertisement, to which were affixed the names of a considerable number of eminent characters. Dr. Lettsom's signature appeared in this advertisement, and, upon the day of the meeting, he stepped forward its able advocate. The patronage this Institution enjoyed, was superior to almost every other; but, alas! internal dissensions caused its decline to be as rapid, as its rise had been auspicious; and an excellent institution was thus sacrificed to personal considerations. The National Vaccine Establishment, however, is, in some degree, a substitute for it.

We have already noticed the extensive correspondence which Dr. Lettsom maintained with many of the most enlightened characters in America. His opinion respecting the Vaccine Discovery was earnestly requested by them. In 1801, therefore, he printed a small work, entitled "Observations on the Cow-pock." The character of this book will be properly estimated, by referring to the opinion of Dr. Jenner. "Nothing which has hitherto been written on the subject, appears to have made so sensible an impression on the minds of those who have perused it, as your elegant and excellent Treatise.

Your apostrophes are peculiarly animated and impressive *."

The Medical Society of London voted to the illustrious discoverer of the Vaccine Inoculation, their gold medal. This was to be delivered at the Anniversary meeting of the Society, on the 8th of March, 1804. Dr. Sayer Walker, who had been elected to deliver the Annual Oration, was prevented by indisposition from perfecting his design. Dr. Lettsom was requested to supply his place, and, being duly impressed with a sense of the importance of the Vaccine Discovery, availed himself of the opportunity to pay a very deserved eulogium on their learned associate Dr. Jenner. In this tribute Dr. Lettsom traces the progress of the practice, and details many interesting particulars of Dr. Jenner's life.

Not long after Parliament had made the first grant † to Dr. Jenner, which amounted to little more than a reimbursement of the expenditures and professional losses necessarily incurred in the prosecution of the Vaccine Discovery, and the unavoidable obligation he was under of removing to London, for the purpose of establishing the practice; Dr. Lettsom, whose mind was ever ardent in promoting schemes of benevolence, thought of a plan for giving him a splendid income. The plan was as follows:

To open a purse, into which any individual, not only in the British nation, but in the World, as he

* Medical Correspondence. Letter CXXXIX.

† £.10,000.

conceived that all would benefit alike, should drop what sum he pleased.

Thus a fund was to be established for the purpose of placing Dr. Jenner and his successors in a state of affluence. To insure its permanency, it was proposed, that the capital should remain, and the interest be devoted to his use. It was first developed to a noble Lord in Grosvenor-place, one who stands distinguished for his public and private munificence. He listened to the Doctor's proposal with great complacency, and said he would open the subscription purse, by dropping into it a Thousand Guineas. His Lordship also mentioned others, who would follow, with an equal sum, this grand example.

When that enlightened nobleman, the Marquis of Lansdown, then Lord Henry Petty, came into power, the subject was again brought under Parliamentary consideration, which ended in a vote for £.20,000. This, of course, superseded the necessity of the proposed Jennerian Fund.

In various periodical publications, Dr. Lettsom espoused the cause of Vaccination. In the Gentleman's Magazine, he addressed the public on the subject. He also had inserted three satirical letters, under the signature of J. C. Mottles, the anagram of his name. These were intended as addresses to Dr. Moseley, Dr. Rowley, and Mr. Birch—the triumvirate anti-vaccinists. The influence of Dr. Lettsom with the poor of the Metropolis, did much to advance the practice of Vaccination among that class of society.

In 1806, he also published a pamphlet entitled "Expositions on the Inoculations on the Small-Pox and of the Cow-Pock," which went through two editions. They were addressed to parents, persuading them of the superior benefits to be derived from Inoculation for the Cow-pock, and pointing out the necessity of the universal adoption of the practice.

In 1801, Dr. Lettsom published three volumes of "Hints designed to promote Beneficence, Temperance, and Medical Science."* These volumes contain many of the tracts already noticed. They were collected at the request of several of his friends and correspondents, who were desirous of seeing the plan extended, and embracing an account of some of the most interesting Institutions of this benevolent Island. He, therefore, describes the chief of the Institutions, in the formation of most of which he had been engaged, and of the utility of which he was firmly convinced. The rules and regulations of the respective establishments accompany the Hints, and must be of infinite service to other countries, in the formation of similar benevolent Institutions. Engraved portraits and silhouettes of several distinguished characters are prefixed to the Societies of which they are the institutors, or active promoters. To dwell upon the subjects treated of in these volumes, would extend far beyond the limits prescribed to this Memoir. They are of so miscellaneous a nature, that it will be scarcely possible to do more than enumerate them.

* 3 vols. 8vo. price £1. 7s. Sold by Nichols, Son, and Bentley

Vol. I.

Sect. 1. "Hints respecting the Immediate Effects of Poverty *."

2. "Hints respecting the Distresses of the Poor, in the years 1794, 1795†."

3. "Hints respecting the Society for Bettering the Condition, and increasing the Comforts of the Poor." This Section contains an account of the Society, its object, subject of inquiry, regulations, &c.; which is followed by an excellent "Address to the Benevolent and Humane, in easy circumstances, on the Situation of the Industrious Poor of the Metropolis," by his friend Patrick Colquhoun, LL. D.

4. "Hints respecting the Society for the Discharge and Relief of Persons imprisoned for Small Debts." This Section contains an account of the origin and progress of the Society; many letters from Mr. Neild to Dr. Lettsom on the subject, and some observations for the improvement of the present existing Laws respecting Imprisoned Debtors, communicated by Mr. Neild, the treasurer of the Institution.

5. "Hints respecting Female Character, and a Repository for Female Industry‡."

6. "Hints respecting the Prevention and Cure of Infectious Fevers, and the Establishment of Houses of Recovery." This Section contains many judicious observations by Dr. Lettsom, Dr. Percival, and Dr. Haygarth.

* Vide page 82. † Vide page 110. ‡ Vide page 64.

Vol. II.

Sect. 1. "Hints respecting a Samaritan Society." This excellent species of charitable institution affords relief to persons discharged from the Hospitals, who are in a state of convalescence, but unable to return to their accustomed labour. A good account of the Society by the Rev. Dr. Glasse is printed in this Section.

2. "Hints respecting Crimes and Punishments." There are many judicious observations on this important subject.

3. "Hints respecting Wills and Testaments." The making of Wills is strongly recommended as an act of moral justice to every family in civilized society.

4. "Hints respecting a Female Benefit Club, and Lying-in Charity." The practicability and advantage of introducing females into important stations, to administer to the wants of their own sex, is warmly advocated. This Section contains a letter from Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield, giving an account of the Lying-in and Sick Charity at Tottenham, which has been the parent of many similar Institutions in distant places. This is entirely conducted by females.

5. "Hints respecting a Village Society." To improve the intellect, and cherish virtuous sentiment, is the object of this Sketch. The injurious effects of spending evenings at taverns and public-houses is severely deprecated.

6. "Hints respecting the Support and Education of the Deaf and Dumb Children of the Poor." The obligation to raise an individual from an almost inanimate to an animated rational rank is strongly enforced in these Hints. The Plan and Rules of the Society follow.

7. "Hints respecting the Employment of the Blind." This laudable Institution is warmly espoused. An account of the Asylum (or School of Instruction) for the Blind of Liverpool, by Sir T. Bernard, Bart. is added.

8. "Hints respecting the Monument erected to John Howard in St. Paul's Cathedral." This Section contains all the Correspondence upon this interesting subject, which has already been noticed *.

9. "Hints for establishing a Society for promoting Useful Literature †." An account of the Literary Fund is added.

10. "Hints to Masters and Mistresses, respecting Female Servants." The dependence of the different classes of society upon each other is strongly illustrated, and many benevolent reflections expressed. They cannot be too strictly attended to.

11. "Hints respecting Religious Persecution." This Section contains very liberal opinions on the subject of which it treats.

12. "Hints respecting Humane Societies, for the Recovery of Drowned Persons." The origin and progress of the Parent Institution has already been fully noticed ‡."

* Vide page 102. † Vide page 80. ‡ Vide page 58.

Vol. III.

Sect. 1. "Hints respecting the Cow-pock." This is a reprint of the Observations on the Cow-pock already spoken of *.

2. "Hints addressed to Card Parties." It was not the Author's intention in this Section to condemn the use of Cards altogether, but to declaim against the abuse of them, and to censure the detestable practice of gaming. To direct the application of the amusement of Cards to great and dignified purposes, these hints were submitted. He proposed that the winnings should be devoted to objects of general beneficence—to the succour of the poor in each respective parish or village. Were this plan adopted, Card Parties would not only amuse the affluent, but lessen the poor's rates, and prove the means of diffusing numerous benefits to their distressed fellow-creatures.

3. "Hints respecting the Establishment of Schools for extending Education to the Poor." This section is well worthy the attention of every Christian philanthropist. The utility of Sunday Schools is judiciously displayed, and the excellent rules of Ackworth School (established for the Education of Children who are members of the Society of Friends, and whose parents are not in affluent circumstances) are subjoined.

4. "Hints respecting the Philanthropic Society." This section contains a good account of this very

* Vide page 122.

useful Institution, of which Dr. Lettsom was one of the earliest members.

5. "Hints designed to promote the Establishment of a Dispensary, for extending Medical Relief to the Poor, at their own Habitations." This is a reprint of the pamphlet entitled "Improvement of Medicine on the Basis of Public Good*."

6. "Hints respecting the Bite of a Mad Dog, or rabid animal." The disease called Hydrophobia is as yet one of the *opprobria medicorum*. Notwithstanding the immense variety of means that have been recommended and tried for the cure of this distressing complaint, none with which we are yet acquainted appear to have any decidedly beneficial influence. The object of these Hints is not to recommend any method for the cure of Hydrophobia when it has occurred, but to suggest those preventive measures that are necessary to obviate the absorption of the poison, and the consequent disease. The excision of the bitten part, and subsequent application of caustic to the wound, is strongly advised; a practice of which experience has confirmed the efficacy.

7. "Hints for establishing a Sea-bathing Infirmary at Margate, for the Poor of London." The object of these Hints has been before mentioned†.

8. "Hints for the establishment of a Medical Society in London." An account of the origin and progress of this Institution has been already noticed‡.

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* Vide page 37. † Vide page 115. ‡ Vide page 50.

9. "Hints respecting a Substitute for Wheat Bread." This section is a reprint of the Hints of 1794*. They conclude the volume.

The Hints above enumerated obtained a deservedly good character and recommendation from the greater number of the Reviews; but the Critical and Monthly, the former in particular, censured, in strong terms, not only the performance in general, but also the design of the charitable institutions recommended in it, as well as the promoters of them. Dr. Lettsom replied to the observations of these Reviewers, in a pamphlet, under the title of "An Apology for differing in opinion from the Authors of the Monthly and Critical Reviews;" &c. The Critical Reviewers attempted, but ineffectually, to defend themselves, and the Doctor retorted, in "An Appeal addressed to the calm Reflection of the Authors of the Critical Review," &c. It is universally admitted, that Dr. Lettsom had decidedly the advantage in this controversy. To impute to improper motives the well-intended efforts of an individual to promote the cause of virtue and philanthropy, can arise from no source but rooted envy and malignity; and is to partake in no moderate degree of the spirit of that Διάβολος, who is the *grand accuser* of mankind. That Dr. Lettsom had, for a series of years, devoted a considerable portion of his income to the support of many of those Institutions to which the Hints have reference, may be proved by a perusal of their respective registers. But of this, he neither made a merit, nor

* Vide page 65.

an ostentatious boast; in so doing, he sought the applause, not of *man*, but of his own *conscience*, and it was that conscience which taught him to look down with utter contempt on insinuations that would ungenerously degrade the principles from which his spontaneous benevolence flowed. He had lived too long not to know the intrinsic value of the bubble fame, even when inflated by the venal breath of a Reviewer; and it was to a more august, than their or any earthly tribunal, that he dared to appeal for the rectitude of those principles which, through many trying and afflictive scenes in the great drama of life, were his support and consolation.

The Gentleman's Magazine has, in the course of this Memoir, been frequently referred to as the medium usually adopted by Dr. Lettsom to communicate his philanthropic suggestions to the public; and the benevolent class of readers it has the honour of interesting, and the well-known benevolence of the present worthy Editor, induced Dr. Lettsom to recommend to his excellent friend JAMES NEILD, Esq. to insert in the Magazine his accounts of the different prisons which, like John Howard, he went about visiting, inquiring

> "Into the horrors of a gloomy gaol,
> Unpitied and unheard, where Misery moans;
> Where Sickness pines—where thirst and hunger burn,
> And poor *Misfortune* feels the lash of guilt." *Thomson.*

Great reluctance was manifested by Mr. Neild to the publication of these accounts; but, being repeatedly urged respecting the propriety of it, and the

probable advantages that might result from their communication, he at length yielded, under a promise that Dr. Lettsom would undertake to bring them before the public, by introductory letters of his own. This proposition was immediately assented to, and the first letter appeared in the Magazine for the month of December 1803. The work grew beneath their inquiries, and the good effects produced gave encouragement to proceed. Little did either of them imagine that it would extend to no less than 77 letters, continued up to the month of October 1813.

The reformation in Prisons occasioned by the visits of Mr. Neild, would most likely never have been effected, had not accounts of them been published in a Magazine of such extensive circulation as the Gentleman's. The value of these communications, and the interest they excited, are best shewn by the following extracts of letters from Mr. Neild to Dr. Lettsom. In a letter dated August 1, 1805, he remarks that Dr. Lettsom's precursive essays have produced, and are producing, incalculable advantages: "More," says he, "than I have in thirty years been able to effect, has hence been brought about in twelve months. The gaolers are all on the alert, and from fear of being visited, are in constant preparation; at the same time magistrates are better acquainted with the *inside* of a prison-house. I could easily compress my remarks; but, without accuracy of detail, the effects would cease. I have observed in many hospitals that there are *shew-*

wards, with the inspection of which, the superficial visitor goes away perfectly satisfied; so in prisons, the gaoler manages with equal dexterity; and what is not seen, there is no fear of being described.

" In my own opinion, I hold life by a very precarious tenure; and I am anxious that every country should know the real state of its prisons. This will be more generally diffused through the medium of a Magazine, than by the publication of a volume, the reading of which would be, as Fenelon says, " too great an interrnption to gaiety."

In another letter dated December 15, 1809, Mr. Neild observes:

" In the Public Library at Aberdeen I saw the Gentleman's Magazines neatly bound. The book lay open on the table at one of your Prison Letters, which somebody had been reading. I several times heard the names of Dr. Lettsom and his friend Mr. Neild, when it was not known that Mr. Neild was present; and curiously enough, one gentleman said he took them in as long as Dr. Lettsom continued his letters; but had discontinued them ever since he declined. I took the liberty, though a stranger, to tell him you had not said so, but that you should not appear so *often* before the *public*, and that he would find your letters continued, though occasionally;—that I took that Mazine, and found it so."

In the Introduction to the Account of the Society for the Discharge and Relief of Persons imprisoned for Small Debts, Mr. Neild has had the candour to

acknowledge that had it not been for the energetic strictures of the liberal and enlightened mind of Dr. Lettsom, on his faithful communications from time to time, he is fearful the Prisons, in many instances, would not only have remained without improvement; but, what is worse, that in lamentable gradation, the improvement which had commenced in some of them, would either have dwindled, or have been wholly done away. And in a letter dated May 18, 1810, he says, "Whatever honours I have, or may receive, they certainly emanate from *you*, and I consider the friendship and patronage of a man of whom every one speaks with respect, to have been one of the happiest events of my life."

In September 1803 Dr. Lettsom was Gazetted Physician to the Camberwell Volunteer Infantry; and for his great attention to the sick of the corps received a vote of thanks.*

In 1808 he was elected a Corresponding Member of the Medical Lyceum of Philadelphia: in 1813 Honorary Member of the New York Historical Society; and of the Horticultural Society of Edinburgh: and in 1815 an Honorary member of the Linnæan Society of New England. Of the Linnæan Society of London, he had been many years a Fellow.

In 1815 he printed a Sketch of the Life and Character of his Friend and Correspondent Dr. Rush. This he entitled, "Recollections of Dr. Rush."

* It was to this corps, upon the much-lamented death of the gallant Lord Nelson, that Dr. Lettsom addressed the "Lines" printed in Note [M].

Besides the publication of the various works that have been noticed, Dr. Lettsom wrote many Essays and Cases printed in the Transactions of different Societies. To the Memoirs of the Medical Society of London, he contributed to a great extent, as will appear by the following List:

Vol. I.

1. Cases of Palpitation of the Heart, attended with peculiar symptoms.

2. Some Remarks on the Effects of Lignum Quassiæ Amaræ.

3. Observations on some Cases of Hydrocephalus Internus.

4. Of a Disease succeeding the transplanting of Teeth.

5. Case of a Biliary Calculus.

6. Memoirs of Jacques Barbeu Dubourg, Professor of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, &c. &c. &c.

Vol. II.

1. History of Two Cases of Hydatides Renales.

2. Of the Digitalis Purpurea, in Hydropic Diseases.

3. Case of a Diseased Rectum.

Vol. III.

1. History and Dissection of a Fatal Case, attended with a painful affection of the Head.

2. Observations on certain Hepatic Affections, attended with painful Irritation.

3. Case of Epilepsy successfully terminated.

4. The Histories of two Cases of Bronchocele,

5. Of a successful termination of an Omphalocele.

Vol. IV.

1. Some account of Angustura Bark.

2. Cursory Remarks on the Appearance of the Angina Scarlatina in the Spring of 1793.

3. Hints respecting the Prison of Newgate.

Vol. V.

1. Of certain Morbid Affections of the Uterus.

2. History of an Empyema terminating fatally.

Vol. VI.

1. Case of obstinate Hepatic Disease.

In the Transactions of the Medical Society of London:

Vol. I. Part I.

1. Memoirs of the late Wm. Hewson, F.R.S. &c.

2. Cases illustrating the Effects of Oil of Turpentine in expelling the Tape-worm.

3. Further Observations on the use of Oil of Turpentine, as an Anthelmintic Remedy.

Part II.

1. Case of the Vermis Lumbricus, perforating the Intestinal Canal and Abdomen.

2. Case of sudden Difficulty of Breathing, the Cause of which was not satisfactorily ascertained, by examination after Death.

3. Observations on some ill effects arising from Moisture in Houses.

4. Memoirs of the Life of James Johnstone M. D. &c. &c. &c.

In the Philosophical Transactions for 1786 is inserted a Case of the History and Dissection of an extraordinary Introsusception, written by Dr. Lettsom.

Numerous Essays and Cases by the Doctor, are scattered in the Transactions of the Bath Agricultural Society, the Medical Journals, Gentleman's Magazine, and other Periodical Works.

In the year 1791, the Medical Society of London proposed the following Prize Question for the Gold or Fothergillian Medal:

"What are the Diseases most prevalent in great Towns? and what are the best means of obviating them? with the History of Epidemics for at least one year."

Dr. Lettsom wrote on the above subject, and to his Essay the Medal was adjudged. The MS. to which many additions have since been made, is now in the possession of the writer of this Memoir. In it the author endeavours to ascertain what are the most general states of the weather in each year, and the Diseases most prevalent in different states of the air; whether apparently depending upon moisture, cold, dryness, heat, or any other sensible qualities: and how far the Diseases of any one period in one year correspond with those of any other year; the causes which produce them, and the varieties in the symptoms which accompany them; including the site, or topography, of the places, as to soil and situation. It enlarges also on the treatment of Diseases in general, and of Epidemics in particular, whether suc-

cessful or the contrary; with the means of prevention, as applicable to Charity Schools, Manufactories, Workhouses, or other places of Industry, comprehending the general œconomy of diet, and mode of living, &c. with observations respecting the management of children, as well in health as under disease.

Early in 1812 the writer of this Memoir had the honour of mentioning to Dr. Lettsom the nature and objects of the Philosophical Society of London, an Institution with which he professed himself so much pleased that he desired to be proposed as a Member. On the 10th of March, he was admitted into the Society as an Honorary Member. So actively did he engage in pursuit of the liberal objects in which the Members are so laudably engaged, that, at the General Election in October, he was unanimously chosen President. He punctually attended to the duties of this office, constantly appearing at the weekly meetings of the Society, which was more than could have been expected from an individual so extensively engaged as he was; but his active mind enabled him to sustain the fatigue, and his earnest desire to benefit the Institution as much as in his power, gave him energy for the task. His conduct in the chair gave the highest satisfaction to the Members; his mild conciliatory manner, his regulation of the discussions, his useful practical hints, his support to the juvenile effort, are circumstances that will be long remembered by the Members.

But his zeal for the Society did not allow his exertions to stop here—he was an active Lecturer to the Society. In 1813, he not only delivered the Anniversary Oration, but four Lectures on the following subjects: 1. on the Natural History and Medical Qualities of Tea; 2. on the Injurious Effects of Hard-Drinking; 3. on the Natural History and Medical Qualities of Coffee; 4. on Substances which have been used to describe Events and to convey Ideas, from the earliest date to the Invention of Paper. In 1814 two on Mind in Travelling, and on the Evolution and Improvement of the Mental and Corporeal Powers: And in 1815 two on the Philosophy of Youthful Sports.

These Lectures, according to the practice of the Institution, were submitted for discussion. They contain a vast fund of practical information, and it is the intention of the Society to print an Abstract of them in a Volume of Transactions which will shortly make its appearance. They are now in the possession of the author of this Memoir.

Dr. Lettsom was also an active speaker in the several discussions. Very few subjects were brought forward without the Society's receiving the benefit of his elucidations.

Of all the excellent institutions with which he was connected, this was his greatest favourite—it was his darling child, and he nurtured it with a truly parental affection. No opportunity escaped him of promoting its interests: his solicitude for its welfare was manifested even to the last—on his

death-bed his daily inquiry was as to the number of days to the Anniversary, which he anxiously hoped he should be able to attend. The pleasure with which he anticipated that day, on which the Institution was to be honoured by the presence of its Illustrious Patrons*, distinguished no less for their high literary and scientific attainments, than for their unexampled benevolence and liberality—their unrivalled support of the institutions, the pride, the glory, and the boast of the Metropolis —it is impossible to describe. But, alas! his anticipations, in this instance, were abortive!

The most painful part of the author's duty now commences:—a recital of the circumstances connected with the dissolution of Dr. Lettsom. For some time he had been attending a gentleman whose case proved fatal, and he was desirous that the body should be examined; this was chiefly performed by the Doctor himself, on the 22nd of October, 1815. He remained in a cold room for two hours, and on the following day felt chilly and unwell, but not so as to excite much alarm. On the 25th the following letter was transmitted to the author:

"DEAR MR. PETTIGREW,

"I was attacked yesterday with a severe rigor of fever, which sent me to bed at six o'clock in the afternoon, and I had a dreadful night; but I rose at ten this morning somewhat better, and shall endeavour to visit a few patients, and as early as I

* Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Kent and Sussex.

can after my home patients, seek a retreat in bed; so that, to my great regret, I cannot attend the Philosophical Society without danger to the health of,

Yours sincerely, J. C. LETTSOM.

"*Sambr. Co. Oct.* 26, 1815.

"For the last 27 years I have not been confined by illness."

On the 27th the author visited him, and, alas! found him labouring under a strong rigor — (a severe cold shivering fit) indicative of approaching fever, and complaining of great soreness of his arms, which he (Dr. Lettsom) considered to be rheumatic. The necessity for great care was immediately urged; and he was requested to see his friend Dr. Babington. He, however, observed that he should be better in a few days, and that he wished for no one to attend him. At that time he had a poor patient resident in White-cross Street, whom he was determined to visit, against which his friends strongly contended, but fruitlessly. He went out, and returned, literally unable to get out of his carriage, and suffering the most acute pain upon any attempt to be assisted. In the evening he was visited by his friends Dr. Babington and Mr. Norris, and was confined to his room. The next day his disease assumed a more distinct character, and he was unable to move in his bed without assistance, yet sustaining, with the greatest fortitude, the most excruciating pain. In this situation, his anxiety for his patients was unabated—he requested the author to visit them, and was eager to know the progress

of their diseases. Perpetual inquiry was directed to the Philosophical Society, and respecting the arrangements for the approaching Anniversary, concerning which he was so interested that he said, provided he was only able to sit, and not even to speak on that occasion, he would attend it.

On the 30th he appeared improved, but on the 31st great debility came on, attended with slight delirium, which terminated his valuable existence on Wednesday the 1st of November, between three and four o'clock in the morning. A life like his was calculated to render its close painful to his survivors only; and he died without a groan.

Intelligence of this melancholy event soon spread throughout the metropolis; hundreds of persons walked up Sambrook Court to view the mansion of its late owner, in order to ascertain the truth of the report. The Medical and Philosophical Societies suspended their meetings until the usual funeral ceremonies were performed. The Monday following his interment, a tribute of respect and gratitude was paid to his memory by the Medical Society, in adopting the following Resolutions:

"*Resolved*,

"That the Society receive the account of the decease of their late much-valued Associate with feelings of deep regret for his loss; of unfeigned respect for his memory; and of gratitude for the numerous services rendered by him to the Society.

"That the above Resolution be entered in the minutes, and subscribed by the President; and that

a copy be transmitted to his son, Samuel Fothergill Lettsom, Esq."

In the subsequent Anniversary Oration in March, by Dr. Clutterbuck, a very appropriate Eulogy on his Character was introduced, his services to the Society acknowledged, and his loss feelingly and justly lamented.

The meetings of the Philosophical Society of London were suspended until the 21st of November, which day was appropriated to the delivery of an Eulogy by the writer of this Memoir. This was composed at the particular request of the Council of the Society, and the Eulogist selected from among the Members in consequence of his intimacy with the worthy Doctor, and his introduction of him to the Society.

The death of the President was immediately made known to the Patrons of the Society; and His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, who entertained great respect for Dr. Lettsom, honoured the Secretary with a most interesting letter, sympathizing with him, and all the friends of that excellent man, in the loss which they and the public had sustained by his demise; at the same time graciously condescending to add, that, if the time fixed for the delivery of the Oration on his decease, by the Secretary, should be such as to admit of his attending it without the greatest inconvenience, His Royal Highness was pleased to say, he would be happy in having the opportunity of paying that tribute of respect to his memory. Accordingly, arrangements

were made to accommodate His Royal Highness, who, however, was prevented from attending by a particular engagement at Windsor. The day for the delivery of the Eulogy could not be altered. At the request, therefore, of His Royal Highness, a copy of the Discourse was transmitted for his perusal, and His Royal Highness, coinciding in opinion with the Council of the Society as to the expediency of printing it, was pleased to permit it to be dedicated to him. About 300 persons in mourning attended the delivery of the Eulogy, and evinced, by their sympathy with the Orator, the esteem they entertained for the late President.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was prevented by illness from attending, but honoured the Orator with the following note:

"The Duke of Sussex has to regret that a severe attack of the complaint which has confined him to his room ever since Tuesday last, will prevent his attending to-morrow, to hear the Eulogy on the worthy departed President of the Philosophical Society of London.

"No one was better acquainted with the merits and exertions of the late Dr. Lettsom, in every branch tending to the advantage and relief of the metropolis, than the Duke of Sussex. He, therefore, feels greatly disappointed at being unfortunately deprived of thus paying the last tribute of respect to the Memory of so excellent a Character."

"*Kensington Palace, Sunday morning.*"

The Anniversary Oration of the Philosophical Society was delivered on the 22d of November, by the Rev. Dr. Collyer, one of the Vice Presidents, who pathetically and beautifully alluded to the loss the Institution in particular, and Society in general, had sustained by the decease of Dr. Lettsom *. The Oration, containing this tribute, is printed; and it is but just to add, is characterized by the genius and learning for which the amiable Author has ever been distinguished. Such a tribute, from so excellent a man, is of infinite value. The Reports of various scientific and benevolent Institutions alluded to the lamented death of their active Associate; and a very just tribute was paid to his memory by his friend and correspondent, Dr. Joshua Dixon, in the Annual Report of the Whitehaven Dispensary †.

The remains of Dr. Lettsom were interred in the Friends' Burial Ground, Little Coleman Street, Bunhill Row, on Tuesday the 7th of November. His body was followed to the grave by his relatives, a few members of the Religious Society to which he belonged, by Dr. James Hamilton, and the Author of this Memoir. Although the Funeral took place at an early hour, several hundreds of the poor flocked round the grave, and manifested by their tears and aspect, their deep emotions of grief. Many, no doubt, among the crowd, had frequently been the objects of his bounty, and had great reason severely to deplore his loss. What Fothergill said of Russell, the Author of this Memoir can, with

* See Note [N]. † See Note [O].

strict propriety, say of Lettsom: "For my own part, when I recollect what I have lost in him, the sensible, firm, and upright friend, the able, honest, and experienced physician, the pleasing, instructive companion of a social hour,—expression fails me."

Thus lived, and thus died the good, the humane, the benevolent Dr. John Coakley Lettsom. Good, humane, and benevolent, his very enemies, for even *he* had enemies, allowed him to have been; but, to his friends, to those by whom his merits were duly appreciated, who knew him thoroughly, and had means of ascertaining his genuine character, these are terms which fail in the expression of what they know and feel concerning him.

Though himself not learned, in the highest acceptation of the term, like Xenophon of old, he was the friend and the patron of learning. Wherever his influence extended, and it was not narrowly circumscribed, Science and useful Literature flourished. Under his fostering care, many improvements in Medicine, in Natural History, and in the useful arts generally were made; many a valuable discovery owes its promulgation to the world to his auspices. In him the sons of genius were sure to find a friend; and, when the efforts of their ingenuity tended more especially to the lessening of human suffering, the diminution of poverty, or the support of its wretched objects, he was the first to open his purse, and to raise his voice on their behalf.

The life of Dr. Lettsom affords a most pleasing

and instructive instance of an individual arriving at a considerable degree of eminence in his profession, without having received the advantages of a very superior education. The little knowledge of Latin that he had acquired under Gilbert Thompson, was nearly eradicated during the time he spent in learning accounts, to qualify him for a mercantile situation. From Dr. Sutcliff, he received much instruction, to which, with the fortunate circumstance of obtaining the patronage of Samuel Fothergill, who recommended him to his celebrated brother, is to be attributed the rise of Dr. Lettsom's professional character. To a naturally good capacity, he united the greatest degree of perseverance. This enabled him to surmount various obstacles that in the course of his practice naturally occurred. The want of a good memory obliged him to be methodical; and, by great, and it may be said a truly surprising regularity, he so œconomized his time, as to be capable of engaging in the immense variety of occupations alluded to in the foregoing pages.

For a considerable time, Dr. Lettsom maintained the first practice as a Physician in the city of London, which, when acquired by an *old* man, is not likely to excite envy; it is natural, and cannot lessen the reputation of his juniors, who must soon, in the lapses of nature, enjoy his place. But, for a Physician of *forty* to command such a station, becomes a new and enviable phænomenon; he may be supposed to reign long, and to be for a considerable time in the way of his contemporaries.

Dr. Lettsom's professional emoluments were very great. It appears that in 1783 he received £.3,600; in 1784, £.3,900; in 1785, £.4,015; and in 1786, £.4,500. Had he, at this time, taken all the fees presented to him, his receipts would have been nearly doubled. From 1786 to 1800, they increased greatly, amounting to not less than from 5 to £.12,000 annually. This was considerably more than his Patron Dr. John Fothergill ever received: his highest sum was £.5,000 in one year. Necessitous Authors and Clergymen of all denominations, and their families, were attended by Dr. Lettsom gratuitously, and they were often assisted by pecuniary donations. The practice of his profession opened to him perpetual occasions for the exercise of benevolence, nor did he neglect them; on the contrary, he considerably injured his fortune by these beneficent acts. A poor person could always command his assistance, whilst many an opulent one was under the necessity of repeatedly and unsuccessfully urging his attendance.

One instance of his liberality cannot be omitted in this narrative. In 1782, he was sent for to visit an old gentleman, 74 years of age, who resided in the county of Essex. This gentleman had been a great American merchant; he had kept a princely house, and his heart was literally made up of generosity. The American war ruined him, but his Creditors valuing his upright character, permitted him to reside at his house in the country, with a genteel allowance, till his affairs could be settled. The protracted Ameri-

can war destroyed the prospect of retrieving his affairs; his allowance was, therefore, taken away. He fell sick, and consulted Dr. Lettsom. When the Doctor visited him, he said to him, pointing to his garden, "Those trees I planted, and have lived to see some of them even too old to bear fruit, they are part of my family; and my children, still dearer to me, must quit this residence, which was the delight of my youth, and the hope of my old age." The benevolent Doctor, upon quitting the apartment, left, enclosed in a letter, a cheque to relieve his immediate necessities. He also purchased the house, which was a freehold, for £.500, and gave it him for life. The poor merchant's health was restored, his garden continued to be the object of his attention, and he daily blessed his worthy benefactor.

The following is another instance of Dr. Lettsom's philanthropy, applied to an individual of a very different character:

"It was my lot," says the Doctor, "a few years ago, to be attacked on the highway by a genteel looking person, well mounted, who demanded my money, at the same time placing a pistol to my breast; I requested him to remove the pistol, which he instantly did; I saw his agitation, from whence I concluded he had not been habituated to this hazardous practice; and I added, that I had both gold and silver about me, which I freely gave him; but that I was sorry to see a young gentleman risk his life in so unbecoming a manner, which would probably soon terminate at the gallows; that at the

best, the casual pittance gained on the highway would afford but a precarious and temporary subsistence, but that if I could serve him by a private assistance more becoming his appearance, he might farther command my purse; and at the same time I desired him to accept a card containing my address, and to call upon me, as he might trust to my word for his liberty and life. He accepted my address, but I observed his voice faultered; it was late at night; there was, however," continues the Doctor, "sufficient star-light to enable me to perceive, as I leaned towards him on the window of my carriage, that his bosom was overwhelmed with conflicting passions; at length, bending forward on his horse, and recovering the power of speech, he affectingly said, 'I thank you for your offer,—American affairs have ruined me,—I will, dear Sir, wait upon you'." Two weeks afterwards, a person entered the Doctor's house, whom he instantly recognized to be this highwayman: "I come," said he, "to communicate to you a matter that nearly concerns me, and I trust to your honour to keep it inviolable." The good man told him he recollected him, and requested that he would relate his history with candour, as the most effectual means of securing his services; and such was the narrative, as would have excited sympathy in every heart. His fortunes had been spoiled on the American continent, and after a long imprisonment, he escaped to this asylum of liberty, where, his resources failing, and perhaps with pride above the occupation of a sturdy beggar,

he rashly ventured upon the most dreadful alternative of the highway, where, in his second attempt, he met with Dr. Lettsom, who, upon finding his narrative to be literally true, was induced to try various means of obviating his distresses. He made application to the Commissioners for relieving the American sufferers, but without success; at length, a memorial was presented to the Queen, briefly stating his sufferings, and the cause of them. Struck with his appearance, pleased with his address, and generously sympathizing with his distresses, HER MAJESTY graciously assured him of patronage, provided his pretensions should, on inquiry, be found correct. The result was, that in a few days he received a commission in the army, and by his public services, twice did his name appear in the Gazette, among the promotions. After some years of employment in the service of his Sovereign, this valuable officer fell a victim to the yellow fever, in the West Indies.

This extraordinary instance of benevolence needs no comment.

"Transeat in exemplum."

To detail the numerous humane and charitable acts that have come within the Author's notice, and with which he has been made acquainted, would occupy volumes; those, however, that have been already related, are fully sufficient to pourtray the excellence of this amiable Philanthropist.

The general character of the writings of Dr. Lettsom are of a philanthropic nature—every page breathes benevolence, and is directed for the public good.

It may confidently be asserted, that no proposal for the public benefit was ever offered to his consideration in vain. He listened to every patriotic suggestion, lest any good design should fail for want of such support as he could afford.

And shall all this, which no one will pretend to deny, do nothing, or but little, towards drawing the oblivious veil of forgetfulness over those frailties and those foibles of which Dr. Lettsom, in common with his fellow-mortals, partook? Or shall envy and uncharitableness magnify his failings?

Let the sanctimonious professor boast of his sanctity, the moralist of the purity of his ethics, the philosopher of his learning and penetration, or the religionist contend for exclusive modes of faith and forms of worship, we will not quarrel with such an one for his sanctity, for it is to be venerated; for his morality, because it should be imitated; for his philosophy, for it should be respected; for his zeal, because, in the pursuit of a good object some degree of enthusiasm is desirable; but, to such a man as the late Dr. Lettsom, there is a super-eminent propriety in the exclamation, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

The candid reader will indulge the partiality of a friend. The writer of this Memoir has already professedly appeared as Dr. Lettsom's Eulogist; but he would not eulogize the unworthy, nor hold up to imitation the base, or but the moderately good. The character of Dr. Lettsom has furnished a great and a powerful example, and he would not let

slip this opportunity of rendering a just meed of praise to virtue, because his friend had some imperfections.

By those who were ignorant of his true character, he has been accused of a licentious attachment to the fair sex. This slander his enemies have shewn a peculiar satisfaction in magnifying. Idle stories have been transmitted from one circle to another, with additions not very favourable to the character of the Doctor; but frequently, with no other foundation than that giddy levity, which so generally abounds in companies where such subjects form the usual topic of conversation. That he was devotedly, not to say enthusiastically, attached to the company of the fair sex is not attempted to be denied. He loved the company and the conversation of enlightened women; and cold, indeed, is that heart which is insensible to, or but faintly impressed with such company.[1] Many amiable females conceived it an honour to have his acquaintance, as it was advantageous to listen to his conversation. His enthusiastic attachment to the fair sex, may account for an unguardedness of behaviour which subjected him to severe censure—he was imprudent, but certainly not vicious.

He has also been accused of vanity. It is admitted. Where is the individual that could withstand all temptation to vanity, if he found himself every day, both in public and in private, the theme of almost an unanimous applause and approbation? Is it a trifling allurement to vanity, to be told by

the greatest men in our own and other countries, that our conduct is the subject of universal panegyric? May all endued with equal powers of doing good, have the like occasion for self-complacency! There is little or no harm in a moderate indulgence of the universal passion, so long as a consciousness of the rectitude of our motives and the uprightness of our conduct precludes self-reproach.

Dr. Lettsom was by birth and education, as well as by inclination, a Quaker; but he did not confine his liberality to those of this respectable sect, nor could he fully enter into all their peculiar views and habits. The severity of their discipline, the preciseness of their manners, and the confined nature of many of their opinions, but ill accorded with the liberal vivacity and expanded ideas of this their amiable associate. He acknowledged no God but one;—no Heaven but universal happiness;—no Religion but that of doing good; and, though he knew how to set a proper value upon theological opinions, he held, that a good life is the soundest orthodoxy, and the most benevolent man the best Christian.

Only a very few weeks prior to his death he was requested by the Committee of the London Central Bible Association, to accept of the office of Vice-President of that Association; an evident proof of the high estimation in which, to the very close of his life, he was held by his fellow Christians.

A few months previous to this, we find him attending the Jews Meeting, for the benefit of their Hospital at Mile-end, on which occasion, in his

private diary *, he thus expresses himself: "The harmony of disposition which prevailed between Christians and Jews was truly a mental feast!"

All this tends to shew the expansive candour and liberality of his mind. His professional engagements, however, prevented his constant attendance at public worship, yet he frequented as often as possible the Friends' Meeting, unless his example was necessary at some other place of worship, whether belonging to the Establishment or to Dissenting Congregations, at all which places he would join in the adoration of the common Father of all mankind, whenever the objects of charity, or the particular interests of benevolent institutions, seemed to demand his presence.

> "True Religion
> Is always mild, propitious, and humble;
> Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood,
> Nor bears destruction on her chariot-wheels;
> But stoops to polish, succour, and redress,
> And builds her grandeur on the public good."
>
> MILLER.

For his own private religious views — the honest convictions of his mind—Dr. Lettsom maintained a becoming degree of respect and deference; but he held, as a sacred truth, that diversity of opinion, as it could not be any bar to the favour of Heaven, so it ought never to operate to the prejudice of one's neighbour; nor prove any obstacle to social intercourse — still less to the exercise of benevolence. Such was the religion of Dr. Lettsom; and by these

* See Note [P].

principles was his conduct regulated. The rigid disciplinarian may think it savoured too much of latitudinarianism; and the zealous sectary may condemn it as too lax and general; but such it was; and it behoves not his biographer to enter into judgment concerning its propriety, or otherwise. If to imitate Him who "went about doing good," is to be a good Christian, Dr. Lettsom was one: with his private speculations of this nature we have nothing to do. The time which might be occupied by a scrutiny into his motives, would be better devoted to an imitation of his example.

After this sketch of Dr. Lettsom's religious views, the reader will readily anticipate the peculiar cast of his political opinions. They partook of the same benevolent character — liberal, generous, and humane; but many of those principles which are well enough applicable to religion, will but ill comport with the regulations and institutions of civil jurisprudence, and legislative polity. In matters of conscience all are equal, and to no earthly tribunal is any man amenable for those opinions which his judgment points out to him as the foundation of moral action, or the obligations of religion. The duties of the First Table have a peculiar and distinct reference to God and a man's own conscience; those of the Second Table come more within the range of human cognizance. In the first case involuntary error, as the late Dr. Sykes has admirably demonstrated, cannot, justly, be censured, or prove really dangerous. But this is not the case with

regard to the duties we owe to our neighbour: here, theory may prove dangerous, and speculations productive of consequences at variance with the general happiness of society. Yet, so long as such speculations are confined to the inert opinion of the theorist, and are entertained by the truly good only, no evil can result from them, however mischievous they might prove if carried into action.

Let it not, however, be here inferred that Dr. Lettsom's mind was at any time under the influence of any political views which might be truly denominated injurious. It has been said that he was a Republican, but this was not the case; though he appeared strongly attached to what are usually denominated Whig principles, he had too much good sense to extend his views of civil liberty to those extravagant and impracticable theories which certain political zealots have, of late, imagined to be the true spirit of Whiggism. He was a Whig of the old school; such an one, perhaps, as might have stood high amongst the friends of the people, had he lived in the reign of Queen Anne, and such as those who are held in estimation by what may not improperly be called the constitutional oppositionists of our own days.

But Dr. Lettsom was too good and generous to become a mere party-man, in the obnoxious application of that term. Warm, zealous, and at times even enthusiastic in his admiration of the principles of civil and religious liberty, he hailed the dawn of universal freedom, as it appeared to break forth in

the first days of the French Revolution; but when those political demagogues, the Gallic Patriots, whose names will be "damned to fame" throughout all generations, began to break the boundaries of moral right, became themselves the tyrants they had affected to condemn, Dr. Lettsom, with every other wise man in Europe, execrated their proceedings, and denounced their principles.

In short, our own excellent Constitution and Government, by King, Lords, and Commons, he greatly admired; but, at times, would complain of the corruptions and other encroachments which he believed had been suffered to creep in and endanger the liberty and happiness of the subject.

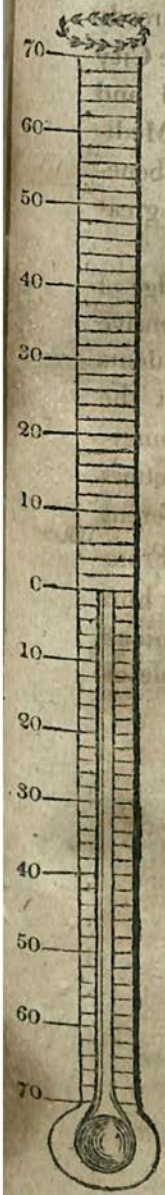
Of his attachment to the person, and his admiration of the character of our venerable and beloved Monarch, various parts of his Correspondence give ample proof. Upon the whole, therefore, though Dr. Lettsom was usually ranked amongst the Friends of Reform, he was never found in the lists of the disaffected; nor ever justly accused of holding the principles, or adopting the practices, of modern democracy; neither did he ever insult the aristocracy by opprobrious epithets, whatever might be his private opinions of the principles on which such a system of government is founded.

From the preceding pages it will appear that to Dr. Lettsom's zeal, and to his incitements, as well as to his munificence, society is indebted for the establishment of various excellent Institutions. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have

held many official situations in these and other institutions in the metropolis. Besides those already noticed, he was Physician Extraordinary to the City of London Lying-in Hospital, the General and Finsbury Dispensaries, and to the Universal Medical Institution. He was President of several benevolent societies, and a Vice-President of a great number.

With men of scientific and literary knowledge of various countries he maintained a very extensive correspondence. To many of these Correspondents he was necessarily unknown personally, but the attachment and high esteem excited by the interchange of sentiments, is evinced in the letters now made public. His Correspondents in different parts of America were particularly numerous. From Dr. Rush he obtained the idea which induced him to construct the following curious and ingenious MORAL AND PHYSICAL THERMOMETER, or Scale of the Progress of Temperance and Intemperance.

LIQUORS, with their EFFECTS, in their usual Order.



TEMPERANCE.

WATER,	Health, Wealth,
Milk and Water,	Serenity of Mind,
Small Beer,	Reputation, long Life, and Happiness.
Cyder and Perry,	Cheerfulness,
Wine,	Strength and
Porter,	Nourishment, when only at Meals, and in moderate
Strong Beer,	Quantities.

INTEMPERANCE.

	VICES.	DISEASES.	PUNISHMENTS.
Punch	Idleness,	Sickness,	Debt.
Toddy & Crank,	Peevishness,	Puking, and Tremors of the Hands in the Morning,	Black Eyes.
Grog, and Brandy and Water,	Quarrelling,	Bloatedness,	Rags.
Flip and Shrub,	Fighting,	Inflamed Eyes, Red Nose & Face,	Hunger.
Bitters infused in Spirits, Usquebaugh, HysterieWater,	Lying,	Sore and swelled Legs,	Hospital.
Gin, Aniseed, Brandy, Rum, and Whisky in theMorning	Swearing,	Jaundice,	Poor-house.
Do. during the Day & Night.	Obscenity,	Pain in the Limbs and burning in the Palms of the Hands, & Soles of the Feet,	Jail.
	Swindling,	Dropsy,	Whipping.
	Perjury,	Epilepsy,	The Hulks.
	Burglary,	Melancholy, Madness,	Botany Bay.
	Murder,	Palsy,	
	Suicide.	Apoplexy, DEATH.	GALLOWS.

His patronage of every work in any degree useful, induced Authors to solicit permission to dedicate their works to him. The writer of this Memoir has, in the examination of the Doctor's correspondence, met with several of this kind from Authors of celebrity. His rejection of many of these offers was accompanied by an assurance of support without a dedication, which he suggested to the Authors might tend to secure the interest of some other individual, and thus they would have two friends instead of one. He assisted many persons with the loan of money to carry on their laudable designs. To the late Mr. Curtis he not only lent £500. to facilitate the publication of that valuable work the Flora Londinensis, but also £50. per month to ensure the regularity of its publication. The second volume of the Flora is inscribed to Dr. Lettsom. He also paid the whole of the expences of Mr. Curtis in a journey into Yorkshire in search of specimens of various plants, upon condition of receiving duplicates of them for his garden at Grove-hill, Camberwell.

Dr. Lettsom's taste, both for "the sublime and the beautiful," the picturesque and the pleasing, was amply exemplified in the plan, construction, and disposition of his delightful seat at Grove-hill. This *was*, indeed, a most enchanting spot; and might well justify the beautiful description of it by the learned Author of Indian Antiquities, in his exquisite Poem entitled Grove-hill*.

* This Poem is not less distinguished by the spirit and elegance of its language, than by the exquisite wood-cuts, by Mr.

"Where'er around I turn my wondering sight,
New subjects crowd, and wake increased delight;
Here sheets of living verdure charm the eye;
There glow rich tints that with the Tyrian vie.
Now, the gay garden, with its varied sweets,
My raptured sense a blooming Eden greets:
Now from the turret's height my eager glance
I roll delighted o'er the vast expanse:
Now range yon ample lawn's luxuriant swell,
Or pensive wander down yon shadowy dell;
Or in the cool of eve's declining beam,
Seek the sweet cottage and its spacious stream;
While soft around the genial zephyr blows,
And murmuring waters sooth me to repose.

Where shall the song begin, since every place
Invites alike, and beams with rival grace?
From scene to scene the muse bewildering flies,
While all Elysium floats before her eyes."

* * * * * * * * *

But alas! what need have we to describe that which, comparatively speaking, no longer exists? unless, indeed, it were to convey some idea of

"———————— that bold excursive mind
This sweet terrestrial Paradise design'd."

MAURICE.

A complete description of this beautiful villa would occupy much more space than the limits of this volume can command; and indeed has been so often, and in such a variety of publications, so amply described *, that unless the nature of this

Anderson, and the beautiful and correct typography of Mr. Bensley.

* But in none so correctly nor copiously as in the notes subjoined to Mr. Maurice's Poem, before alluded to.

work had not appeared to demand some account of it in this place, it might have been entirely omitted.

In no part of the architectural structure, the decorations, ornaments, &c. of the house and garden at Grove Hill, did the correct mind of Dr. Lettsom more conspicuously display itself, than in that admirable order, regularity, and systematic attention to classical arrangement which characterized the whole. Nothing was overlooked — nothing misplaced. Had the amiable designer of this villa actually attempted to realize the Elysian dreams of the mythologist — had he aimed to embody, and give reality to, the most enchanting illusions of the poet, he could not have more pleasingly delineated the delicious forms and prospects of the most correct and towering imagination.

The house, though of itself a plain brick structure, was rendered interesting by alto relievos in front, on the East and West, representing Liberality and Plenty, with a beautiful figure of Flora, holding in each hand a festoon of flowers. Emblematical figures of the Season, ornamented the outside wall of the library. This was the western wing of the house. On the eastern wing were tablets, containing also, in alto relievo, emblematical representations of the Arts, Commerce, Peace, and Plenty; the Woollen Manufactory, described by the Loom and Sheep; Sovereignty and the Laws, uniting Liberty and Military Power, Truth and Prudence.

Between the wings, in the centre, was a tablet containing the Isis of Sais: on each side a Sphinx.

A coiled serpent represented Eternity; within the circle was the following inscription:

ΕΓΩ
ΕΙΜΙ ΠΑΝ ΤΟ ΓΕΓΟΝΟΣ
ΚΑΙ ΟΝ, ΚΑΙ ΕΣΟΜΕΝΟΝ,
ΚΑΙ ΤΟΝ ΕΜΟΝ ΠΕΠΛΟΝ
ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΠΩ ΘΝΗΤΩΝ
ΑΠΕΚΑΛΥΨΕΝ *.

But the Library was, of all other parts of this beautiful fabric, the most interesting. Nothing could be more classically arranged, more judiciously selected, or correctly ornamented. The books were in cases, divided into sixteen compartments, over each of which was placed a bust of exquisite workmanship, appropriate to the subjects of the books below. These were arranged as follow: Tracts and Pamphlets — Miscellanies — Reviews — Surgery and Chemistry — Antiquities and Medals — Prints and Maps — Arts and Sciences — Divinity and Law — Dictionaries and Classics — History and Biography — Poetry — Voyages, and Geography — Natural History — Medicine — Medicine and Botany — Hortus Siccus, and MSS. Over these cases were placed, respectively, busts of John Wesley, Dryden, Addison, Pott, Stukeley, Hogarth, Newton, Locke, Bacon, Voltaire, Milton, Raleigh, Boyle and

* "I am whatever is, or has been, and will be; and no mortal has hitherto drawn aside my veil." It is worthy of remark, that the same emblematical figures, with the like inscription, the Doctor caused to be placed over the door of the house belonging to the Medical Society of London, in Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

Franklin, Sydenham, Fothergill, Mead. In the centre of the Library stood tables, containing various articles of curious and ingenious manufactory in ivory, &c. A room, leading out of the library on the right from the dwelling-house, contained numerous specimens of subjects in Natural History, Petrifactions, &c.; and the library itself was adorned with a few original pictures of considerable value.

The Museum abounded with Medals, Coins, Ores, Minerals, Fossils, &c.

The Apiary consisted of sixty-four hives, each of which was distinguished by the name of some kingdom, or independent nation, commencing with the North of Europe, afterwards including Asia, Africa, and America, and concluding with the great European islands.

In the garden, near the top, fronting the back part of the house, was a curious representation of the Fates, consisting "of a group of figures: Lartho holding the spindle, and pulling the thread, which Lachesis winds on the spindle. Atropos, in a kneeling posture, extends the right hand with a scissors open, as if desirous of instantly cutting this thread, figurative of human life. On the back ground rises Hygëia, the priestess of health, near a column entwined by a serpent, emblematic of the healing art, and stays the hand of Atropos from the fatal division of the thread. Behind this group, cedars of Libanus; near Atropos, savine and deadly nightshade; and, at the feet of Hygëia, flourishes

the *arbor vitæ* *." This group was erected in commemoration of the coming of age of John-Miers Lettsom.

It would enlarge this account too much, were we to detail, even in outline, the whole of the ornaments, temples, groves, walks, and other objects, with which Grove-hill abounded. What has already been stated, may serve as a specimen of the whole. One point, however, merits particular attention: it relates to the garden, and the correct classification of the plants with which it abounded, both indigenous and exotic. Any person, however ignorant of practical botany, might acquire a tolerably correct idea of that valuable science, by a due attention to the arrangements, &c. of this garden. Here every plant had its classical name distinctly given on a label; so that, with a manual of Botany in his hand, traversing these delightful walks, a person might with great facility have made himself a tolerable botanist.

An Horticultural Sketch † of the plants, &c. growing in this garden, was drawn up by the ingenious and worthy proprietor himself. This work, which is printed in a very elegant style, contains a ground plan of the house, gardens, and grounds at Grove-hill; views of the Cottage and Fountain, a most enchanting retirement, situate at the extremity of what was called Shakspeare's Walk, from an uncommonly fine statue of our immortal Dramatist,

* Maurice's Grove Hill, p. 40.

† Grove Hill, an Horticultural Sketch, 4to, 1804.

under a thatched shed, supported by the trunks of eight trees. It also contains two views of the house; and a copious description of the whole of the premises, enlivened by a beautiful poem, written by his friend John Scott of Amwell, Esq. upon the scenery of Grove-hill.

A large portion of the work is devoted to a catalogue of the fruit trees in the gardens: viz. 10 apricots, 31 peaches, 29 nectarines, 44 grapes, 17 apples, 27 cherries, 42 pears, 23 plumbs, 5 figs, besides the Arbustum, containing 200 trees.

A catalogue of plants, chiefly European, is also given; and in this, as in the whole of Dr. Lettsom's conduct, appears the same benevolent and patriotic spirit. It is inserted, says he, that an Horticulturist may be enabled "to procure cuttings or roots of plants, which he may not possess, as well as to confer similar favours where it may not prove detrimental to his own collection. The same circumstances may be applicable to the catalogue of Fruit-Trees."

The Plants are arranged according to the genus, species, class, order, and English names.

Besides the English plants, the Horticultural Sketch contains a copious list of American trees and shrubs, likewise interspersed in the pleasure garden and Arbustum. These have also a similar classical arrangement, and with this, the Sketch closes. It is a very interesting and pleasing work, and affords abundant evidence of the compiler's taste, and correct botanical judgment.

Dr. Lettsom's professional avocations prevented him from spending any considerable portion of time at Grove-Hill. Here, however, he was occasionally in the habit of receiving visits from celebrated Foreigners, and men of learning and taste. Mr. Boswell, who was a frequent guest of the Doctor's, celebrates him in the following Horatian Ode, to their friend Mr. Charles Dilly:

"My cordial Friend, still prompt to lend
Your cash when I have need on 't;
We both must bear our load of care—
At least we talk and read on 't.

Yet are we gay in ev'ry way,
Not minding where the joke lie;
On Saturday at bowls we play,
At Camberwell with COAKLEY.

Methinks you laugh to hear but half,
The name of Dr. LETTSOM:
From him of good—talk, liquors, food,—
His guests will always get some.

And guests has he, in ev'ry degree,
Of decent estimation;
His liberal mind holds all mankind
As an extended Nation.

O'er LETTSOM's cheer we 've met a Peer,—
A Peer—no less than LANSDOWN!
Of whom each dull and envious skull
Absurdly cries—The Man 's down.

Down do they say? How then, I pray,—
His King and Country prize him!
Through the whole World known, his Peace alone
Is sure t' immortalize him.

LETTSOM we view a *Quaker* true,
'Tis clear he 's so in one sense:
His *Spirit*, strong, and ever young,
Refutes pert PRIESTLEY's nonsense.

In Fossils he is deep, we see,
Nor knows Beasts, Fishes, Birds ill:
With Plants not few, some from Pelew,
And wondrous *Mangel Wurzel!*

West India bred, warm heart, cool head,
The City's first Physician:
By schemes *humane*,—Want, Sickness, Pain,
To aid is his ambition.

From terrace high he feasts his eye,
When practice grants a furlough;
And, while it roves o'er Dulwich groves,
Looks down — ev'n upon THURLOW *."

A train of adverse circumstances, originating in the prodigality of his benevolence, obliged Dr. Lettsom to part with his delightful mansion. A great portion of his library and museum was accordingly disposed of at the time, as his town residence was not of sufficient size to receive them. At the time of his decease, his library consisted of upwards of 12,000 volumes, among which were 500 volumes of curious tracts, collected by the Doctor. They are now placed in the British Museum.

Mr. Charles Dilly, mentioned above, died in 1807, and left Dr. Lettsom a legacy of £.500. A short time prior to the decease of Dr. Lettsom, the Lord Chancellor decreed a very considerable pro-

* Lord Chancellor Thurlow then resided at Dulwich.

perty in Tortola to him and his grandson. This property, which is supposed to amount to several thousands *per annum*, belonged to the wife of his son Pickering Lettsom, and was bequeathed by her to the Doctor and his grandson. At the time of her death, there were not less than 1000 slaves on the estate. Nearly at the same time, his old friend and correspondent Dr. Anthony Fothergill, died, leaving Dr. Lettsom one of his executors. In this will Dr. A. Fothergill (who, though acquainted with, was not any relation of, the celebrated Dr. John Fothergill,) appropriates £.1000 to Dr. Lettsom, for the publication of his Manuscripts, the result of many years of patient attention, diligent inquiry, and extensive reading. This task he did not live to perform; nor did he survive sufficiently long to receive the benefits of the property in the West Indies, which would have restored to him his former prosperity, and have enabled him not only to increase his support of those charities he continued to foster, though not to the same extent as he had formerly done, when in affluent circumstances; but to have selected new objects for his generous bounty.

Dr. Lettsom has observed, that, "when a man hath distinguished himself by extraordinary efforts of genius, and gained the summit of popular fame, one naturally wishes to be acquainted, not only with the most interesting circumstances of his life and character, but even those which may be trifling in themselves, and which by no means would bear to be recorded, did they refer to persons of little

fame: yet, when connected with a character that hath excited our admiration, or with works that we have contemplated with delight, they derive a kind of adventitious consequence from their relation, and are sought after with more avidity than greater matters of lesser men."* An accordance with this opinion induces the writer of this Memoir, to occupy a few lines with a description of the person and habits of Dr. Lettsom. He was of a tall, delicate, extenuated structure; his face was very strongly furrowed †, and his skin was of a dark yellow tint.

He was remarkably neat in his dress, which was uniformly the same, and constructed after the manner (though not with the utmost precision) of the Religious Society to which he belonged. He was astonishingly active, even until the commencement of his last illness. He usually walked to attend a portion of his patients for two or three hours in the morning, after which, he would take his carriage to visit the remainder. He enjoyed a general good state of health, though subject to a cough in the winter months, for which he usually bled and applied a blister, but he never confined himself on this account. His temperate habits conduced to the enjoyment of health. He seldom exceeded taking more than three or four glasses of wine after dinner, which meal he usually ate with a keen appe-

* Life of Dr. Fothergill, p. 188.

† Of his expression of countenance, the reader will entertain a more correct idea from the engraving which accompanies this Memoir, than from any verbal description.

tite. Coffee was his favourite beverage; which, as he was accustomed to sit up frequently, during half the night, to answer his numerous correspondents, and pursue his literary engagements, very much refreshed him. Before going to rest, he uniformly bathed his limbs in cold water, and, in the morning, aspersed the whole of his body with the same. To this practice he attributed the excellent state of health he possessed. The equable temper he preserved, no doubt, contributed materially to this desirable end: for his own benevolent heart impelled him to construe with indulgence the actions of others, however unfavourable they might appear: for he was never known to speak ill, even of his most inveterate enemies. He was the uniform pacificator of all differences among his friends, which came to his knowledge, and he very rarely failed in effecting an adjustment of them. His friendship, as might be expected, corresponded with the rest of his disposition and character: for, although he was not *scrupulously* tardy in forming attachments, experience, unfortunately, had taught him the fallacy of confiding too hastily on meretricious appearances; but, when once assured of the correctness of his judgment, he proved a firm and undeviating friend. His conversation was very sprightly, and enlivened with a variety of curious anecdotes. So perfectly could he adapt himself to the habits of all kinds of society, that he was as fit a companion for the young, as for the aged; and each received the benefit of his instructive remarks, while the smile of

benignity beamed upon his countenance, and the warm stream of benevolence played round his heart.

By the death of this amiable man, the poor have been deprived of one of their best friends and most powerful advocates — the lovers of science and literature have lost a laborious and an useful coadjutor — one of the liberal professions an ingenious and faithful associate — and the community at large, a valuable member and beloved fellow-citizen.

NOTES.

NOTE [A] Page 12.

Major John Pickering was a Correspondent of the late Dr. Fothergill, in the Memoirs of whose Life, Dr. Lettsom has inserted the following affectionate tribute:

"He was in early life brought up to a mechanical employment, but, by strength of genius, and dint of self-exertion, he acquired a competent knowledge of English, and an extensive acquaintance with Mathematics. By industry he became possessed of a large tract of uncultivated land, and, by perseverance, he covered it with Canes and Cotton, and gradually rose to be one of the wealthiest Planters in the West Indies. He was, about his fortieth year, made Governor of the Island of Tortola, and held the rank of Major in the Insular Militia. At length he publicly professed the religious principles of the *Quakers*, and relinquished all his civil and military honours and employments. He afterwards rarely attended the Courts of Judicature, unless he thought

some poor person, some orphan, or widow, was oppressed by some more powerful neighbour; when he voluntarily attended and publicly pleaded the cause of the weak, if he deemed them oppressed; and his justice and weight were such as generally preponderated.

"I frequently accompanied him to his Plantations; through which as he passed, his numerous Negroes saluted him in a loud chorus or song, which they continued as long as he remained in sight. I was also a melancholy witness of their attachment to him after his death: he expired suddenly, and when few of his friends were near him. I remember I had hold of his hand when this fatal period arrived; but he had scarcely expired his last breath, before it was known to his slaves, and instantly about five hundred of them surrounded his house, and insisted upon seeing their master. With this they commenced a dismal and mournful yell, which was communicated from one Plantation to another, till the whole Island was in agitation, and crowds of negroes were accumulating around us. Distressed as I was with the loss of my relation and friend, I could not be insensible to the danger of a general insurrection: or, if they entered the house, which was constructed of wood, and mounted into his chamber, there was danger of its falling by their weight, and crushing us in its ruins. In this dilemma, I had resolution enough to secure the doors, and thereby prevent sudden intrusion. After these precautions, I addressed them through a window, assuring them, that if they would enter the house in companies only of twelve at a time, they should all be admitted to see their deceased master; and that the same lenient treatment of them should still be continued. To this they assented, and, in a few hours, quiet was restored. But it affected me to

see with what silent, sullen, fixed melancholy, they departed from the remains of this venerable man. He died in 1768, aged about 60 years."

Note [B], Page 18.

To take impressions of Plants on paper, to resemble drawings: take some Printer's ink, and a pair of Printer's balls; such as are used for laying the ink on types. After rubbing them with a little of the ink, lay the plant between them, and press them so as to give the plant sufficient colour. Then remove it, and lay it on a sheet of paper, and give it a little pressure, in order to convey the impression of the plant to the paper, which may be afterwards coloured according to nature. A piece of paper should be placed between the plant and the hand, to prevent the latter from being dirtied by the ink.

Note [C], p. 27.

The following are Extracts from Dr. Lettsom's Journal of a Voyage from Liverpool to Tortola, in the Brig Alice, Captain James Fazakerley, in the year 1767. The progress and course of the Ship, as well as the Latitude and Longitude of the place, are printed in the two first only, as specimens of the precise manner in which he kept his Journal. It cannot prove interesting in any other point of view, and is, therefore, omitted in the succeeding Extracts.

Hours.	Knots.	Courses.	Winds.	Daily Remarks in the Brig Alice, from Liverpool to Tortola.
2	2½	N. W. by W.	S. W. by S.	*Fourth Day*, 10 *mo.* 21, 1767.
4	2½	N. W.	W. S. W.	Fresh Breezes, and a considerable Swell from the Westward. At 8 P. M. tacked to the Southward; at 4 A. M. tacked to the North-Westward. My sickness, &c. continues, but I could not complain, when others about me afforded the same pitiable scene; for our poultry sickened, hung their heads, drooped their wings, and shewed every symptom of approaching dissolution. The worst diseased we killed, to save them from dying. N. B. It is hoped bulls without horns will be excused, as we left Ireland so lately. I think it very cruel that Doctors should be sick.
6	3	N. W. by W.	S. W. by S.	
8	1½	N. W. by N.	W. by S.	
10	2	South.	W. S. W.	
12	1½	.....	.....	
2	3	S. S. E. ½ E.	S. W. ½ S.	
4	3	S. E. by S.	S. W. by S.	
6	2½	W. by N.	.....	
8	3	.....	.....	
10	.....	.....	.....	
12	.....	.....	.....	

Course.	Dist.	Diff. Lat.	Dep.	Lat. in.	M.D.	Diff. Long.	Long. in.	Variation.
N. W. 6 W.	23.	.....	.....	47.40	49	.....	10.0	.....

Hours.	Knots.	Courses.	Winds.	Daily Remarks in the Brig Alice, from Liverpool to Tortola.
2	1½	W. by S.	S. by W.	*Sixth Day*, 10 *mo.* 23, 1767.
4	1½	.....	.....	The first part rain. At 1 P. M. saw a large Ship steering to the
6	1½	.....	.....	Eastward. At 6 A. M. set maintop-mast stay-sail and jibb. A con-
8	1½	W. by S. ½ S.	S. ½ W.	stant swell from the Westward.
10	2	W. by S.	S. by W.	Envy, I think, has been represented as a worse crime than it really
12	2	.....	.....	is. When I saw this large ship in full sail before the wind, I felt the
2	1	.....	.....	effects of envy. Pray tell me, ye most rigid, was it a crime in our
4	1	.....	.....	unhappy situation ? but first feel yourself sick, vomiting, half dead,
6	1½	West.	S. S. W.	before you pass a verdict. Pope makes a fine distinction :
8	2½	W. by N.	S. W. by S.	"Envy, to which th' ignoble mind 's a slave,
10	3	W. N. W.	S. W.	Is emulation in the learn'd or brave."
12	3	N. W. by W.	W. S. W.	

Course.	Dist.	Diff. Lat.	Dep.	Lat. in.	M.D.	Diff.Long.	Long. in.	Variation.
S. W. ½ W.	69	44	53	47.18.	156	71	12.24	.....

Second Day, 10 *mo.* 26, 1767.

Continues blowing fresh, with a great swell from the W. S. W. At 9 P. M. hauled down fore and main stay-sail, under close-reefed main and fore-sails. At 7 A. M. lay-to, under the main-sail; at 9 wore ship, veering to W. N. W.; at meridian set whole.

Hard fate, indeed, my poor stomach! I will not despair.

Why droops this heart, with fancied woes forlorn?
Why sinks my soul beneath the stormy sky?
What pensive crowds, by ceaseless labours worn,
What myriads wish to be as bless'd as I!
See the poor natives quit the Guinea shores;
No future hope their dying peace restores.

Second Day, 11 *mo.* 2, 1767.

During these 24 hours have had moderate weather. At 3 P.M. out one reef in each. At 5 A. M. out with the reefs of both top-sails and mainsail, and set the jibb. Clear weather and smooth water.

Methinks the state of Man is not unlike that of a Fish, hooked by an angler. Death allows us a little line: we flounce and sport, and vary our situation; but, when we would extend our schemes, we discover our confinement, checked and limited by a superior hand, who drags us from our element whensoever he pleases.

Third Day, 11 *mo.* 3, 1767.

For the most part of this 24 hours light winds and sultry weather. At 4 P. M. tacked, saw a ship steering to the East.

Westward. At 6 single reefed each top-sail; at 6 A. M. out with ditto; cloudy weather; the evening fine, and the firmament starry.

Wide round the spacious heav'n I cast my eyes,
And shall these stars glow with immortal fire?
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies?
And can the bright, the living soul expire?

Second Day, 11 *mo.* 9, 1767.

A fine calm day, warm and pleasant, and after my sea-sickness was frequently engaged in thankful reverie.

'T was where the sea, far from the haunt of man,
Spread its blue bosom to the evening ray,
All soft and sweetly silent; my deep thought
Had led me fore and aft the quarter-deck;
In that calm hour, to meditation due,
Flow'd on the soul spontaneous; as the breeze
On the smooth current of some limpid rill,
Steals o'er the ruffled wave; retir'd in mind,
Musing I walk'd, and in sweet vision view'd
Tortola and Joes Vandyke, my native Isle.

Seventh Day, 11 *mo.* 14, 1767.

A pleasant gale, and clear weather; all sails set. The crew began to make ropes.

Blow, prosperous breezes, swiftly sail, Brig Alice;
Swift sail'd the Alice, and happy breezes blew;
May no more seas or calms retard thy way.
Glad Eurus whistles; laugh the sportive crew;
The Boatswain hastes to splice and mend his sails,

And all the crew to make new ropes prepare;
Untwist old cables; each spun yarn select,
Quoil after quoil they spin, to catch the gale
They studden-sails and driver hoist, and last,
The water-sail now tips the white horse wave.

Third Day, 12 *mo.* 1, 1767.

Very cloudy. At 11 A. M. buried one of the foremast men, who died of an inflammatory fever, the blood and symptoms indicating no signs of putrefaction.

At 12, in joibing the main-sail, Jolly, the Chief-mate, fell overboard, but, he being a good swimmer, the vessel was hove to, the cable hoisted out, and he brought safe on board, with some injury of his hand only. The hen-coop was first thrown overboard to his relief, which he got hold of, but his weight made it turn round so that no dependence could be made upon it, but in time it alone would have drowned him. It should always be a rule to fasten a rope to the coop, &c. by which means the person overboard might be towed in.

NOTE [D], page 28.

Speaking of the cultivation of the Sugar-cane upon the Continent of Africa, suggested by Dr. Fothergill, as a means of abolishing Slavery, by employing the Natives as servants for hire, and not as Slaves, compelled to labour by the dread of torture, Dr. Lettsom humanely observes:

"On a subject so very interesting, let it not be thought ostentatious, if I take the liberty of communicating the sentiments I could not avoid feeling in my own case, and the conduct

which, as their natural and necessary consequence, they no less irresistibly produced. It is an instance given, not to support a claim to peculiar merit, but merely to shew what every one, whose heart is not hardened by acts of oppression, nor actuated by the love of money, must be disposed to feel, think, and act, in a similar situation.

"The repeated proofs of fidelity and love which I received from my own people, gave me at length so settled a confidence in their integrity, that, without the least apprehension of danger, I have frequently found that I had left not only my liberty, but my life, entirely at their disposal. The beneficence of the powerful, and the gratitude of the dependant, form an union of interests that never fails to heighten mutual regard; my own happiness became at length so closely connected with the happiness of my negroes, that I could no longer withhold from them the natural privilege of freedom, which Heaven had conferred upon me; I therefore delivered them from bondage, and thus restored them to the character of beings, into whom the Author of Nature and Giver of all Good, has breathed the breath of life."

Life of Dr. Fothergill, note p. 71.

NOTE [E], page 30.

Jacques Barbeu Dubourg, Professor of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris; Member of the Royal Society of Sciences of Montpellier, of the Medical Society of London, and of the Royal Medical Society of Paris; of the Academy of Sciences of Stockholm, and of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia; was born at Mayenne, on the 15th of February 1709, at which place he received the rudiments of his education. At 15 years of age he had so far completed his education, as to resolve upon that plan of life which seemed destined for his future attachment and

cultivation. He devoted himself to the Church, and in the pursuit of theological information, he is said to have acquired so critical a knowledge of the Hebrew language, as to have been frequently consulted in the interpretation of the most difficult passages. At the arrival of the period at which he was to assume the sacerdotal office, he abandoned the choice he had previously made, and resolved upon the cultivation of literature in general. In the year 1748 he was admitted a Member of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. His Theses were

1. Daturne etiam vitalium organorum somnus? aff. 1746.
2. Utrùm anni climacterici cæteris periculosiores? neg. 1747.
3. An Variolarum morbus absque eruptione? aff. 1747.
4. An Trachæotomiæ nunc Scalpellum, nunc trigonus mucro? aff. 1748.

Dr. Dubourg was one of the most intimate associates of the celebrated Franklin, an edition of whose valuable works he published in French. Dr. Lettsom was introduced to Dr. Dubourg by a letter from Franklin, part of which is published in the second volume of Franklin's Works, and is the first instance of Dr. Lettsom's name appearing in print*. Dr. Dubourg was the first Corresponding Member elected into the Medical Society of London. He died on the 13th of December, 1779, in the 71st year of his age.

Besides the Theses before mentioned, he published the following works, which remain as testimonials of the erudition he possessed, and the application he bestowed to literature and science.

1. Lettre, &c. à l'Abbé Desfontaines, au sujet de la Maitrisèès-arts, 12mo. 1743.
2. Deux Lettres à une Dame au sujet d'une Expérience de Chirurgie faite à la Charité, le 22 Juin, 1744, 8vo.

* See page 31.

3. Lettres sur l'Histoire, traduites de Bolingbroke, 2 tom. 12mo. 1752. *

4. Recherches sur la durée de la Grossesse, et le terme de l'Accouchement, Amstel. 1765.

5. La Botaniste François, comprenant toutes les Plantes communes et usuelles, disposées suivant une nouvelle méthode et décrites en langage vulgaire, 2 tom. 12mo. 1767. †

6. Petit code de la Raison Humaine, ou Exposition succincte de ce que la Raison dicte à tous les Hommes, &c. 1773.

7. Œuvres de M. Franklin.

Besides these, he published 35 Chronological Tables, which placed together, and rolled upon two cylinders, imitated the revolution of centuries, and composed a *Chronological* Table, extending to the year 1753, when our author wrote. He also conducted for three years, a Medical Journal, entitled "Gazette d'Epidaure, ou Recueil Hebdomadaire des Nouvelles de Médecine," &c. Paris, 1761-3, 8vo. 4 tom.

Vide L'Histoire de la Société Royale de Médecine, tom. 2, and Memoirs of the Medical Society of London, vol. I.

NOTE [F], page 49.

EPITAPH ON JOHN MIERS LETTSOM, M. D.

By the Rev. THOMAS MAURICE, M. A.

On virtuous LETTSOM, in his manly bloom,
Resistless, death's eternal shades descend;
While kindred love and friendship round his tomb,
In speechless agony distracted bend.

* Dr. Dubourg had the happiness to enjoy the friendship of the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke.

† This work he dedicated to his wife.

Ah! what avails above the vulgar throng,
To rise in genius, or in worth to soar;
Impetuous rolls the stream of time along,
The bubble bursts, and life's gay dream is o'er.

In every stage of varying life approv'd,
And still of toiling want the stedfast friend,
He pass'd his *transient day*—admir'd—belov'd;
ALL prais'd him living—ALL bemoan his end.

From Heaven's high throne the Almighty Sire look'd down,
Well pleas'd to view such worth *below the skies*;
He saw him ripe for an immortal crown,
And bade his soul quit *Earth* for PARADISE.

NOTE [G], page 60.

The names of the Thirty-two Gentlemen, who, with Dr. Hawes and Dr. Cogan, laid the foundation of the Royal Humane Society, in 1774, deserve to be recorded. The following is a correct list of them:

Mr. Armiger.
Rev. Mr. Bouillier.
Fred. Bull, Esq. and Alderm.
Dr. William Cooper.
Mr. Delver.
Mr. Denham.
Mr. William Fox.
Dr. Oliver Goldsmith.
Rev. Richard Harrison.
Mr. Benjamin Hawes.
Dr. Heberden.
James Horsfall, Esq. F. R. S.
Mr. John Jacob.
Mr. Joseph Jacob.
Rev. Dr. Jeffries.
Dr. Kooystra.
J. C. Lettsom, M. D. F. R. S.
Robert Palmer, Esq.
Mr. Patten.
Mr. Michael Pearson.
Mr. Phipps.
Samuel Prime, Esq.

Mr. John Bewley Rich.	Dr. William Townsend.
Rev. Mr. Sowden.	Rev. Mr. Van Effen.
Thomas Tower, Esq.	Mr. Warrand.
Rev. Dr. Towers.	Dr. Watkinson.
William Towgood, Esq.	Mr. Wright.

NOTE [H], page 88.

"The walls of the garden (Dr. Fothergill's) enclosed about five acres of land; a winding canal, in the figure of a crescent, nearly formed it into two divisions, and opened occasionally on the sight, through the branches of rare and exotic shrubs, that lined the walls on its banks. In the midst of Winter, when the earth was covered with snow, evergreens were clothed in full verdure. Without exposure to the open air, a glass door from the mansion-house, gave entrance into a suite of hot and green-house apartments of nearly 260 feet extent, containing upwards of 3,400 distinct species of exotics, whose foliage wore a perpetual verdure, and formed a beautiful and striking contrast to the shrivelled natives of colder regions: and, in the open ground, with the returning Summer, above 3000 distinct species of plants and shrubs vied in verdure with the natives of *Asia* and *Africa*. It was in this spot that a perpetual Spring was realized; where the elegant proprietor sometimes retired for a few hours to contemplate the vegetable productions of the four quarters of the globe, enclosed within his domain; where the sphere seemed transposed, and the Arctic circle joined to the Equator."

Life of Fothergill, page 37.

Note [1], page 88.

The President of the Royal Society, who is acquainted with every garden of importance in this country, speaks thus of Dr. Fothergill's:

"At an expense seldom undertaken by an individual, and with an ardour that was visible in the whole of his conduct, he procured from all parts of the world a great number of the rarest plants, and protected them in the amplest buildings which this or any other country has seen. He liberally proposed rewards to those whose circumstances and situations in life gave them opportunities of bringing hither plants which might be ornamental, and probably useful to this country, or her colonies; and as liberally paid those rewards to all that served him. If the troubles of war had permitted, we should have had the *Cortex Winteranus*, &c. &c. introduced by his means into this country; and also the Bread Fruit, Mangosteen, &c. into the *West Indies*. For each of these, and many others, he had fixed a proper premium. In conjunction with the Earl of Tankerville, Dr. Pitcairn, and myself, he sent over a person to *Africa*, who is still employed upon the coast of that country, for the purpose of collecting plants and specimens.

"Those whose gratitude for restored health prompted them to do what was acceptable to their benefactor, were always informed by him that presents of rare plants chiefly attracted his attention, and would be more acceptable to him than the most generous fees. How many unhappy men, enervated by the effects of hot climates, where their connections had placed them, found health on their return home at that cheap purchase!

"What an infinite number of plants he obtained by these means, the large collection of drawings he left behind will amply testify; and that they were equalled by nothing but royal munificence, at this time largely bestowed upon the Botánic Gardens at *Kew*. In my opinion, no other garden in *Europe*, royal, or of a subject, had nearly so many scarce and valuable plants.

"That science might not suffer a loss, when a plant he had cultivated should die, he liberally paid the best artist the country afforded, to draw the new ones as they came to perfection; and so numerous were they at last, that he found it necessary to employ more artists than one, in order to keep pace with their increase. His garden was known all over *Europe*, and foreigners of all ranks asked, when they came hither, permission to see it; of which Dr. Solander and myself are sufficient witnesses, from the many applications that have been made through us for that permission." *Sir Joseph Banks's Note in Dr. Thompson's Memoirs of Dr. Fothergill*, p. 37.

NOTE [K], page 89.

"There is a condition of people, whose distresses are much greater than are generally imagined, and whose patience under suffering makes them less conspicuous, though no less deserving of protection than the importunate poor. They have known better days, and consequently feel more poignantly the reverse of their condition; their reluctancy in complaining, often reduces them very low in health and spirits before they are discovered, and thereby disease is accumulated upon want. From the retreats of anxiety flow an infinitude of bodily distresses: of this he was tenderly sensible; and while this modest indigence interested his sympathy, it had access to his bounty in such a

manner as was most likely to blunt the acuteness of distress; for obligations are felt more gratefully from the manner in which they are conferred, than from their magnitude. To preclude the necessity of acknowledgment in such minds, he endeavoured to suggest some motive for his bounty, that might afford the receiver the merit of a claimant, and the liberal donor that of discharging a debt: after prescribing for such individuals, he remembered that there is such a complaint as hunger in the catalogue of human miseries, and not unfrequently conferred his bounty under the pretence of defraying the expence of their medicine; for that charity which is not exercised to make usury of fame, silently diffuses the oil of gladness over the troubled commotions of the heart, and enjoys the private retreat of unmixed happiness.

"One instance, among numbers, I am urged to communicate here, as death now equally precludes the power of bestowing, and the gratitude of acknowledging future bounties: Captain Carver is a name known in the annals of misery, to which he was reduced by long-continued want; disease, its natural consequence, gave him access to Dr. Fothergill; and I am informed by his widow, that as often as he applied for medical relief, the Doctor as often accompanied his prescription with a liberal donation. But Captain Carver was not an importunate solicitor; the mind not hardened by familiarity of refusal, or that hath not acquired, by frequent struggles, the act of suppressing its emotions, possesses that diffidence which is the inseparable associate of worth. Between diffidence and want, many were the struggles of Captain Carver; but, overcome at length by repeated acts of the Doctor's generosity, a jealous suspicion of becoming troublesome to his benefactor, determined him to

prefer that want, from the deprivation of the necessaries of life, which put it out of the power of his choice; for death soon triumphs over famine.—What a conflict of sullen greatness does this tragedy exhibit! When his fate was communicated to the Doctor, how tender was his expression! "If I had known his distress, he should not thus have died!"

"The King has since graciously condescended to allow the widow Carver an annuity. The unfortunate husband was only known to me on his death-bed. In the early stages of his disease he was able to wait upon Dr. Fothergill; but in the progress of it, being confined to his bed, the Doctor requested me to visit the Captain at his lodgings; and my first interview was within three days of his decease. It was after his funeral that I felt myself more immediately interested in the succour of the widow and orphans. As the Captain died pennyless, he was buried, to avoid expence, in the poor's ground, a part of the church-yard usually appropriated to the abject poor. When I reflected upon the utility of his Travels, I considered him as a public loss, and his offspring as the children of the public; and I presented the widow with a few pounds, to clothe and feed herself and children: but the money thus designed to satisfy her hunger, she employed otherwise: she had the corpse of her husband taken out of the poor's ground, and buried in ground containing the ashes of higher company; and over it she raised a decent monument to his memory. His Travels, however, will prove a more durable monument than stone; and though the dust with which we are mixed, avails not to the living or to the dead, yet I was sensibly touched with this instance of posthumous affection, and have since endeavoured to mitigate the miseries of a mind endowed with such tender sensibilities."

Life of Fothergill, p. 81, et seqq.

NOTE [L] Page 101.

" Cabinet of Ores and other Minerals, in the University of Cambridge, in New-England.

" About two years ago, Dr. LETTSOM, of London, sent a rich and extensive collection of *Minerals*, as a present to our University. Since that period, the worthy Doctor has added considerably to his first donation, so that the whole amounts to more than *seven hundred* articles. A hundred fine specimens from the Spanish mines have just arrived from the same gentleman.—Here are several specimens of *gold ore*, a great variety of *silver*, a still greater of *copper, iron, tin, lead, zinc, antimony, arsenic, bismuth, cobalt, nickel, manganese;* not to mention innumerable *spars, fluors, chrystallizations, petrifactions, salts,* and *saline earths;* with mixtures and combinations of each, forming a very useful and splendid collection. These Minerals were collected from Mexico, different parts of Germany, from Transylvania, Hungary, and Poland, as well as from Turkey, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Great-Britain, Ireland, Italy, and elsewhere.

" In the course of the last year, the Council of Safety, or Supreme Executive of the Republic of France, sensible of the great benefit which the study of Mineralogy would entail on their Allies the Americans, directed the Agents of their mines and public works to transmit to our University a well-assorted collection of Minerals, chiefly natives of their own territories. The number of the articles sent amounts to nearly *two hundred,* and are in general very large and valuable.

" They were entrusted to the particular care of Citizen

MOZARD, Consul from the Republic, to New-England, now resident at Boston, to whose attention and politeness in this commission, we find ourselves very much indebted. These, with the *Lettsomian* donation, form by far the richest and most extensive collection of Minerals in the United States.

"Both the English and French collection happened to be more deficient in Italian *marbles*, and *volcanic lavas*, than in almost any other fossil, which deficiency has been generously supplied by the Hon. Mr. BOWDOIN, who has presented the Cabinet with an *hundred and fifty* specimens of those two productions.

"This rich collection is now arranged in an elegant mahogany Cabinet, eighteen feet long and from ten to twelve high, placed in the Philosophy-Chamber, at Cambridge, for the inspection of the curious. As the front is glazed, the specimens can be easily seen by the ordinary visitants. But the curious in this science can at any time have a nearer access to them, by applying to the subscriber, to whose care they are entrusted by the Corporation.

"These Minerals are arranged (with but very few exceptions) in systematic order: Each article is numbered, which numbers answer to those of a descriptive catalogue, which has been carefully made out for public inspection; for besides the name of the Mineral and the place it came from, the opposite page contains definitions and explanatory notes; an addition not wholly superfluous in a region where the science of Mineralogy is but in its infancy. To advance the means of studying this useful branch to advantage, the Corporation have ordered an *assaying apparatus*, to assay such specimens as may be collected from different parts of our own country.

"The importance of studying the Mineral Kingdom has been felt and acknowledged by all Europe. In Sweden and Germany,

Mineralogy is considered as a branch worthy the attention of the Government. They have Colleges in which it is regularly taught; it forms a distinct and honourable profession, like that of the soldier, the merchant, or the barrister. Its superior officers make a part of the administration of the State. This example has been followed by the French, Russians, and Spaniards. * The French have erected a Mineralogical School at Paris, to which a considerable pension is annexed. Subterraneous Maps of the whole Kingdom were tracing before the Revolution, and have been continued with great care under the Republic, and *journals of the public mines, foundries, forges, and manufactories of steel,* &c. have been regularly transmitted to our University. How happy should we be, could we gratify them with similar returns from this country!

"Being so far helped to the means of studying Ores and other Minerals to advantage, by our friends in France and England, it would be unpardonable to neglect collecting specimens *among ourselves.* We have reason to believe that our country abounds in Ores, and other valuable Minerals; and that we have treasures now hid in the earth for want of persons properly instructed to draw them forth. Is it not to be regretted that these recesses of wealth have not yet been entered, and that we at this day remain dependent on foreign nations for riches that lie under our feet †?

"The benevolent THOMAS HOLLIS, of London ‡, wrote in the blank leaf of a book on Mineralogy, which he sent to the College

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* Preface to KIRWAN's Mineralogy.

† Rich *Tin Ore* has been lately found within ten miles of Boston, and *Copper* within forty.

‡ The greatest benefactor of Harvard College.

in 1768, the following advice—"A Professorship of Chemistry and Mineralogy, to be instituted in Harvard College, which alone would, it is apprehended, bestow wealth on New-England, with *maintenance of its industry*, cannot be too much recommended to the gentlemen there, as individuals and legislators."

"It is therefore requested that every well-wisher to the prosperity of his country, who finds any mineral production beyond the appearance of a common stone, would be so kind as to transmit it to the Cabinet at Cambridge, where, if valuable, it will be preserved with the donor's name.

B. WATERHOUSE,
Cambridge, May 17, 1796. *Keeper of the Cabinet.*"

The following is an Extract from an American Newspaper:

NATURAL HISTORY.

"The worthy DR. LETTSOM, still attentive to the great object of promoting Natural History among us, especially Mineralogy, has sent by the last ship from London, an hundred more fine specimens of Ores from the Spanish mines, for the Cabinet at Cambridge. Although this Cabinet does not contain the *diamond, ruby, hyacinth, topaz, chrysolite, emerald, beryl, sapphire, amethyst, opal,* or *tourmalin,* which are but factitious wealth, the mere playthings of Princes, it nevertheless contains the more useful productions of nature; and excepting what are called the *precious stones,* there are very few substances yet discovered in the Mineral kingdom but what may be found in the Cabinet of Minerals at Cambridge.

"It is very pleasing to the curious traveller to see at one view a collection of the Animals inhabiting the country he visits. The recent art of preserving birds and beasts owes its origin to this curiosity; and in order to excite us Americans to preserve our birds and beasts, for the gratification of naturalists, DR. LETTSOM

has sent to the Museum at Cambridge between twenty and thirty samples of birds and small quadrupeds, so nicely preserved as to emulate the life. These objects, while they delight the eye, instruct the American Naturalist to do so likewise.

NOTE [M], Page 131.

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

Addressed to the Loyal Camberwell Volunteers, on occasion of a Ball and Concert — given in Aid of the Patriotic Fund.

How dreary is the gulph, how dark, how void
The trackless shores that never were repass'd!
Dread separation! on the depth untried,
Hope faulters, and the mind recoils aghast!

Wide round the spacious Heav'n we cast our eyes,
And shall those stars glow with immortal fire?
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies,
And could brave NELSON'S brilliant Soul expire?
Far be the thought —

The joys most intellectual and sublime,
The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
The tow'ring wish that scorns the bounds of time,
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here.

So plant the vine on some bleak wintry land,
The tender stranger feebly buds and dies:
Yet there 's a clime where Virtue shall expand
With godlike strength beneath her native skies.

The lonely Shepherd, on the mountain's side,
With patience waits the rosy op'ning day;
The Mariner, at midnight's darksome tide,
With ardent hope expects the morning ray.

Thus we, on life's storm-beaten ocean toss'd,
In mental vision view the happy shore,
Where NELSON's shade points to the peaceful coast,
And deathless names from bliss shall part no more.

A WOLFE—an ABERCROMBIE, here reclin'd,
Whose glorious deaths a grateful Country claim;
And patriot heroes, who their lives resign'd
To serve their King, and raise the British name.

Immortal Chiefs, long fam'd in martial song,
For valorous feats atchieved in times long pass'd;
With greater deeds, as ages roll along,
Make Britons' fame to latest periods last.

True patriot zeal inspires the VOLUNTEER
To guard his Monarch, and the laws defend;
Protect his Wife — his Children — all that's dear,
And be the Seaman's and the Soldier's friend.

Whilst floods of grief flow o'er the HERO's bier,
Humanity, with sympathetic care,
Owns his ASSOCIATES in their humble sphere,
And dries their Widows' and their Orphans' tear.

JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM.

NOTE [N], Page 146.

"We are not met under circumstances of unmingled pleasure. Upon this bright day, so eagerly anticipated, a dark and unexpected cloud has arisen. Our benevolent and revered President, has been taken from our head, before this hour, so earnestly desired by him, arrived. His assiduity in the discharge of the important duties devolved upon him by this Society; his

urbanity, gentleness, consideration, and patience, manifested on every occasion; his love of science, and his able contributions to the object of our pursuit, must alone have endeared him peculiarly to an institution at the head of which he stood, as they rendered him an ornament to every one of those public bodies (and they were numerous) with which he stood connected. But when we add to these that paternal regard which he constantly bore to this Society—when we consider that it was the child of his old age—of his fondest hopes—and unceasing anxieties—that he identified its interests with his own, and associated it with his highest enjoyments—our loss is irreparable."

Rev. Dr. Collyer's Oration, p. 31.

Note [O], Page 146.

"It is with a deep sense of the loss which the public has sustained, that we notice the death of another Treasurer to the Royal Humane Society. We cannot indeed refrain from expressing those sentiments of respect and those feelings of gratitude, with which we revere the memory of this exalted character. The unremitting and beneficial labours of Dr. Lettsom, in the improvement of medicine, and its auxiliary branches, will be universally acknowledged; and that, unhappily, he was not permitted to prosecute and accomplish the various and important objects of his anxious desire and ardent expectation, whilst it attests the instability of all temporal wishes and views, will remain a source of painful regret to the friends of humanity and science. Attached to the best interests of his distressed fellow-creatures, he embraced, during a long protracted life, every opportunity of preventing, alleviating, and removing their sufferings; whilst

at the same time, with singular sagacity and unwearied zeal, he exerted the powers of his vigorous and cultivated mind, in extending the useful views of his profession, and rendering its practice more certainly efficacious. Such philanthropy, judgment, and assiduity, displayed in the noblest cause of humanity, and producing the most beneficial effects, justly entitle him to the veneration and esteem of mankind."

Annual Report of the Whitehaven Dispensary for 1815, *p.* 7.

Note [P], page 156.

The following Extracts from Dr. Lettsom's Diary in the year 1815, will give the reader an idea of the method he pursued to acquire and retain information:

"January 1815. Nothing particularly engaged my attention out of the usual routine of professional engagements, till the 9th, when I voted on account of the 80 candidates for admission into the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. However gratifying it might be to witness the admission of 24 candidates, I felt a melancholy regret to know, that all the other 56 unhappy objects would be rejected. This Society, or Associaton of Subscribers, has so rapidly increased, as to afford hopes, that the finances may be so far augmented, as to include all the candidates, and lessen that misery which is a physical misfortune, neither arising from any vice of the parents, nor misconduct of their offspring."

"May 17. Passing on foot through St. Bartholomew-close, I was requested to see a boy of wonderful Arithmetical calculation, at No. 4, with his Uncle Mr. Crook. His name George Bidder, eight years and ten months old. I was requested to put any questions of figures I pleased, and I proposed the following:

"1. Supposing the National debt to amount to 1170 millions of pounds sterling; and that the whole were to be counted in shillings; that a man could count 100 shillings in a minute, and go on that rate for twelve hours every day till he had counted the whole. In what length of time could he do it?—This he said was a question he could not comprehend; but it would require 888 years, 294 days, and 12 hours.

"2. The whole of this debt being 23,400 millions of shillings, and as 62 shillings make a Troy pound, what is the weight of the whole?—This likewise he said he could not understand; the product, however, is 176,419,356.

"3. As the breadth of a shilling is one inch, and as an acre of ground contains 43,560 square feet, or 6,272,640 square inches; how much ground would it require to lay the whole National debt upon in shillings, close to one another's edges?—This he said he could not well understand; but the answer would be 3,730 acres and a half.

"4. Supposing a man could carry 100 pounds weight from London to York; how many men could carry the whole?—This likewise he could not comprehend; but the result is 3,774,192 men.

"5. Supposing all these men were to go in a line, and keep two yards from each other; what length of road would they all require?—This was also above his comprehension; the result, however, is 4,287 miles and a half, and 630 yards. But this is six times the length of England, from Berwick to Weymouth.

"6. Supposing the interest of the National debt to be only 3½ *per cent.* yearly; what does the whole amount to? This he answered, 40,950,000 pounds annually paid for interest.

"7. If 60 shillings weigh 3 pounds; how much does 20 millions of pounds sterling in silver weigh?—Answer, 333,333,333 and 1 shilling over.

"8. What is the value of 500 yards of cloth, at 3*s*. 9*d*. a yard?—Answered, £.93. 15*s*.

"9. What would 500 tons of soap amount to, at three halfpence a pound? He answered, £.7,000.

"10. What would the same quantity amount to, at three halfpence an ounce? He answered, £.112,000.

"11. Supposing 365 days in a year; how many minutes are there in a year? He answered, 525,600.

"12. If a coach wheel moves round in every foot of its motion, how many times does it go round in 100 miles? He answered, 40,615, and 8 feet over.

"13. If Paris be 500 miles from London, and a man could walk a mile every forty minutes, how long would he be in walking it? He answered, 333 hours, and 20 minutes over.

"14. What is the product of 240 multiplied into itself? Answered, 57,600.—This product was objected to by his uncle, and a friend I took with me; who, after calculation upon paper, somehow miscalculated the product, and insisted that it was only 15,376. He warmly replied that he was right, and that 124 multiplied into itself produced the product they had assumed of 15,376. Each side continued for some time to debate the result. At length I made a calculation on paper, and found that the boy was accurate in the product of 57,600, and the two gentlemen in error.

"During the time he made the answers, he generally was playing with something. He was, in general, indeed, almost incessantly playing; at first with a person's hand who sat near him, and afterwards in pouring sand out of a box on paper, and as often returning it again into the box. He appears childish and actively playful; indeed, his uncle observed, that he was incessantly busied about something. He can scarcely read, and can-

not write. His pronunciation is thick, and somewhat guttural. He said, upon inquiry, he could not tell or explain the method he employed; but I observed, that when some of his results were doubted, he seemed rapidly, and rather obscurely to explain, by calculating parts of the numericals, and then adding or bringing them together.

"He is a well-proportioned youth; not of a fair, but of a good complexion; his hair a dark brown, or blackish; his face oval; his forehead proportioned, but not full, or particularly open, or elevated; but there is an elevation of the bone, above the orbits of the eyes. The pupils were rather small than large; the cornea a light filbert colour. He is very healthy, and evinces no superiority in any thing but in figures.

"I forgot to notice that I asked him how many shillings in a million of pounds. He quickly answered, 24,000 millions.

"I asked him if these exertions or calculations occasioned pain or fatigue; to which he replied in the negative."

"September 1, 1815, commenced delightfully, with a grateful breeze to moderate the heat of 70°, whilst the barometer stood at $30\frac{7}{10}$. I visited, in company with Samuel Southall, the garden of Leonard Phillips, who obligingly accompanied us through his fine groves and walks of Fruit-trees, his Mangold-Wurzel beds, &c. They were in the most healthy, thriving, and bearing state. He assured me, that, contrary to the opinion of S. P. Andrews, he could engraft old fruit-trees on young ones, and produce a state of renovation equal to the young trees, which I could neither disprove nor contradict. He also declared that he could cure the wounded bark and wood of trees, so that the new would unite with the old wood, though, he added, upon a plan different from that adopted by Forsyth.

" In a Letter of Dr. Stokes, dated Chesterfield, July 30, 1815, he says, " Dr. Duncan probably told you of the mode of regenerating worn-out fruit trees, practised by Dr. Lion of Edinburgh, who strips off what he calls the two outer barks, meaning the cuticle and the green layer under it. Dr. Duncan is said to have repeated his experiments with success."

CORRESPONDENCE.

GUILELMUS CUMING M.D.
Col. Reg. Med. Edinb. et
Soc. Antiq. utriusque Sod.

Rien rechercher. — Rien rejetter;
Ne se plaindre de Personne.

LETTER I.*

Dr. Cuming to Dr. Lettsom.

My Dear Doctor, *Dorchester, Aug.* 1783.

The friendship which has been cemented between us has grown up to maturity, under some disadvantages, as we have never enjoyed the pleasure of a personal interview, and that on your part you know little more of me, than that I was the confidential friend of the respected Fothergill. Indeed, that circumstance alone, considering who, and what he was, stamps some merit upon my character, and was sufficient to induce you to form a favourable opinion of me, after making allowances for his great candour and partiality for those he was inclined to think well of, and admitted to his intimacy.

You have more than once expressed a wish to form some idea of my person, and I have endeavoured to gratify you; but I have been disap-

* This Letter is not placed in the chronological order which it is intended the series should maintain. The Editor conceived it probable that the reader might be anxious to know the particulars of the Life of this Correspondent of Dr. Lettsom, prior to perusing the Correspondence. At the close of the Memoir the Editor has thought proper to insert Dr. Crane's excellent Lines on the Death of Dr. Cuming.

pointed. I have, indeed, received an elegant drawing from an eminent hand, but I cannot prevail on any of my acquaintance to acknowledge a resemblance. I have made another effort, and if that succeeds better it shall be sent to you.

You have likewise more than hinted a desire to be informed of the circumstances and outlines of the past life of your unseen correspondent, and to know who and what he is. It is an awkward thing to write of one's self, and to be the hero of one's own tale. Could I have the pleasure of seeing you at Dorchester, which I will yet flatter myself with the hopes of, I could by an hour's conversation familiarly tell you all that is necessary to be known on that head. The uniform tenour of my life affords no circumstances of consequence, nor any anecdotes worthy to be communicated, but to a familiar friend, in the freedom of conversation. To such a one, these circumstances, however trifling, are not uninteresting: to comply, therefore, with your obliging request, I scruple not to send you the following Sketch:—

I was born the 19th of September, O. S. 1714. Mr. James Cuming, an eminent merchant in Edinburgh, was my father, a man of very extensive dealings, of a pious and benevolent disposition, of strict probity and integrity, liberal, social, and hospitable, and greatly respected by people of all ranks who knew him, and he was very generally known. He married Margaret, the only daughter of Mr. George Hepburn, likewise a merchant in

Edinburgh, a woman of exemplary conduct and behaviour. They lived together for almost forty years in the greatest harmony, and during this union my mother produced sixteen children, eight boys, and as many girls; of this number three sons only arrived at man's estate: of these I was the youngest. I discovered an early fondness for books, and after some preliminary learning at a private Latin school, I was sent before my eighth year to the High School at Edinburgh, and consigned to the care of a Mr. Wingate, one of the masters, a man of liberal manners, and of an amiable disposition, and there I continued four or five years. At the expiration of that time, when I was preparing to be entered at the University, my father was informed that several young gentlemen, the sons of respectable families, with most of whom we were all acquainted, were intended to be put under the tuition of a Mr. Alexander Moir, a gentleman of great erudition, and primeval simplicity of manners. He had been one of the Professors of Philosophy in the University of Aberdeen; but as his conscience would not suffer him, on account of early prejudices, to take the oaths to government, he had demitted his charge, and come to Edinburgh, where he kept a private academy. With this little band, in which we reckoned a Right Honourable, and three Honourables, I was associated. With them I spent the four ensuing years with great pleasure, satisfaction, and improvement, during which time we were instructed by our re-

spectable master in the higher Latin classics, in the knowledge of the Greek tongue, in geometry, trigonometry, the conic sections, practical geometry, experimental philosophy, algebra, logic, ethics, and metaphysics. During this time I likewise found leisure to acquire a knowledge of the French tongue, and of book-keeping, nor did I forget the relaxations of music and dancing. Before I had reached my eighteenth year, I applied myself to the study of physic at Edinburgh, and spent four years in that celebrated Lyceum, daily attending the lectures of Alston, Innes, Sinclair, Rutherford, Plummer, and Monro. Who were my associates amongst my fellow-students during that period, you already know, and have told the public. To them might be added the late Dr. Whytt, the late Dr. Blair of Cork, Dr. Stedman, now of Edinburgh, and Dr. John Napier, still living in Rathbone-place, in London. In the autumn of the year 1735, I went to France, and resided about nine months in Paris, visiting the hospitals, and improving myself, by dissecting of bodies, in anatomy. In the month of May 1736, I left Paris, in company with my friends Whytt and Kennedy, making a three weeks' tour in Flanders, on our way to Leyden, passing through Soissons, Rheims, Laon, St. Quentin, Douay, Cambray, Lisle, Mons, Tournay, Namur, Brussels, Mechlin, Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Delft. During a stay of three days at Rheims, we took it into our heads to take out degrees there. We were separately examined in

Latin for a considerable space, in anatomy, physiology, and the signs, causes, and cure of diseases, besides delivering a commentary on an aphorism of Hippocrates. On our being asked of what country we were natives, and answering Scotland, one of the professors very politely said, *Qui se dicit Scotum dicit doctum.* We remained at Leyden for some time, listening to the lectures of the venerable Boerhaave. In the month of October following, on hearing that my worthy father was in a declining state of health, I returned to Edinburgh: my intelligence proved but too true: he did not survive my arrival above two months (I had lost my mother three years before), and during that time I attended him constantly and assiduously, and gave every proof in my power of that gratitude and regard which I felt, and which he so well merited from me. Having long laboured under a fistula lachrymalis, I took that opportunity of having the operation performed by my ingenious friend and master, Dr. Monro; but however skilfully performed, it did not happen to succeed, and to this hour the tears have no passage through the nose. I was deeply affected by the death of my father, whom I loved and esteemed, and to whom I owed much. He had it not in his power to bequeath me *dirty acres*, but he had given me a liberal education, with many salutary instructions for my conduct in life. He ever treated me with friendship and confidence, bequeathing me his own respectable example, and his own

unblemished character;—this was a noble patrimony: *Virtus Parentum optima Dos*, says Horace, with great truth, and of my father I may say with him:

> Ipse mihi Custos incorruptissimus omnes
> Circum Doctores aderat. Quid multa? pudicum
> (Qui primus Virtutis Honos) servavit ab omni
> Non solum Facto, verum Opprobrio quoque turpi.
> ——Ob hoc nunc
> Laus illi debetur, et a me Gratia major.

And again,

> Atqui si Vitiis mediocribus, ac mea paucis
> Mendosa est Natura, alioqui recta; (velut si
> Egregio inspersos reprehendas Corpore Nævos)
> Si neque Avaritiam, neque Sordes, nec mala Lustra
> Objiciet vere quisquam mihi; purus, et insons,
> (Ut me collaudem) si vivo, et carus Amicis:
> Causa fuit Pater his.

While I was abroad, I had great cause of exultation on the unlimited confidence which my father reposed in me. I saw all my companions, many of them the sons of parents whose wealth outweighed that of mine twenty fold, sent out with letters of credit of fifty or a hundred pounds, to be repeated as their occasions should require. My father, who had a general correspondence in England and on the continent, furnished me with letters of recommendation to six at least of his correspondents, directing each of them to furnish me with whatever money I wanted, and to take my drafts on him without any particular limitation in the sums. When I returned he gave me

the satisfaction of telling me that my expences had fallen short of what he expected. To this I replied jocosely, that it was his own *fault*, and that he had tied up my hands by the generous confidence he had reposed in me.

As the city of Edinburgh was at that time abundantly supplied with physicians of ample experience, and established characters, considering my early time of life, I thought there was but a faint prospect of my being soon introduced into practice, in a city where though I was a native and generally known, yet I was remembered by most people not many years before in the rank of a school-boy. I therefore set out for London in the month of June 1738, with the design of watching an opportunity of a vacancy, to establish myself in one of the provincial towns of England. On my arrival at the capital, I immediately renewed my intimacy with the philanthropic Fothergill, with whom I spent many pleasing and useful hours. During my stay there, I was introduced to several of the principal physicians; and in the autumn had a proposal made me by Dr. Mead, to supply the place of the late Sir William Browne at Lynn; the late Dr. Alexander Stewart likewise offered me his interest, and that of his friends, to fill a vacancy at Norwich; but while I was in suspence which to accept of, and indeed whether it was advisable to accept of either, my good friend Fothergill was informed that there was a vacancy at Dorchester. —A *Dr. Archer*, indeed, still lived in this place,

in which he had practised for the last fourteen years. He was the son of a clergyman, and by the clergy he had been warmly supported. He was a man of humour and drollery, of a retentive memory, and had acquired a competent knowledge in the classics; but of slender medical abilities. From a love of company he had fallen into a habit of drinking, and thereby greatly impaired his circumstances, and lost the confidence of his patients. This was no formidable rival, to be sure; but I cultivated his friendship, and gained it. This place appeared to me more eligible to attempt an establishment in than either of the others proposed. I accordingly came here in the beginning of the year 1739, with a view merely to reconnoitre the town and its environs, and to return to London, in order to obtain recommendations to introduce me to the acquaintance of some principal families; but on my arrival here, I found this place was then the head-quarters of the royal regiment of North British Dragoons, with some of the officers of which I was personally acquainted, and to most of the rest I was known by family and character. As these gentlemen were much respected and esteemed by the inhabitants and some families in the neighbourhood, I was soon introduced to a pretty general acquaintance; but I was then very young, and had the appearance of being younger by some years than I really was. I was unsupported by any powerful recommendations, though I had letters in my favour from some principal physicians

in London; but they were general, and not addressed to any particular persons. I was, however, soon employed by the inhabitants of the place, and in some gentlemen's families in the neighbourhood; yet for the three first years the emoluments of my practice were very moderate; but I lost no friend whom I once made, and my acquaintance was daily becoming more extensive, though I had nothing of the *forward* or the *pushing* in my disposition, and was too temperate to be able to enlarge the circle of my acquaintance by conviviality and the cement of mutual potations. I was not ambitious, nor at all solicitous, about making a fortune. I said to myself *paucis contentus vivere didici, et pauca quæ mihi forte suppeditata erunt, dum nihil contra bonos mores moliar, et mente fruar quietâ, Divitiis, pravis Artibus vel insano Labore acquisitis multum præfero.* I therefore had patience, and had the satisfaction to find the emoluments of the fourth year exceeded the accumulated sum of the three former years. From this time my practice continued yearly to increase; and I had the satisfaction to perceive, that the prejudices which had been imbibed against me on account of my youth, country, and a spirit of party, which affected me through the persons with whom I was connected, gradually subsided, till at last, those persons who had chiefly opposed me, became my warm and strenuous advocates. In a course of years I came to be employed in every family of distinction within the country, and on several oc-

casions made excursions into the adjacent ones. I repeat it, I lost no friend whom I once made, nor was I considered in the best families merely as a physician, but treated with civility, confidence, and friendship.

In the year 1752, having frequently regretted that I had not taken a degree from the university in which I was educated, I intimated a wish to some of my medical friends at Edinburgh to have a degree from thence, as I was personally known and well acquainted with all the professors of physic, and by family and character no stranger to the other professors. My request was immediately complied with. I received a diploma *ad eundem quem Remis primùm merui in Arte Medicâ Gradum, Benevolentiâ et Honoris causâ*, &c. and I was soon after adopted a fellow of the Royal College of Physicians at Edinburgh.

About 14 or 15 years ago, a worthy and learned clergyman, Mr. Hutchins of Wareham, who after thirty years' close application, had compiled a History of this county, issued proposals for its publication; but as he was a reserved man, and but little known, they met not with the reception they merited. A concurrence, however, of some accidental circumstances soon afterwards proved favourable to him, and he met with support from several gentlemen of fortune and distinction. To their efforts I joined my aid, and at a very numerous meeting of the first persons of the county, of rank and property, assembled at the Assizes in

the summer of 1770, it was agreed to encourage the publication, and I was unanimously requested to undertake the care of it, to receive subscriptions, &c. In this work all my leisure hours during the four years next following were employed, and with the assistance of my very ingenious and learned friend, Richard Gough of Enfield, Esq. Director in the Council of the Society of Antiquaries, and author of the "British Topography," we gave it to the Public in the year 1774; that Public gave it a very favourable reception, and it daily rises in value and reputation. Both the author and the subscribers found themselves greatly benefited by my undertaking this task; and he has in the conclusion of his Preface, very politely and gratefully acknowledged the obligations he was under to me and my worthy coadjutor. In the year 1769, I was admitted a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries in London; and in the year 1781, chosen, without my knowledge, along with my respected friend, Dr. Hunter, and several others of great name, an Honorary Member of the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland, then newly instituted; and in the same year, to conclude the list of distinctions with which I have been honoured—

Tu jubes
Esse in Amicorum numero: magnum hoc ego duco
Quod placui tibi, qui turpi secernis honestum.

To the many obligations which I have already acknowledged I owe to my parents, I have one

more to add, and that not an inconsiderable one; they bequeathed me a sound constitution; not robust indeed, but healthy. They entailed no hereditary disorders upon me; and that temperance and abstemiousness which I have uniformly practised through life, have I believe created none; age, however, will produce disorders even in the most healthy.

After a dissection, during the month of August 1734, I was seized with feverish symptoms, and kept my bed for twenty-four hours; but since that time, with gratitude to the Almighty I recollect it, I have not been confined to my bed for the space of one entire day at a time. The tenderness of my eyes has been through life the greatest misfortune that I have had to struggle with; and, considering the many lets and hinderances which the complaints in these organs have occasioned in my pursuit of knowledge, I am so far from being surprised that my attainments are so moderate, that I often wonder how they have reached to that slender degree which I possess.

It is with the utmost gratitude to the gracious and munificent Dispenser of all good, that I reflect on my having been preserved in health during such a long course of years; of my having been guarded from any signal accidents, and having suffered no misfortunes but such as are unavoidable by those who live long; such as the death of many friends and relations; and that I have been happy in acquiring the friendship and esteem of all

persons of character and probity, with whom I have been connected, and I have been connected with many. The surviving companions of my youth are still the friends and correspondents of my advanced years; those that remain, who consulted me professionally soon after my arrival in this place, still visit and consult me; and retired from business as I am, and almost wholly confined within doors, where I can contribute but little to their benefit or amusement, I have the singular satisfaction not to be forgotten, but to be visited by gentlemen the most respectable in the county for probity, rank, and fortune. In the course of my narrative, you must have observed that I have had at different periods of my younger days a great variety of masters and instructors. In this respect too I was singularly happy, that all of them were men of gentle manners and amiable dispositions; and there was no period of my life since my connection with them, that I should not have thought myself happy in finding an opportunity of shewing acts of civility and friendship to them, or to their descendants for their sake.

My eldest brother, James, was a merchant in Edinburgh. In the year 1738, he married a very amiable woman, Katherine, daughter of the Honourable William Erskine (third son of Lord Cardross: his eldest brother succeeded to the title of Earl of Buchan), by whom he had several children, of whom the only survivor, Charlotte Helen, is now the wife of Pelham Maitland, Esq.

of Belmount. I never saw her, but she is universally respected by her acquaintance. They have several children now living. My second brother, Alexander, a very spirited promising young man, went out to China in the beginning of the year 1739, as first supercargo of the Suecia, in the service of the Swedish East India Company. On her return home in the latter end of the year 1740, the ship was unfortunately wrecked on the northernmost of the Orkney Islands, and about thirty only of the common sailors were saved from this catastrophe.

Thus, my Friend, I have told you a plain, artless, unvarnished tale: an unpremeditated narrative of a life, signalized by no extraordinary events, marked by no extremes of fortune, but that has glided on in a calm, uniform stream. I have related it to you with all the carelessness of familiar conversation, and with all the confidence of friendship. As you intimated a wish to be acquainted with my history, I have complied with your request; and private and retired as my life has been, yet the disposition of my heart, the blameless character I have supported, and the respectable connections I have formed through life, will I trust, prove me not unworthy of your friendship. I was educated in the doctrines of the Church of England, and in her form of worship, I have uniformly persevered. I have now only to pray to the Supreme Disposer of all Events, that He will be graciously pleased to continue to me the serene

tranquillity of mind which, I thank Him, I enjoy, and to grant me such a moderate share of health, as may enable me, during the residue of my days, to live with some comfort to myself, free from bodily pain; and to be of some use to my fellow creatures. When He shall call me hence, may I receive the summons with resignation, a becoming fortitude, and an humble confidence in his mercy through the merits of my Redeemer!

W. CUMING.

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM CUMING, M.D.

F. S. A. LOND. and EDIN. *

BY J. CRANE, M.D.

Vir dilecte Deo, Vir Civibus addite Cœli;
Dum Pietas, dum prisca Fides, restabit in Orbe,
Nulla Decus, Nomenque tuum, ventura silebunt
Sæcula; semper Honos CUMINGI, *et Fama vigebunt.*

SEE Cuming yield at Heav'n's appointing Will,
His finish'd Life, and Nature's Claim fulfil;
With Resignation, bow his Hoary Head;
And add another to th' illustr'ous Dead.
Forbear, just Soul, made perfect now above!
To chide the Frailty of misguided Love;
Spare me, blest Shade, that o'er thy honor'd Bier
I pay the mournful Tribute of a Tear;
Ah! tell me not, that fruitless I complain,
"I weep the more because I weep in vain."
'Twas mine to see your last departing Ray,
The peaceful Sun-set of your blameless Day;

* Dr. Cuming died March 25, 1788.

Mine be the Blame, with such Instruction fraught,
If I forget the Lesson you have taught!
Farewell, dear Friend! these rude uncultur'd Lays
Scarce add a Wreath of Cypress to thy Bays;
A poor Return for all your Favours past,
For Confidence repos'd, from first to last.
Yet shou'd your hallow'd Shrine the Pledge receive,
This Verse shall borrow Fame, it cannot give:
Enjoin'd by Duty, thirty years I've been
A painful Witness of Life's closing Scene,—
In some, who fell by Wounds in youthful Pride,
In more, who ling'ring in Diseases died;
In most I saw th' approach of Death impart
"An anx'ous Horror to the bravest Heart."
In 'CUMING,' Joy attends the latest Breath,
Serenely placid in the Hour of Death.
Say, whence this calm Composure of the Breast;
This firm, unshaken Fortitude confess'd,
Which can the Tyrant Dart thus greatly brave,
Nor shrinks with Horror from the yawning Grave?
A Life well spent the Consolation gives,
He dies, but "knows that his Redeemer lives."

LETTER II.

Dr. LETTSOM to Dr. CUMING.

Dear Doctor, *Grove-hill, Sept.* 19, 1782.

It gave me a great deal of pleasure to see thy hand-writing again. Independent of thy having been the confidential friend of one of the best of men, I somehow feel a regard and attachment, very different from that of casual correspondence; and I trust we may experience a mental nearness,

without the intercourse of personal acquaintance. Shouldst thou come to town, my house will be at thy service: in this case we could now and then visit my rural villa, about four miles from town, where about two thousand of the plants from Upton have been transplanted to Grove-hill. In this recollection I view them oftentimes with emotions that I cannot express, and am ready to water their foliage with tears that are due to the memory of their late possessor.

I am thine, respectfully,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER III.

From the same.

Dear Doctor, *Grove-hill, Oct.* 16, 1782.

I received the packet inclosing the copy of our deceased friend's Life, with the MS. of Dr. Cleghorn's letters, and those of Dr. Russell and Cleghorn to thyself, last night; and to-day, thy epistle announcing their exit from Dorchester. I know not how to acknowledge sufficiently thy kind attention upon this occasion, and the assistance I have gained by thy communications. I sat down instantly to incorporate thy remarks into my fair copy, as well as the quotation from Dr. Gregory, which seems peculiarly applicable to the character of our late friend. I heard the Doctor deliver

these duties of a physician in two lectures from the Professional Chair; and it is but justice to his memory to add, that he has only delineated his own character. I entertained many doubts and fears respecting thy decision upon my hasty interrupted endeavours to draw the character of a man whom thou knew as well as loved; and it gives me now the most lively pleasure to meet thy approbation, especially as I think thy zeal and jealousy on his account, and thy natural disposition, would induce thee to be plain and critical as well as candid.

Poor E——, whom I do not know, still persecutes me: when I saw his insulting account of our friend, I was roused to industry; though my independent situation in life, and still more my continual employment, either led me to indulgence, or to avoid new undertakings. To Dr. E——, therefore, I owe my present labour, next to the love I bore to our deceased friend. Prior to this I began to view the world and its smiles, I trust, with a Christian indifference: though a boy in physic, I enjoyed the chief employment in the city. I neither courted applause, nor was I worthy of envy; and was endeavouring to substitute ease and leisure for perpetual hurry, for I assure thee since I arrived at the age of twenty-three, I have been in perpetual exertion in my profession. At that early period of life, I seldom prescribed for fewer than fifty and often twice as many before breakfast; but of late I have declined many ap-

plications, and now I am thirty-eight years of age, with decreasing ardour after medical employment, and a thirst for a rural retreat. I deem myself no longer an object of envy; of pity, I hope never to be. However, in the Westminster Magazine of last month, Dr. E—— has given my character, under the name of Dr. Wriggle, or the art of rising in physic. I wish thou wouldst peruse it, though I consider it is very complimentary: for what is a greater honour, when an enemy professedly attempts to injure you, that you have so lived, as to leave him incapable of saying a bad thing of you? I never spoke to E——; I know him not, nor ever reflected upon him; I pity him sincerely: for what must a man feel, who is obliged to publish what he knows to be false, for the frigid enjoyment of injuring another? I am afraid he is sadly distressed.

I am thy obliged friend,

J. C. Lettsom.

LETTER IV.

From the same.

London, Dec. 12, 1782.

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I do not like to burthen a letter with a tedious apology; and from the pleasure I experience in thy

correspondence, I am ashamed to plead any excuse. Sometimes for the space of a week, I cannot command twenty minutes leisure in my own house. Considering my age, my medical engagements exceed what most would credit; but medical business is not my plague, but my pleasure. I am a West Indian, and with the wardships of incorrigible youths, and executorships, and the *troublesomeships* attendant thereon, I am sometimes led to suspect that the incessant exertion of mind in my youth, will either produce a hasty paralytic, or premature old age. My spirits, however, carry me through a succession of employments with facility; and be assured, as I mean to lessen my unpleasant concerns, I shall pay more attention to pleasurable ones, and hence am determined never more to require an apology on account of our future correspondence.

I remain, &c.

J. C. L.

LETTER V.

From the same.

Grove-hill, Feb. 5, 1783.

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When cool philosophy leads us to survey the present and the future, how it exhibits the folly of

grasping at every thing, which ambition, avarice, or something else, impels us to! With an independent fortune, I am ready almost to determine to enjoy the *Otia Vitæ*, and relinquish the arduous task of physic to those who want its emoluments; but then we are assailed by emotions of sympathy, of friendship, and all those sensibilities and *exquisibilities* which are annexed to the doing of good. How the tender springs of life that elevate a man to move but a little below angels vibrate and ravish the mind with pleasure, when our art snatches a victim friend from the grasp of death! And shall we then prefer inglorious ease to the divine energy of raising the dead? No, verily; if the soldier who burns cities and desolates the land by human sacrifices is worthy of marble or brass, what adequate monument can human art effect for him who burns no cities, but saves their inhabitants, who desolates no country, but peoples it, not with stones, as fabled of old, but with his friends, his relations doomed to the grave? How I long to raise a monument to one whom we revered!

I think I hear Dr. Cuming say,—"less enthusiasm, my friend."

I remain, &c.

J. C. L.

LETTER VI.

Dr. Cuming to Dr. Lettsom.

Dear Doctor, *Dorchester, Feb.* 8, 1783.

The perpetual vortex and whirl in which you live, really amazes me; it would very soon quite distract and unhinge me. You have your pleasures it is true (such I have felt), and you have well described them; but does the reverse of the picture, my friend, never present itself? have you not sometimes felt the humid clay-cold grasp of a respected friend's hand? have you not seen the lack-lustre eye, the wan, perhaps the distorted features, and the convulsive pangs of an expiring husband and father? his bed encircled by an affectionate wife, and a group of weeping infants, whose *comfort* in this world, nay, perhaps, whose *subsistence* depended upon the life of their parent?—Here, too, you have *sensibilities* and *exquisibilities*, but they are of a different complexion from those that you paint: these rend the very heart-strings, and make us deplore the weakness and *impuissance* of our art. When these have occurred, I have been on the point of abjuring the practice of physic, have wished to inhabit a den in a desert, or have lamented that I had not been bred to the trade of a cobler. I have known much hurry, much fatigue of body, and anxiety of mind, in forty years of country practice; but then I had my seasons of

relaxation, and have known intervals of a day or more at a time, in which I did not see a patient, and could enjoy the *Dulce otium literarium:* but your labour and hurry seem to be incessant. When I hear of you, and others of the *primates* of the profession in London, visiting your fifty or a hundred patients in a day, I am thankful that I am not one of the number. Is it possible that, with all your learning, sagacity, and acuteness, you can, on such a superficial view and inquiry, be thoroughly instructed in all the circumstances of your patients' case and constitution? have you never occasion to lament (to use the words of our Liturgy), *that you have left undone those things which you ought to have done, or that you have done those things which you ought not to have done?* On this subject I often recall to memory an anecdote told by the late Dr. Sutherland of Bath. While at Paris, he attended the *L'Hôpital de la Charité.* One day he accompanied the physician running through one of the wards to visit the patients, a friar trotting after him with his book in hand to minute down the prescriptions: the Doctor stops at a bed, and calls out to the person in it, with the utmost precipitation, *Toussez vous? suez vous? allez vous a la Selle?* then turning instantly to the friar, *Purgez le. Monsieur, il est mort,* replied the friar. *Diable! Allons!* said the Doctor, and galloped on with rapidity. All this, my friend, you will attribute to the torpor of age, and to the phlegm of constitution: perhaps it may be so; for I was

born within less than 12 degrees of the arctic circle, while you are one of the Children of the Sun, an emanation, a very sun-beam replete with *æthereal fire, light, heat, animation, expansion, velocity*, with all the other attributes and powers of your Parents in your constitution. I will drop the subject; but do, my friend, contrive to eat and sleep in Sambrook House or Grove-hill, and do not think of converting your carriage into a dormitory and suttling-booth. Of this, perhaps, more hereafter.

I am cordially and respectfully, yours,

W. CUMING.

LETTER VII.

Dr. LETTSOM to Dr. CUMING.

London, Feb. 18, 1783.

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I have a weakness which I cannot overcome. I hope and believe it does not result from ambition or from vanity; but so it is, however, that if I hear of want, I often distress myself to obviate that want. In looking over my expences since January last, I have expended above six hundred pounds in donations; and like a necessitarian, I have no power to controul this extravagance.

Thus, with an income of 5000*l.* per annum, I am always involved; and what is still more alarming, my pensioners increase daily. I mention my extravagance as an excuse for my perpetual application to business; for since the year 1769, when I first settled in London, I have not taken one half day's relaxation, and I cannot get to Grove-hill above once a fortnight.

I did not expect I should ever have occasion to differ in sentiment from Dr. Cuming; but with respect to all those dreadful pictures he has so painfully exhibited of the *impuissance* of our art, I feel, I mean I have experienced, very different impressions. A physician is always supposed to have formed a judicious prognostic, to have foreseen "*the convulsive pangs of an expiring husband and father*," and all the subsequent catalogue of distresses; but here, my friend, it is, that, when in the physician, the friend and the divine are combined, his affection, his good sense, and his sympathy, pours into the afflicted the oil of comfort; he soothes the pangs of woe; he mitigates the distress; he finds out something in the wise dispensations of Providence that he carries home to the bosom of affliction. Here it is that he is truly a guardian angel, his assiduity makes him appear as a sufferer with the family; they view him as part of the family—sympathy unites him to them; he acquires new ties, new affections; he mourns with them, and his philosophy points out new sources of consolation—he is beloved—he is become the

father of the family—he is every thing that Heaven in kindness deputes, to soften, to dissipate misery. I declare, a conscientious physician in the midst of his solicitude, experiences here that melancholy joy, that permanent ecstacy, which is annexed to the desire of doing good. I have felt the tenderest springs of friendship in such an attitude; and I doubt not but here my classical and feeling friend will go along with me in these "exquisibilities" of doing all the good we can in these seasons of affectionate distraction. I believe, enveloped as I am with a crowd of both sexes, I express myself obscurely, but I write for the heart, and not for the head. This I know, that I never lost a patient in a family that I did not acquire the whole family by it; not, Doctor, by the death, but by something that thou hast felt.

I am thy obliged friend,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER VIII.

DR. CUMING to DR. LETTSOM.

March 5, 1783.

Well, my friend! I have read over and considered all your motives, stimuli, inducements, and incentives which goad you to persist in such an incessant hurry and whirl; I can only say, that in

the spring of life, and in the very heyday of my blood, I never felt that τὸ Ἐνορμῶν, that *Impetum faciens*, that ambition of moving in so extensive and conspicuous an orbit; and with all the superiority that I allow you, I should think you must sometimes find it difficult in your unceasing race with time, to accomplish such a variety of duties *in the manner* that you wish. Some repose I should think absolutely necessary, and some relaxation from that perpetual tension both of mind and body; but from what I know of you, neither my sentiments on this subject, nor that of your other friends, will have any influence upon you, till you find yourself compelled by necessity to move in a more contracted sphere, and embrace a diminished number of objects. You figure to yourself, I doubt not, some happy placid period in your future life, when you shall be disembarrassed from all this turbulence of action; when you shall enjoy the *Otium beatum*, when you *shall read what books and see what friends you please*, retired, perhaps, in your paradise at Grove-hill; but great must be the revolution in your disposition and sentiments before that happens, if it does happen; and the chance is at least twenty to one against you. Many sensible people have been the dupes of these visionary futurities: amongst many that I could mention, I will name one that carries some weight with it. In the conclusion of the last letter which I received from our respected friend Fothergill, written in the last year of his life, "I am so

busily employed (he says) in one affair or another, unavoidably, that I have not looked into a single drawer of my shells these two years, nor have I a moment to spare for any purpose of my own; I can only say, that I live in hopes of quiet sometimes, at present I have none." I will only add *valeat quantum valere possit.* Remember that our worthy friend F—— postponed the making of his will to the time of his last seizure; at such a time it was impossible for him to transact such an important business with that composure and recollection that such an act required.—

Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula cautum;

or, as it is honestly translated in the old song,—

Learn to be wise from others' harms, and thou shalt do full well.

I must resume the subject of the second page, as at this moment it darts into my thoughts to send you a *Conspectus* of your multifarious engagements, and the different characters you appear in (as far as I know them), which have a claim for a greater or lesser portion of your time, and to this list I doubt not you can add many more: but as I think even these are more than sufficient to employ the whole twenty-four hours without allowing any time for sleeping and eating, I would have you apply for an Act of Parliament, wherein it shall be enacted, by the King, the Lords spiritual and temporal, and the Commons of Great Britain, that from hence forward each day shall contain forty-eight hours, each of which hours to consist of sixty minutes, and

every minute of sixty seconds, according to the present computation of hours. If this statute should be enacted, you may then hope to enjoy an hour or two of leisure, after having properly fulfilled all your various engagements. Write to me when you can find leisure, and be firmly assured that I continue

Your affectionate friend,

W. CUMING.

LETTER IX.

Dr. LETTSOM to Dr. CUMING.

Dear Doctor, *March* 13, 1783.

By the uniformly frank manner in which I have always addressed thee, thou wilt be convinced that I prefer this mode of familiar correspondence to the more classical correct style of a studied letter, and therefore I need not add, that thy last packet afforded me singular pleasure. There was a man we loved and respected, but although I have in my biography of him given him that merit only which he was entitled to, yet I think he was not quite a perfect character; at least there was a part of it, that I could never adopt, either from inclination or natural constitution—did he not want familiarity? or was it the dignity of his character, and of his acquirements, that gained him distant veneration? Were I to choose, I would rather possess social, equal, unreserved friendship, than the

distant, respectful behaviour which consequence commands—for want of this familiarity the Doctor got into the Leeds and Parkinson contests, trusting to his own independent judgment, which the want of equal, unreserved society might have prevented. In a word, I would rather be familiarly happy, than acquire distant veneration. Pliny, who had a wife, consulted her respecting his letters, and I suppose about other matters; but Dr. F. had not such a familiar Thing to consult.

Putting jocularity aside, I feel tenderly all the sentiments of thy letter respecting the whirlwind in which I live and move. I wish and often wish for a pause; sometimes I am ready to curtail my employments; the step, my dear friend, is serious —how many princes have vacated their thrones, but were they happy? I have a thousand times pondered over all the sentiments of thy last affectionate letter; but really I have not even leisure to conclude. I love my profession, I live with my patients in the most frank sociality, and I fancy they love rather than fear me. I know not how to desert them; and indeed when I have said that I have too much to do, they must apply elsewhere, they give me such a look of entreaty, pain, and disappointment, that I cannot withstand.

Perhaps the oddity of my notions contributes to the impulses that I cannot overcome. In believing in a future state, I believe, as much as I believe in my existence, that we shall meet again *in cœlis*, with all the affections of friendship, and all the

consciousness of having enjoyed it—though inferiorly here: I believe I shall meet Dr. Cuming in these regions, from whence no traveller yet returned, and know him, too, from a Tully, a Fothergill, or the agricultural Mantuan.

I am, &c. J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER X.

Dr. CUMING to Dr. LETTSOM.

March 18, 1783.

Perfection, my friend, is not the growth of this sublunary clime. I respected, I esteemed, I loved, *him**. He possessed a greater purity of manners, more self-government, and a more absolute command of his passions, than any man that I ever knew who was constantly engaged in business, and a continued intercourse with the world. After saying thus much, I may be allowed to remark, that there was in his manner and address a *perpendicularity*, a certain *formality* and *solemnity*, which checked, in some measure, the approach of strangers. He generally wore indeed on his countenance a smile—it was a smile of benignity and philanthropy, and to his patients it was a *hope-inspiring smile*—

> Seldom he laugh'd, and laugh'd in such a sort,
> As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
> That could be mov'd to laugh at any thing.

* Dr. John Fothergill. EDIT.

But all this I attributed to his having been initiated from his birth, and educated in the most rigid maxims of the religious Society to which he belonged, of the propriety of which he was thoroughly convinced and most strictly tenacious. Had he been a member of any other religious sect, this formality in his manner would not have appeared, the benevolence of his heart would have unfurled his features, relaxed them into a careless cordiality of aspect, and softened the rigour of austerer virtues. No man, I believe, that mixed with the world ever passed through life with fewer relaxations from duty, for the enjoyment of what is usually denominated pleasure. I could have wished him, *pace tanti viri et pace vestra dixerim*, to have been less tenacious of some discriminating peculiarities which in my opinion are indifferent; but he possessed a great degree of self-diffidence. There might perhaps be some relaxations, which in even his rigid estimation might be deemed innocent and indifferent; but he could not so far confide in himself, as to deviate from the line of rectitude, which he had fixed for his own conduct, lest one indulgence should produce another, and he should find himself unable to stop where he would. Upon the whole he was an extraordinary and a singular character; and though I could have wished that his outward demeanour had been more careless and relaxed, and that he could on some occasions have unbended to cordial social mirth, yet I continue highly to respect and revere his

memory. For my own part, I never could attain such high perfection: indeed, I never aim'd at it. I have always been persuaded, that a regard to essentials was very compatible with many enjoyments and innocent gratifications, put into our power by the Gracious Author of our being, in order to smooth the rugged paths of our pilgrimage here; and considering the pain of rigorous self-denial, and of keeping one's attention and faculties incessantly upon the stretch, in order to obtain a character of learning and wisdom, I have been often induced to breathe Mr. Pope's wish—

> Let the strict life of graver mortals be
> A long, exact, and serious Comedy;
> In every scene, some moral let it teach,
> And if it can, at once both please and preach:
> Let mine, in innocent gay Farce appear,
> And more diverting still, than regular,
> Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace;
> But not too strictly ty'd to time and place.

In one of your former letters you seemed disposed to give me a *jobation* on account of my friend Mr. Downes having found me in bed at nine o'clock in a cold morning in the month of February. His report of me was strictly true, and for these six months last past, I have seldom quitted my bed before that hour, nor does my conscience reproach me for this indulgence. When I was young, and while I was in business, I was *Vir omnium horarum*, but now as I seldom go abroad, and that the state of my eyes will no longer allow

me to amuse myself in reading, I find the day long enough for me, though it commences no earlier. I believe upon your report, and that of Mr. Hales, that early hours are very salutary, and frequently conduce to longevity; but to balance the instance of Mr. H. I can produce that of *Mons. du Vergée*, a periwig maker, at whose house I lodged, when at Paris: this man had then completed seventy-eight years; he was healthy, lively, and alert; he has often told me that he never saw the sun rise in his life; and during the space of nine months that I lived in his house, he just made a shift to get up early enough to attend the mid-day mass. I build no hypothesis upon single detached cases; but though I admit, that early hours have a natural tendency to produce health and length of days; yet I have always heard, and I must firmly believe, that late hours of going to bed, such as two or three o'clock in the morning, must produce the opposite effect; and those who indulge in this practice have but little right to reprehend a friend for his indulgence in bed till nine in the morning: but it diverted me highly to hear you recommending by your practice these late hours as a restorative for the fatigues of the past day, and your expecting that they would strengthen and enliven you to support those of the succeeding one. Enlightened and propped by your authority, I begin to suspect that the practice of *Lemira*, as related by Dr. Young, was not quite so absurd and heterodox as I had hitherto believed it—

Lemira's sick; make haste, the Doctor call!
He comes: but where's his patient? at the Ball:
The Doctor stares; her woman curtsies low,
And cries, my Lady, Sir, is always so;
Diversions put her maladies to flight;
True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night.
I've known my Lady (for she loves a tune)
For *Fevers*, take an opera in *June*;
And tho' perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
A midnight park is sovereign for a *Cold*.
With *Colics*, breakfasts of green fruit agree;
With *Indigestions*, supper just at three.

Let me seriously advise you, my friend, for the sake of your health, to relinquish your nocturnal lucubrations, and your convivialities. Go to bed with your wife and family at eleven o'clock, and rise every morning, if you please, as early as Mr. Hales.

I entirely agree in opinion with you and *Cato*, or rather with *Tully*, and fondly indulge the pleasing hope, that under a purer sky, and in happier regions, we shall know and be known by our dear relatives, and those friends whom we loved and esteemed here, with a consciousness of our past connexions and intercourse. *'O preclarum Diem! cum ad illud divinum Animorum Concilium Cœtumque proficiscar, &c.*; and with the same Author I say, *si in hoc erro, lubenter erro; nec mihi hunc Errorem quo delector, dum vivo extorqueri volo.*

I am, &c.

W. CUMING.

LETTER XI.

Dr. Lettsom to Dr. Cuming.

Dear Doctor, *April* 19, 1783.

I have often had occasion to remark, how little we know of ourselves. I do not mean that moral knowledge, the *nosce teipsum*, but the knowledge of our own diseases. Dr. Fothergill's ignorance of his own case was more extraordinary, as I had had some instances with him not unlike his own; and even his friend Peter Collinson, and Frome the banker, whose widow married Dr. Watson of Bath, were sufficient to have opened his eyes to his distemper; as he recovered, he had a slight pain in his heel, and from that moment he imagined that his first attack was gout in the bladder. He told me so with a kind of exultation; and from a letter I have received from Dr. Franklin, he fully declares his opinion. I lately attended a Physician in a confirmed dropsy, which, one might imagine, could not admit of doubt, and yet he fondly called it wind, till he expired. Are we to attribute this to the mercy of Heaven, that affords us hope, in the most forlorn condition, and bears up the mind, above the turbulent waves of an expiring body?

Hitherto I have not been able, under the buffetings of a slender habit, and a weak constitution,

(grown a little rigid by use and hard work) to experience these comforts and deceptions. I fancy immediately upon illness, that I am going to the *Majority;* but feeling some little comfort in having done something in the world, which persuades me that I shall meet my predecessors with pleasure, I soon sleep my distempers off.

I thank thee for thy kind hints respecting my partner. I love her after fourteen years yoking better than in the honey-moon; and wert thou yoked likewise, I could add something, perhaps new, upon the economy of love. Half the unhappy couples I have seen, have been among daudlers, who have always been about their wife's apron-strings—not considering that "the sweetest honey is loathsome, in its own deliciousness." I think Miss Mathews in Fielding's Amelia, says, that a moment's extasy is worth an age of misery. But, without such authority, I find that those short intervals of my wife's company affords a higher relish of her society, and makes a volatile Creole, in his nature and essence changeable, more fixed to an object where familiarity has not cloyed, and sentiment has not become insipid.

I am, Sir,

J. C. L.

LETTER XII.

From the same.

May 31, 1783.

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I have often calculated that if all the money in the English European dominions were equally divided, each person would possess about forty-five shillings. All I possess above this sum, is so much more than I deserve: for what right have I to keep more than my share? For so much therefore I am an accountable steward; as I conceive it to be superabundantly given to me, to disperse and to make those happier who have not got forty-five shillings in the whole.

Talking of coming to London reminds me of a request of my son John's. "I should like to go to Dorchester," said he, "to see Dr. Cuming." "What, to spend a day with him?" I observed. "No papa, to stay two or three," he briskly replied. I do not believe there is another such a boy in England. In five minutes his unaffected and pleasing manners would captivate any heart. He begins to love botany; he has been botanizing as far as Rochester and Gravesend; went off by a Gravesend boat at one in the morning, and returned on the third day, with a variegated collection of plants. He has a garden of his own, which he stores himself.

He has a distinct and a considerable library, which he pores over and regulates like an old librarian. I mean soon to purchase for him a cabinet of ores and minerals. He has learnt the various metamorphoses of insects, having attended them from the eggs and the chrysalis to the pupa and the imago. — Pardon this selfish excursion. I have made him a Governor of many Charities, whose meetings he attends, and votes like an experienced member. He is sometimes admitted among the Athletæ, and is one of the foremost in their gymnastic games.

I remain, &c.

J. C. L.

LETTER XIII.

From Dr. Cuming to Dr. Lettsom.

June 7, 1783.

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Your calculation with regard to the specific proportion of cash which, if equally distributed, would fall to the share of every British subject, may be just, for any thing I know to the contrary; but your deductions from it seem to me somewhat visionary; your virtue, your application, diligence, and incessant labour, in the strictest equity, entitle you to an immense surplus, arising from the accu-

mulated shares of the idle, the vicious, and profligate many. I am far from wishing to make you proud, or that you should set up a claim in strict justice on Providence to the ample share of its bounty which you possess. Be duly thankful for the favours received from the Supreme Giver of all good things; but do not level yourself in the distribution with those numberless individuals, whose voluntary ignorance, whose indolence and vices, have reduced them to a state of abject poverty.

To worth or want well weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
And ease, or emulate the care of Heav'n;
(Whose measure full, o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.

W. C.

LETTER XIV.

Dr. Lettsom to Dr. Cuming.

July 1, 1783.

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I remember at Spa to have been addressed by a beggar in very classical Latin. I had just been under an Albinus, a Gaubius, and a Van Ruyen, when this language was more familiar to me than it is at present; and I confess seldom met with it purer than in the mouth of the beggar.

J. C. L.

LETTER XV.

Dr. Cuming to Dr. Lettsom.

July 17, 1783.

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You were surprised I doubt not, by meeting a mendicant of Spa who was so well versed in the Augustan dialect. I remember being equally so by a Parisian *Fiacre*; in stepping into his coach in the *Place du Palais Royal*. He accosted me in very pure Latin, and maintained a conversation for a quarter of an hour. I was then in the same situation with you, having for the last three years attended the Lectures of *Innes*, *Sinclair*, *Plummer*, and *Rutherford*, in that language, in which I was (or thought myself to be) pretty well qualified to maintain a conversation or dispute, though I had not at that time heard Boerhaave. This fellow, I learnt, had been a schoolmaster in one of the Provinces, and was reduced to his present state by drunkenness and idleness.

W. C.

LETTER XVI.

From Dr. Lettsom to Dr. Cuming.

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A little behind my house lies Carshalton, at which place in days of yore, I have been informed that Dr. Radcliffe and the great Dons in his days, held an hebdomadal meeting, sacred, not to Æsculapius, but to Bacchus. To admit a young physician to one of these meetings, was deemed a distinguished honour; for no one was asked unless he seemed likely to prove conspicuous. When Dr. Mead was young, and just beginning to be talked of, he was asked to Carshalton; the view was to get him drunk, and to see the man—this design he suspected, and carefully avoided to fill a bumper when the sign was given.—

Mecum sæpe Viri cum vino pellite curas——

and he so managed as to see all the company retired under the table, except Radcliffe and himself; and the former was so far gone as to talk fast, and to shew himself *intus et in cute*. "*Mead*," said he, "*you will succeed me.*" "*It is impossible*," replied the polite Mead; "*you are Alexander the Great, and no one can succeed Radcliffe: to succeed to one of his kingdoms is the utmost of my ambition.*" Radcliffe, with all his bluntness, was susceptible of flattery when delicately dressed up, and this reply won his heart—"*I will recommend you, Mead, to*

my patients," said he; and the next day he did Mead the honour to visit him in town, when he found him reading Hippocrates. Radcliffe with surprise asked, "*Do you read Hippocrates in Greek?*" "*Yes,*" answered Mead respectfully. "*I never read it in my life,*" said the great Radcliffe. "*No,*" replied Mead, "*you have no occasion, you are Hippocrates himself.*" This did the business for Mead, and it completely gained the blunt Radcliffe; and when he did not choose to attend patients, he recommended Mead, who from that moment rapidly rose in his profession. This I heard ten years ago from old Dr. Monsey of Chelsea, who was one of the party; and, since, Crespigny of Camberwell told me the anecdote of this drinking party.

I remain, &c. J. C. L.

LETTER XVII.

From the same.

Dear Doctor,

A sweet dream last night has relieved me from a long and painful suspense. I had been the preceding day amusing my mind with the recollection of anecdotes of illustrious men now in Elysium, and how I should address these venerable characters when I should visit that abode of spirits. It was in the middle period of my six hours sleep, when a pleasing shade awoke my ideas, though

I could not trace its lineaments to any figure of the human race hitherto known to me; but the aspect was so placid, that I ventured to break the silence of night, by requesting what could induce so superior a being to visit an humble mortal like myself? It replied, after a pause:—"I have long known you *in mente*, and have wished to see you *in propriâ personâ*, but an unsuspected spasm has prevented that design, and conveyed me into the company of a Fothergill, a Russell, a Collinson, and some other worthies equally dear to us; and though I have not been with them above a week, I procured permission of the august President of Elysium thus early to visit you. I am your friend and correspondent, I am Cuming himself!"—"My dear friend," raising myself and giving him my hand, for good spirits are tangible, "I no longer," said I, "upbraid thee for a silence almost insupportable. Let us unbosom: How is our Fothergill? Is Russell cheerful? Is Collinson inquisitive? what are they doing?" Thou repliedst: "The first acquaintance I met was Russell; he had a book in his hand, and was minuting the appearance of a distant object like the dome of a mosque*. Upon seeing me, he embraced me cordially, and welcomed me to a new and happy society of beings; he introduced me to many of my old friends successively. We found Collinson in a large and superb grotto, verdant with exotic evergreens. On one side it was supported with a

* Dr. Russell was the author of the History of Aleppo. Ed.

large horn, on the other with two immense vertebræ, which he said were remains of an animal no longer in Elysium. He appeared diverted with the flight of an etherial swallow from the concavity of the horn in its full plumage, which convinced him that these birds in certain seasons, enter such hiding places, lie dormant, till their plumage is renewed after moulting, when they again skim the air*. He shewed me Fothergill, with one hand grasping that of George Fox, and the other Mr. Penn's. On a scroll of paper before them on a table of inlaid marble, I observed written—'Regulations for promoting Pennsylvanian happiness; with directions for the education of the youth.'—I rushed among them with open arms, and they embraced me with a cordiality unknown in the clime which I had just left; where dissimulation may be successfully practised, but which is unknown in Elysium. Our caresses were mutually continued, till Monro† appeared holding in one hand the heart of a monkey, and in the other that of a man; he threw them both down, and folded me in his arms with joyful transport." "And, dear Doctor Cuming," interrupted I, "what said Fothergill?" "After many questions respecting his sister, &c. &c." said he, "what is Lettsom doing? that young man is too volatile; he will, I fear, destroy himself by endeavouring to combine the volatility of a Creole with the plodding industry of a German."

* Collinson was an eminent Naturalist. Ed.

† The celebrated Professor of Anatomy at Edinburgh. Ed.

To which I replied, "That you had been proclaiming actions he wished to remain unknown; but the world wanted to have such actions exhibited as a stimulus to others." "I wish," said the Doctor, "he would mind his own Life. But what, my dear Cuming," added this amiable shade, "brought thee here?" "I had read," I replied, "of a disease you had described as an Angina Pectoris, and fancied I had got it myself, and a sudden spasm sent me hither." "Didst thou," said Fothergill, "instantly take a drachm of æther in water, which is an infallible cure?" "No," replied I, "that, as well as Dover's powders and squills were neglected, and so was the internal use of Cantharides, which is a powerful remedy, I have been informed." "Well, my dear Cuming," said Fothergill, "thou art welcome here; but I wish Lettsom could be induced to write too little rather than too much, for my sake, and for his own." "I will," answered I, "be the messenger of this caution, as I want to see him in the corporeal state, which is described so much like a shade here, that a slight change will render him sufficiently light and unsubstantial for this abode of spirits." Here I awoke, and feeling for my own solidity, I found myself not sufficiently ethereal to take a flight with my friend Cuming. And, alas! is Cuming no more!!! July 20, 1783.

He lives, he lives—to-day (July 21), a letter is arrived, not from the shades, but from Dorchester, and left my vision—happily too—a baseless fabrick.

LETTER XVIII.

Dr. Cuming to Dr. Lettsom.

July 26, 1783.

To convince you, my good Friend, of the pleasure I find in your correspondence, I now sit down to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, which only reached me this morning, though I believe I shall not deliver my epistle to the post till the end of next week. I am still alive: how long I may continue so cannot be foreseen, but I think it not unlikely that the prognostic in your dream may be verified by the manner of my exit. As I am a man of cool passions, as I live temperately, and seldom stir beyond the limits of my garden, where I walk sedately for a quarter of an hour at a time, I do not feel much pain from my complaint; though sometimes without any exertion, or indeed any assignable cause, I have felt for eight or ten minutes, a very uneasy compression on my chest, which has hitherto given way on swallowing three or four spoonfuls of brandy. This is sometimes attended, but not always, with an irregular pulse. Some slight degree of it, I think, I perceive almost every night upon my first lying down in bed; but I soon fall asleep, and seldom wake till eight in the morning. Some days I feel a sensation on and near the sternum, as if I had re-

ceived a blow, but unattended with pain or shortness of breath. As you mentioned your success in a single case by the use of white vitriol, I have taken about twelve grains of it, dissolved in peppermint water, at the rate of two grains a day. I have perceived no effect from it of any kind: perhaps the dose was too small; and if you advise it, I will increase it. I am inclined to hope the vitriolic æther may be of service, and on the next attack I will give it a trial. Let me know in what dose you prescribe the *Tinctura Cantharidum.* Have you ever found an abatement of the complaint produced by blisters applied to the part? I will beg of you at your first leisure to send me your directions minutely on this case, and as particularly as you would write them down for a person totally unacquainted with physic; for in our own cases we stand too near the object to see it distinctly; we are very incompetent judges, and are unable to direct ourselves even in the most trifling circumstances, without the aid of others.

You have a notable knack at dreaming; and have well described the Elysium of the Pagan Mythology. Such, according to that system, would be the employment of that respectable group who appear in your dream—

> Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per Artes:
> Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo—

For

> ——quæ gratia currum
> Armorúmque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
> Pascere equos; eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

Nothing could be more apposite than the words you have put in the mouth of Fothergill's respected shade, in the character he draws of you. By what means you contrive it I know not, but you have the art and abilities to combine the *volatility of a Creole* with the *plodding industry of a German.* The Doctor while living knew you too well to suspect you would be unmindful of your own life, or do any thing that should make you blush, even in Elysium, to have recorded of you in the upper world. However secretly his own beneficent acts were transacted in this world—however humbly he thought of himself, and however averse he was from having those actions exhibited to public view, he must now be sensible of the utility of having them displayed to the public by raising an emulation in those that hear them to copy so bright a pattern, *to go and do likewise.* Fear not, therefore, my friend, any reprehension from that quarter, but strenuously persist in proclaiming his many virtues, for the use of the present age, and for the imitation of posterity.

I am, your's sincerely,

W. CUMING.

LETTER XIX.

Dr. Lettsom to Dr. Cuming.

London, Dec. 31, 1783.

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My dear friend John Scott is no more! that good man—that endearing friend, and excellent poet, fell a victim about three weeks ago to a putrid fever. As long as he could speak he was sensible—gave directions respecting his funeral—the education of his surviving child, and the future destination of his wife; concluding near his last moments with these words: "*I die a believer.*" Are such severe losses destined to loosen us from this world, and to make us resigned to leave it, in the hope of renewing our friendships, and refining our intellectual pleasures?

J. C. L.

LETTER XX.

Dr. Cuming to Dr. Lettsom.

March 22, 1784.

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Dr. North is a native of this country, and I have known him well for twenty years and upwards.

In the year 1761 or 1762 he went to Edinburgh, and after diligently attending the lectures of the Medical Professors, he there took his degree in the year 1766, publishing a Thesis *De Rachitide*, in which he attempted to prove that that disorder, so far from originating in this kingdom and in the last century, was not unknown to the *Coan Sage*. Some time in the course of the ensuing year, he went abroad, and spent four years on the continent: in Holland, Flanders, Germany, Austria, (residing two winters at Vienna, Bohemia, Italy, Sicily, and France. Soon after his return to Britain he visited the Hebrides. In the year 1775, he was appointed Purveyor of the Military Hospital at New York; and continued in this department for three years, when he was appointed Superintendant General of all the British Military Hospitals in America; in which office he acquitted himself with reputation, and returned to Britain about the middle of January last. These are the outlines of his history. He has been for many years one of your brethren as F. R. S.; and you will find him, I believe, a skilful physician, a good botanist, chemist, mineralogist, mechanic, and naturalist; and, what is worth all of these put together, a worthy, honest, and liberal-minded man. I shall be very much disappointed if I do not receive the thanks of both for introducing you to each other. He has a small impediment in his speech, which you must not attend to. As he has travelled much, and is well acquainted with the French, Italian, and Ger-

man languages, he will make a valuable acquisition to your Society of Foreign Literati.

W. C.

LETTER XXI.

From the same.

May 17, 1784.

Our friendship, my dear Doctor, was formed, as you observe, in a very casual and accidental manner; but I have not the slightest doubt of its permanency on that account. Cicero, Reason, and Common Sense, say, *Ipsa Virtus Amicitiam et gignit et continet, nec sine Virtute Amicitia esse ullo pacto potest.* How beautiful is the expression of the son of Sirach on this subject: "A faithful friend," says he, "is the medicine of life, and they that fear the Lord shall find him; whoso feareth the Lord, shall direct his friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbour (his friend) be also." A similarity of sentiments, of disposition, of mind, of pursuits, and studies, will produce a strong mutual attraction; and where virtue is the basis, create reciprocal friendship, the reality and duration of which is, I am convinced, independent of a personal acquaintance, a parity of years, a sameness of country, sect, or profession; as the sincerity and duration of our union will, I doubt

not, abundantly evince. You have pledged yourself for one of the parties; accept of my bond for the other, as I trust it will long survive our existence on this terrestrial globe.

I am, your's sincerely,

W. CUMING.

LETTER XXII.

From the same.

May 31, 1784.

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Oh, well remembered! I promised you an explanation of the English verb, *To Trash*: it is a term in hunting: when a hound is too fleet and runs a head, the huntsman, in order to retard his speed, and make him run on a level with the rest of the pack, puts a collar round his neck loaded with lead,—this is called *to trash* a hound. In this sense it is used by Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and by Hammond in his Practical Catechism. Prospero, in The Tempest, speaking of his perfidious brother Anthony, says to Miranda his daughter—

> Being once perfected how to grant suits,
> How to deny them; whom t' advance, and whom
> *To trash* for over-topping,—

I will not trouble you with the quotations from the other authors. While Dr. Johnson was preparing his edition of Shakspeare's Works, I sent him this explanation of the word; but though it is *Luce meridiano clarius*, he was too conceited and obstinate to adopt it.

W. C.

LETTER XXIII.

From the same.

Dear Doctor, *June* 8, 1784.

I should have postponed acknowledging the favour of your two last letters, received yesterday, till I could have acquainted you with the arrival of Cook's Voyage; but I cannot delay telling you how much I was alarmed at the account you give me of that disagreeable sensation* which you twice felt in the course of last month. All is well yet; but think, my friend, what may be the consequence of a continued and incessant exertion of your mental powers, and of that labour, fatigue, and want of rest, in so thin and emaciated a habit as you describe yours to be. I cannot prescribe the precise mode of doing it; but it seems indispensably necessary, that you should withdraw

* *Vertigo*: mentioned in a letter dated June 4th. Ed.

yourself from that perpetual whirl of business in which you are at present entangled. You have obligations, I will allow, to the public and to your patients; but you have superior obligations to yourself, your family, and to your select friends: for their sake then let me entreat you—

——Eripe te moræ;
Fastidiosam desere copiam, et
Molem propinquam nubibus arduis.
Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.
Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices,
Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
Cœnæ, sine aulæis et ostro,
Sollicitam explicuere frontem.

Tell me what advice you would give to a friend whom you loved, circumstanced as you are; and that will comprehend every thing I wish to say to you on this subject; a subject which I will drop at present, but reserve a power of resuming, unless I am informed of a material change in your conduct.

On the subject of ornaments*, my friend, you have made some very flattering distinctions, which my utmost vanity cannot justify. I should ill deserve your esteem if I thought I had a claim to them; but I cannot be insensible to that kind partiality which gave birth to them. I may properly

* Alluding to the Engravings of the Portraits of Drs. Fothergill, Cuming, Russell, Franklin, and Mr. Peter Collinson, which adorn Dr. L.'s Publication of their Memoirs. Ed.

enough here apply to you, with a little variation, a few stanzas of an elegant ode written by Dr. Hayter, late Bishop of London, to a friend of mine—

Cur incitato Carminis Impete
Præsens, vel imum tollere homunculum,
Me Laude pertentas, Amore
Ingenuo, sine fraude peccans?

Ah! Credulum ista lucit imagine
Cognatus Auctor; Vox FOTHERGILL sonat;
Sic *ille* dilectos Sodales
Pinxit, Amicitiâ calescens.

Obscurus olim, hinc incipiam novo
Turgere Fastu, cum Titulum gerens,
Pro splendidâ Mercede dicas
FOTHERGILL', ac LETTSOMI Amicus.

I am, &c.

W. CUMING.

LETTER XXIV.

Dr. LETTSOM to Dr. CUMING.

London, Aug. 28, 1784.

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Count Adriani and Mons. Faujas de St. Fond drank coffee, and staid all night with me. After supper we spent two hours in my Museum; and then we sat down to some excellent Frontiniac, at one in the morning. Faujas liked this wine the better, as, from the flavour, he imagined it came

off one of his estates near Montpellier. They were very desirous of knowing the articles of faith of a Quaker; and it was difficult to make them comprehend, that internal evidence in the mind that is in Scripture called "*Light within*," *Grace*, *&c.* They went to Meeting the Sunday following, and were much pleased with our form; but as to our preaching, neither of them could comprehend a word of English. Faujas is a Freethinker in an extensive sense. When I spoke of the internal consciousness of the influence of the Supreme Being on the human mind, he quickly replied, "*On ne scait rien de Dieu.*"

Count Adriani was the first Italian that took a voyage in a balloon. He has been two long voyages in a balloon of his own: it measured near 100 feet in diameter, and more than that in height. He and Faujas were present when the Duke de Chartres took his unfortunate voyage, which I will endeavour to *retail* to thee, wishing it may be as acceptable as their communication was to me. The great balloon filled with gas was full 100 feet diameter—it enclosed a lesser balloon filled with vital air; the view was, that as they mounted, and the gas expanded, the vital air balloon would be squeezed and the air expelled, by a tube for this purpose. The gallery or car fixed to the balloon was wonderfully elegant; it was gilt, and of the most exquisite workmanship. When the Duke de Chartres, and three others entered the gallery, thirty thousand spectators in the Duke's

Garden were seated, or on their knees, crossing themselves for the safe return of the Duke. It is said the whole was so majestic, that it created the idea of the ascent of a Deity. At first the balloon mounted very slowly; but by the addition of inflammable matter, it suddenly was extricated from the trees of the park, and ascended rapidly. It so happened that the valve of the tube of the vital air balloon was left closed, and by the time they were elevated half a mile, it burst with an explosion like a cannon; and unfortunately the shattered materials fell upon the tube of the gas balloon, and stopped the exit of the inflammable air. At the same time the navigators observed that the balloon was gradually stretching and stretching, with the impossibility of clearing the tube for the egress of gas;—they expected every moment that the gas balloon would burst like the internal one—they were then two miles high. In this dilemma, when there were but few moments for consultation, it was resolved that the Duke should perforate the balloon with the point of his sword. The moment he pierced it, it rent from that part to the top through the whole extent of the balloon, which instantly began to fall: but so great a body, still containing an air not very miscible with vital air, fell so gently as not thereby to endanger their lives. In the Duke's park was a piece of water on which they could look down, expecting to be irretrievably immersed. This great machine, however, fell on the ground, on the edge of the water; but still

they could not extricate themselves, while the balloon seemed rolling into the water; they had a rope with them, one end of which they threw out in hopes of being buoyed up by the aid of some boys playing near the water; but these were so intimidated by the appearance of an object so great and unexpected, that they all fled, except one, who had the courage to take hold of the rope, and thereby save the Navigators from apparent drowning. Upon this boy the Duke has settled about 20*l.* a year for life.

There must be a great deal of courage in this Prince, thus to risk his life with so many prospects of enjoyment here; as I suppose he may be considered one of the wealthiest beings in Europe. I imagine our King's income is about 40,000*l.* the King of Sweden about 12,000*l.* a year, but the Duke de Chartres's must be about 600,000*l.* a year, as he is heir to the Orleans and Penthievre estates. Probably the King of Prussia, who is the greatest monopolist in Europe, and the King of Spain, who has the largest coinage, may exceed the Duke's expected income; and yet I believe none of these personages, who could live upon gold, were it possible, are half so happy as either of us; who enjoy the happy mediocrity mentioned in the beautiful prayer of Agur of old, who, asks not for riches, lest he should be proud; nor abject poverty, lest he should steal. Happiness depending on a species of substance so essentially different from gold, we need not wonder that so many are

not happy, who have fancied gold to be a kind of matrix of happiness; whereas, the essential ore is dug out of the mind. Of what importance would it prove to mankind, if they could be persuaded to dig into this mine, rather than into the minerals of Peru! Let us hope that true philosophy, which leads the human mind to associate sublime happiness with sublunary enjoyments, may influence Princes as well as peasants, and once more realize the golden age, not of this precious metal, but of rational felicity! I am thus philosophizing, with all my family at breakfast, or the rest playing around me on the carpet, and betwixt each cup of tea, or mouthful of toast, I give thee a few broken sentences, in the frankness of esteem.

I am, thy Friend,

J. C. Lettsom.

LETTER XXV.

From the same.

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About fourteen years ago, when Lord North, unfortunately for Britain, was in office, and still more unfortunately that he continued so, I went to the House of Commons to hear the speakers of that day. About a week ago, getting out of my carriage, the member for Leicester catching me

by the hand, insisted upon my going to the House. I confess I wanted to hear young Pitt; and I was in hopes of being *incog.* in the gallery, for I should not wish to lounge, or be thought to lounge, an afternoon any where. Scarcely had I got into the gallery, among a crowd of squeezers, than Major Scott, whose lady I had just left in an *Angina Maligna*, comes up, and with a handful of papers, and *ore rotundo*, calls me by name, to inquire after his lady—Thus spied out, on my left Smith's brother, member for Nottingham, whom I had just brought out of a fever, and some others who knew me, appeared in view, and I thought upon the whole I looked like a very idle fellow. Dundas, Pitt, Francis, Fox, North, Dempster, Scott, and many others, exhibited before me. Francis began with a two hours and half speech, with bad elocution, much specious argument, and violent party invective. Then rose young Pitt, like old Nestor: all was attention to him. There was a peculiar elegance in his attitude, a fluency and copiousness of expression; dignity in his whole manner, and great decision in his language. I felt a sensation I cannot express in seeing the Phœnix of the great Chatham at twenty-five fix every eye, and arrest submissive attention, from the most respectful Senate in the world. Fox followed him with a vehemence, a rapidity, an energy, calculated to confound rather than convert: It was more declamatory than argumentative; more violent than persuasive. I was tired before he had done, though he spoke two

hours *only*. I could have listened to Pitt for ever. Dundas, in a broad Scotch accent, followed Fox —he was wonderfully argumentative and candid, without oratorical exertion; his voice filled the House for an hour and a half. At first I felt awkward at his language; but his matter, his manner, and his ease, gave him, next to Pitt, a decided superiority.

J. C. L.

LETTER XXVI.

From the same.

Dear Doctor, *London, Oct.* 14, 1784.

I acknowledge, my dear friend, thy compliments on the esteem I have conciliated with some amiable characters. When I think that I have nothing to recommend me, I am often humbled in dust and ashes; and in the depth of gratitude to Him, who has vouchsafed to make me happy in this world, I cry out, under a sense of my unworthiness, "What am I, Beneficent Creator! to whom I am indebted for innumerable blessings? May humility and gratitude ever accompany me in the contemplation of Thy infinite goodness! As I cannot add to Thy happiness, may I with reverence endeavour, though at an infinite distance, to diffuse a share of that happiness to my fellow-creatures!"

Pardon such an introduction into miscellaneous subjects; but I cannot help feeling self-abasement, mingled, however, with pleasing gratitude, as often as I am favoured with the regard and the friendship of good people—for they are the blessings of Heaven, and I have so many of them, that I sometimes think I have more than my share; and often remember a question in Scripture, which is in these cogent words, "*How much owest thou unto thy Lord?*" Upon my word, I owe more than I can ever pay, though I am humbly thankful that I am enabled to pay off a little, but very little portion of it.

About the time thou receivest this, thou wilt have a little pot of sweetmeats. It is in itself of no value, but gratitude renders it intrinsically so. To my slaves I gave liberty, and that too at a time when my fortunes were small indeed. If I had done it when affluent, I think I should not have felt half the comfort. My poor Negroes often send little things which they can procure, as presents; sometimes a common coral, or trifling shell. It is the intention I value. This little trifle of sweetmeats is the present of Teresa, a beautiful mulatto of mine. She has long hair; is a brunette, but has such a pleasing and fine eye, and such symmetry of shape, that many West Indians would have placed her at the head of a black seraglio. I, however, never had a seraglio; and Teresa, though probably proud to have shared the favours of her master, never influenced his passions. She has one

passion, however, I wish to divide with her, and that is gratitude. Taste this sweetmeat—think of Teresa, and let us be thankful at the universality of Christian virtues. Poor Teresa! thou little thinkest how much thy master values thy present. He will probably never see thee in this world! In the next thou mayest appear white as an European, and happy as him who has said "Be free."

I remain, &c.

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER XXVII.

From the same.

Dear Doctor, *Nov.* 10, 1784.

Thy letter, dated the 30th of October, left thee in the same situation of mind as it found me. I had not lost my friend indeed by death, but by separation of the Atlantic. Governor Nugent of Tortola, for whom I had a sincere attachment (perhaps he had the same for me), had just taken leave of me on his return to the Government of my native soil. When he left me I felt such a chasm in my heart—such a painful sensibility, that I cannot find words to express it; probably the same sensation as the loss of Mr. Frampton has occasioned in thy mind. My dear friend, when we lose an agreeable associate, how lonely we feel, and seem to exist a deserted cypher in the universe. In

these melancholy moments, how little is existence here—the heart initiated into the sympathies of friendship, enlarges beyond the bounds of time, and expands into those regions, where our friends have retired, and "where fate and death divide true friends no more." Young as I am, I often have occasion to say, with Young the poet,—

> "When in this vale of years, I backward look,
> And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
> Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
> And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
> To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
> I still survive, and I am fond of life."

Happy for us, intellect, the source and seat of true friendship, is not yet frittered down into materialism; but I trust survives Priestley* and the grave —that intellect which enjoys the present, and anticipates the future in the loss of a friend, whose heart cleaved unto ours, finds some comfort in the like social converse of survivors, and the new endearments, which sentiment and virtue exhibit within the circle of acquaintance.

These severe allotments of departed friends are permitted us perhaps for a wise purpose. They lessen our attachments, our improper attachments here; and soften our passage to the land of spirits, whither our friends are gone before to receive us. When we contemplate this new scene, which virtue has softened with the down of friendship,

* Alluding to the "Disquisitions on Matter and Spirit." Ed.

the journey cannot be painful. We cannot agree with the poet who says,

> How dreary is the gulph, how dark, how void,
> The trackless shores that never were re-past!
> Dread separation! on the depth untried
> Hope faulters, and the Soul recoils aghast.

I am happy to find that Teresa was pleasing.—*Ne crede colori* is truly philosophical, and is true philanthropy. I shall make her happy soon, by a letter I have just transmitted. Her brother Sam was my slave. I took care of his education in England, taught him myself the rudiments of arithmetic and writing. He chose to be christened, and applied for that purpose to Mr. Townley, head-master of Merchant Taylors'. When Mr. Townley heard he was my slave, he came to me previous to the operation to acquaint me of the application: "I will christen him if you choose; but I believe he never will be good for any thing afterwards." I replied, that I had no choice; and if he could mend him by the process, it would give me pleasure. So he was christened Sam Coakley. After that he walked on tip toes, and became too big for a servant. He was made steward of a King's ship, and on the dreadful storm which sunk the Glorieux and Ville de Paris, and shattered the Caton, he sunk into the billows. Some rascals, I believe, forged his will; however, the Commissioners before they paid what was due to Sam, learnt he was my slave, and applied to me

about the will. I told the supposed forgers that I would spend 500*l.* to prevent them from receiving Sam's wages. I had them a dozen times examined and cross-examined, but without effect;—however, they agreed to divide the profits of the will; and this money I have transmitted for Teresa as the next of kin to Sam. They are of the same mother we know; but as to the father we know not; they were both mulattoes, and as mothers can better be ascertained than fathers, possession goes by the female line. Sam's hair was curled, Teresa's is fine long flowing hair, like that of a Seapoy's: Teresa is handsome, and Sam was extremely genteel. Poor Sam! how I remember, with lively pleasure, thy ardour, when I returned from a long journey, and stopped near home, and sent my cane that I rode with before me, how thou kissed the cane, and kissed it saying, "I am glad my master is returned safe!" These are effusions of the heart. That kiss was not like Judas Iscariot's. It left the impression of the purest affection. I hope Heaven in mercy has remembered him for it. His old master will never forget it.

I am thy Friend,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER XXVIII.

Dr. Cuming to Dr. Lettsom.

Nov. 15, 1784.

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To live long, my friend, is the universal wish; but in the early part of life little do we foresee or think of the numberless inconveniences that accompany a protracted residence in this world. It is happy that we do not consider them too attentively. Not to mention the unavoidable infirmities of old age, the loss of so many of our dearest and most intimate friends, to whose converse and kindness we have owed the principal comforts and solace of life, occasions many a poignant pang, and rends the very heart-strings. However, this must of necessity happen to the man of many days; but it answers many valuable purposes in the scheme of Providence, as it gradually lessens our attachment to this world, through which we are only to pass as strangers and pilgrims, in our way to a better: and those who go before us serve as so many monitors, for us to be more watchful over our conduct, and to be better prepared for the important change. Dr. Young seems to be a favourite author of your's: he has ever been so of mine, particularly his "Night Thoughts," in which there is more true poetry,

force of imagination, good sense, religion, and morality than in a hundred volumes I could name on those subjects. I could once repeat half of them without book. The passage you mention I have of late repeated often to myself, and in return I will give you another passage, which is apposite to the present subject:—

> ——————————Smitten Friends
> Are Angels sent on errands full of love;
> For us they languish, and for us they die:
> And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?
> Ungrateful! shall we grieve their hov'ring shades,
> Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
> Shall we disdain their silent, soft address;
> Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer?
> Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
> Tread under foot their agonies and groans;
> Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?

But I will add no more on this subject; I am very sensible that this is a heavy sententious letter, and the only apology I can make for it is, that every sentiment and expression of it comes to you by the most direct and shortest road from the heart.

W. C.

LETTER XXIX.

Dr. Lettsom to Dr. Cuming.

Dear Doctor, *London, Dec.* 1, 1784.

I received thy last letter as I returned from a tragedy. About fourteen years ago I went to see Garrick, in King Lear, and never since have been at any theatre till the present time: it is not quite consistent with our religious system; but I confess I like to see perfection in every species of art, and this wonderful woman, Mrs. Siddons, being a subject of universal admiration, I ventured, against ecclesiastical orthodoxy, to see her in Zara. Theatrical subjects are not to thy taste probably; but it is astonishing with what powers of nature and passion she can place herself in the tender movements of the heart. She speaks as if she suffered all the woe she describes; but she speaks most powerfully to the soul when she is silent: her features—her attitudes, give utterance to that language which melts the heart, and interests imagination. She is a fine figure; she is just in that medium that has softness without grossness, and tender expression without languor. The King was present, and was received with warm acclamations by the company; but when the Queen courtesied the house echoed with peals of approbation: they both looked perfectly healthy, and

so did their children who accompanied them. This kind of public eclat to such personages always warms my heart, and adds a sensible enjoyment. An Englishman is the only subject under the sun that dares to approve and disapprove of the measures of a monarch. The middle and lower classes of the people, are the least addicted to flattery, and it is upon such, and such occasions chiefly, that the prince can judge to what extent he reigns, where alone he ought to reign, in the affections of his people. A prince knowing this must enjoy exquisite pleasure in these moments of undisguised approbation; for, alas! they are the only moments that he can hear the truth without flattery.

I am thy Friend,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER XXX.

Dr. CUMING to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dec. 7, 1784.

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I venerate every religious institution, but I cannot help thinking *(pace tuâ dixerim, Amice spectatissime)* that an entire prohibition of public spectacle is rather too rigid and severe an ordonnance. That a habit of frequenting the theatre, considering the immoral tendency of many pieces there

exhibited, may irritate and stimulate the passions of young and thoughtless persons, I am ever ready to confess; but there certainly are many pieces of the drama in our language exquisitely adapted to promote virtue, to humanize the soul, and make the heart expand with piety, benevolence, and all the charities. I have been a frequenter of the theatre from my early years; am pretty well skilled in the dramatic productions of every language that I understand; in the reading and representation of which I have passed many agreeable hours. I have shed many delicious tears, and enjoyed such pleasing sensations as were infinitely preferable to the noise of mirth and all the successions of laughter. If the friends, then, whose esteem you value do not take offence at your conduct, go again. I herewith send you my absolution; but I have no doubt you can absolve yourself. I have been told by many of my friends, who have felt their influence, of the amazing powers of the celebrated Mrs. Siddons, and much regret that I cannot speak of them *ex autopsid.* They who think that the being present at dramatic representations in every person and under every circumstance criminal, dangerous, or improper, ought likewise to forbid the perusal of such works, or the gazing on the efforts of genius in painting and statuary, or the listening to the fascinating powers of oratory. Had I been there I should have enjoyed with you the satisfaction, which our gracious Monarch and his amiable Consort enjoyed from those spontane-

ous effusions of his subjects' love,—a small though a pleasing compensation, for the many anxious hours his diadem has cost him.

I feel myself highly obliged by the respect shewn me by Mrs. L. and Mrs. P.; let them come if they dare! they may safely rely on all the civility and complaisance that an old man can show them, who never goes beyond the limits of his garden. I might say to them as Dr. Winslow said to me, on my being introduced to him at Paris, and telling him how much I wished to be personally acquainted with a gentleman to whose writings I was so much obliged. "*Eh bien, Monsieur,*" (said he, looking up in my face), "*Vous ne voyez pas grande chose.*" Winslow was not above five feet, or five feet two inches high.

W. C.

LETTER XXXI.

Dr. LETTSOM to Dr. CUMING.

Jan. 13, 1785.

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I went to Settle, an apprentice, a fatherless lad. I rode from the house of Samuel Fothergill at Warrington alone; and my guardian when he parted

with me, impressed upon my mind his last words: "Please thy master, and above all *please thy mistress*. If thou turnest out well, I will recommend thee to my brother, the Doctor, and never forget, that to be good is to be happy."

Poor Sutcliff! once, and only once, wast thou angry with me, and I shall never forget thy words: "Thou mayest make a physician, but I think not a good apothecary." My master never had fewer than two apprentices: the one prior to me was very facetious; for some weeks before my arrival, he informed the market-people that an apprentice was coming from a country where the feet of the inhabitants were opposite to those in England. The country people imagined from such discourses that this antipode walked on his head: the morning after I arrived was the market-day, our house faced the market, and an immense concourse surrounded the window, through which I was surveying my new neighbourhood, little suspecting that I was the object of investigation. In their features were depicted surprise, curiosity, disappointment, and other passions. At length I heard a wise old *codger*, who seemed to have more discernment than his neighbours, exclaim among the crowd, "Marry! I think he looks like other folk;" and away he went to the market, and the company followed, as soon as they had made the same discovery,—by finding that my heels were under my head!

Few merit reward equal to the authors of great discoveries; and Len, (Leonard, for so he was called,) who discovered that an antipode did not walk on his head, ever after appeared to me, to deserve the epithet of a clever fellow, and I occasionally rewarded him during my residence in Settle, and since have allowed him a halfpenny a day, which Dr. Sutcliff regularly pays him for me, to supply him with tobacco, a twist of which he usually keeps between the fauces and inferior maxilla.

Thy observation of the American Worthies quadrated with mine, that they *all* appeared to belong to the family of the Nasoes; and this observation has been the means of introducing Len in this place; for all these American noses, pyramidically placed, could not have greatly exceeded Len's single promontory. It was formed in a right angled triangle, or with a base whose sides like the Egyptian pyramids were nearly equal, but like a gnomon on a narrow dial plate. It was so conspicuous, that I have known strangers stop in their journey to contemplate this lofty projection; and no man was prouder of the superior gifts of Heaven than Len was of this superiority. Upon such occasions he would obligingly take hold of it himself, and lay it a little prostrate on one side, adding, "I've taken it out of thy way, and thou mayest get by now."

After introducing to thy acquaintance an original character or two; may we, after Len, intro-

duce the late Dr. Johnson, whom I suspect thou didst not fully know. He was a pious man; attached, I confess, to established system, but it was from principle. In company I neither found him austere nor dogmatical; he was certainly not polite, but he was not rude; he was familiar with suitable company; but his language in conversation was sententious; he was sometimes jocular, but you felt as if you were playing with a lion's paw. His body was large, his features strong, his face scarred and furrowed with the scrophula; he had a heavy look; but when he spoke, it was like lightning out of a dark cloud. With a capaciousness of mind, and some inequalities in it, like his face, he resembled a Colossus, which, like that at Rhodes, embraced the whole sea of literature, affording awe and distance rather than esteem and social friendship: his will evinced the narrowness of his friendships; and from some of his writings, one may discern a sternness from disappointment rather than from philosophy. His Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, was perhaps his own picture; and it inculcates apathy to the world, rather than happiness in it. Upon the whole, he seems not to have been a happy man; his religion was rigid, rather than social; and his mind warped by system, rather than humanized by virtue and truth. But who is perfect?

May I introduce another character from Dr. Des Genettes letter, where he says, "et bien des choses à vos fils, qui incessament seront des

personages intéressants." He has in view here my son John Miers, who is ten years old; he learns Greek and Latin at St. Paul's, and a French and Drawing master attend him at home. His figure is genteel and personable; his carriage has the ease of the most accomplished gentleman; his mind possesses every virtue, and every thing seems spontaneous. Every body loves him—he inquires daily after the health of every servant, by whom he is adored; the very dogs in both houses make him their delight. He never told a lie. Before he could speak, I have put him into a garden loaded with fruit, with a caution not to touch any, and I have watched him, but he never broke my orders. If he says at table he does not choose any more, no dainty can move him, to touch any thing, he has such a natural inflexibility to truth. If he ride with me in the carriage, he never forgets to carry a book or two to read—they attend him to bed, and he is up before day-light to read. He informs me often upon ancient and modern history, particularly of Greece and Rome. He is acquainted with the history of America, and many of the political revolutions of Europe; he has entered into many of the religious systems of the world, and the oddities of our own do not escape his attention. In many important things, I make him my confidant, and he never betrayed me. He has a library of his own, and is forming a cabinet of natural history, and of engravings. He converses on the attributes of the heathen deities, and

of their mythology, and can estimate its incongruity. He applies the money I allow him, to books and to charity, and in making his brothers and sisters happy. His whole life seems to promote the happiness of others. He has wonderful power in seeing through flattery, and distinguishing between what is *said*, and what is *meant*.

With features like alabaster, he has astonishing firmness of mind on his own account; but the utmost sensibility on the account of others. When he was very young, riding on horseback, in company with me, he was thrown off. All he said was, "I am glad I fell, because I know what falling is; I am not afraid now." When an infant, seeing his mother bled, he begged to be bled also; the surgeon thinking to frighten him, made preparations, and seeing Jacky immoveable, he cut a vein, but the little boy never moved his arm. At play he does it *vi et armis*; and enjoys play with as much earnestness as he does a book. I know not how to compound a happier character.

I remain, &c.

J. C. L.

LETTER XXXII.

Dr. CUMING to Dr. LETTSOM.

Feb. 5, 1785.

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And first for the sagacious Leonard, whose *cleverness* you have so amply rewarded, how he blesses you every morning for his daily food, while he enjoys the luxury of his Virginian repast!

George I. soon after his accession to the throne, made a progress to Winchester. He arrived there on a Saturday afternoon. The Dean and Chapter had made great preparations, at a considerable expence, for the Monarch's reception at the Cathedral, next morning; but when he was asked by his Lords in waiting, at what hour he chose to go, he peremptorily refused to go at all. His attendants foreseeing ill consequences from his Majesty's disgusting the Clergy, and disappointing the expectations of thousands, who had flocked from all parts to see a King, had recourse to the intercession of an old Turk, who had long served him in quality of *Valet de Chambre*, with whom the Monarch often familiarly unbended. "You go to church to-morrow?" said the old man. "No, no!" says the King. "Vat! you no go to church, Sire?" "No," answered Royalty. "Oho! oho! so! so!" replied

the valet, "you no go to church; your people tink you ave two head: you go to church, dey den see you ave but one." This excited the risibility of his Majesty's countenance; he went next day to church, sat under his Royal canopy, and the people discovered, with the sagacity of a Leonard, that, though a King, he had but one head.

W. C.

LETTER XXXIII.

From the same.

Dear Doctor, *Feb.* 7, 1785.

I have repeatedly read over your Character of Dr. Johnson. I shall read it again and again; the features appear to be so accurately drawn, with such a due proportion of light and shade; the praises given to his virtues and abilities so justly balanced by your candid acknowledgment of his failings and weaknesses, that I can better depend upon its being a just resemblance than on any other representation that books or conversation have ever given me of him. But yet, my friend—aye, yet—though I ever admired the great extent of his literary abilities, and few perhaps possessed greater, I could never consider him as an *amiable* character. Conscious of the superior dimensions of his own abilities, he treated others who, perhaps,

were his inferiors, with a fastidious contempt. He always seemed to me to answer to the idea of a man *hérissé de Grecque*, as the French express it; sententious, oracular, and dogmatical in his assertions; stiff in opinion, and hardly ever adopting that of others, however clear, in opposition to his own; narrow and illiberal in his sentiments, respecting those who differed from him in religious or political tenets, and of those who had not the felicity to be born within the jurisdiction of England. His Dictionary, it must be confessed, has singular merit, and exhibits a great extent of reading and judgment, but "*aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*" I will not recall to your remembrance his foolish and ridiculous definitions of the words *Whig, Tory, Excise, Pension, Pensioner, Oats, Network*, &c.; but is it not wonderful, that so great a scholar, who had studied the Hebrew language too, should exhibit the words *Sabbath, Sabbaoth*, as synonymous, and signifying a day of rest?

I remain, &c.

W. CUMING.

LETTER XXXIV.

Dr. Lettsom to Dr. Cuming.

Dear Cuming, *Feb.* 8, 1785.

Generally when I have begun a letter, I have had some object in view; but at present, I cannot recall to mind one circumstance to communicate; but as I have a frank, it is necessary to put something into it.

As I have but just now received thy letter, I have not had time to examine Shakspeare; but I recollect very well Dr. Johnson's explanation of *Pension*, *Oats*, &c. I think in the first edition of his Dictionary, explaining "Bullock," he calls it a *young cow*. This was certainly more excuseable than his national reflections; and still more so than his religious bigotry, which he so often evinces in his Lives of the Poets, particularly under Milton and Watts; but in social company, when he unbended from critical austerity, he afforded the finest dessert to a rational repast. I once dined with him, Wilkes, Boswell, and Lee the American; — what a group! "It was ungrateful," said Lee, "for the Scotch, who, when emigrants, always found an asylum in America, to be the most violent opponents to American independence, and to oppose their benefactors in the cabinet and in the field." "The obligation," replied Boswell, "was not so considerable, when

it is understood that the Americans sent the Scotch emigrants to Cape Fear, and such like barren regions." "I think," said Johnson, "they acted like philosophers." "Why?" Boswell inquired. "Because," added Johnson, "if you turn a starved cow into clover, it will soon kill itself by the sudden transition; and if the Scotch, famished in their own country, had been placed in the more fruitful parts of America, they would have burst by a bellyfull, like the cattle in clover." Nobody enjoyed a laugh at the expence of the Scotch more than Boswell, at least when it came from Johnson; and the latter appeared to do it in play; but his play was as rough as that of a bear, and you felt fearful of coming within the embraces of so fierce an animal.

Alas! it is now exactly eleven at night: the clock strikes as I write it, and a carriage rolls up Sambrook Court, to carry me off to a case of sudden emergency at some miles distance.

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Feb. 9.—The patient was reading in the evening to his wife, and in that situation was attacked with syncope. I arrived three hours after the incident. He was perfectly sensible; but had no perceptible pulsation in the heart or arteries. His face and hands were cold. He lived till six this morning. I suspect there was a palsy of the heart, or some of the large vessels. The functions of the brain were not impaired; there were therefore no apoplectic symptoms.

I admire much thy facility in the French language; especially, as thou must want occasions of practising it, in order to preserve a facility of reading or writing it. I never possessed memory. One of the most extraordinary instances of memory, and particularly in languages, was in old Whiston,* who was my patient, under insanity, for the last five years of his life. The Biographical Dictionary in 12 vols. 8vo, was sent him by a friend, and from memory alone he made about 4000 corrections, if I guess right. Two years afterwards, another person sent him the same work, but another copy, and he made the same corrections again. He wrote many Essays for the papers, which were printed; but he could not talk a minute sensibly, though he could write well upon most subjects. I kept a correspondence with him in French without his ever knowing his correspondent. It was 40 years since he had had a few lessons by a master, and yet so strong was his recollection, that he wrote in that language with great ease.

I just now had a visit from a very ingenious philosophical man, who is about to commence a course of philosophical lectures, in imitation of the late Ferguson. He seemed much pleased with my apparatus, which is one of the largest private ones in Europe: it cost me nearly a thousand

* The reader will hardly need to be informed, that this was not Whiston the celebrated Arian and Mathematician, who died in 1752, aged 84. It was his son John, many years an eminent Bookseller in London. See Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes." Ed.

pounds. Some mechanics begin to imitate my machinery. He will lecture in Guy's Hospital, and the Governors allow him to draw upon their Treasurer for the expence. I suppose his first expence will be about 300*l.* This hospital has a revenue of nearly 20,000*l. per annum.* An application of such an overplus to such a purpose is commendable. He was much pleased with my microscope, which once entertained our friend Templeman.

I suppose thou wouldst see by the papers, an account of the death of Surgeon Belcher. I imagine he was about eighty-two. He died worth about 1500*l. per annum*, and had ordered that he should be buried in Guy's Hospital. His coffin to have nails not gilt, the coffin to be filled up with saw-dust. I believe he was *once* a pompous man, but it is a happiness that experience lets us see the futility and vanity of human dignity. We often see that those who have been most addicted to parade in life, seem in death (allow the expression) the most disposed to condemn it.

To return to my philosophical apparatus: I keep it for the use of my children; and John, who is fond of such things, is already master of many experiments, both on the air-pump and on the electrical machine. I wish thus to familiarize them to philosophy; for to employ them well is to prevent them from employing themselves ill. John has to-day a holiday (Shrove Tuesday), and he has been out the whole day to visit a person who has

a collection of pictures, on which he values himself as a virtuoso; and Samuel Fothergill, who is five years old, is making a collection of pictures, and of specimens of wood. He is a wonderful youth for wishing to know and ascertain the cause of things.

I remain, &c.

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER XXXV.

From Dr. CUMING to Dr. LETTSOM.

Feb. 12, 1785.

Ecce iterum Crispinus!—What a contrast does the character of Dr. Johnson (according to my idea at least) form to that of another gentleman, not his inferior in learning, with whom I had the pleasure of being acquainted: I mean the late Dr. John Campbell, author of the "Survey of Britain." How gentle in his manners! how mild his disposition! how courteous his address! how unassuming in conversation! how candid in the opposition of debate! While communicating knowledge, *à pleine gorge*, he seemed to be learning from others. But you say, "I did not know Dr. Johnson!" it is true; if I had, perhaps I should have received his foibles through a more favourable medium, for certainly this was the case in respect to a late learned lumi-

nary. Many years ago I read over the polemical and critical works of the late Dr. Warburton; and from the perusal I conceived a most unfavourable opinion of the man; so stiff and conceited in opinion; so dictatorial in his sentiments, treating every one who thought differently from himself with the most sovereign contempt. It is above thirty years ago that Ralph Allen, of Prior-park, first came to pass about three months in the summer annually at Weymouth: his niece, Mrs. Warburton, was always of the party. She was elegant in her person, possessed of an excellent understanding, great politeness, and a most engaging *naiveté* in conversation. I had been introduced to Mr. Allen's acquaintance soon after his first arrival, and was always professionally employed in the family. After a few years, the Bishop, whom I had never seen, came to pass a month of the summer with Mr. A. at Weymouth. I was soon after sent for, to attend some one in the family. After having visited my patient, Mrs. W. took me by the hand, and led me to the dining-room, where we found the Bishop alone,—she presented me to him with "Give me leave, my lord, to introduce to you a friend of mine, to whom you and I have great obligations, for the care he has repeatedly taken of our son." He received me courteously enough, but I own to you I felt an awe and awkward uneasiness. I determined to say but little, and to weigh well what I said. We were left alone—it was an hour to dinner—he soon engaged me on some literary sub-

ject, in the course of which he gave me the etymology of some word or phrase in the French language, with a "Don't you think so?" I ventured to dissent, and said I had always conceived its origin to be so and so: to this he immediately replied, "Upon my word I believe you are in the right: nay, 'tis past a doubt; I wonder it never struck me before." Well, to dinner we went: his lordship was easy, facetious, and entertaining. My awe of him was pretty well dissipated, and I conversed with ease. Sometime after dinner, when he was walking about the room, he came behind me, tapped me on the shoulder, and beckoned me into an adjoining room. As soon as we entered, he shut the door, seated himself in an armed chair on one side of the fire-place, while he directed me by his hand, to one on the opposite side. My fit immediately returned: I expected to be catechised and examined; but it was of short duration. He said he was happy in this opportunity of asking the opinion and advice of a gentleman of my character respecting some complaints he had felt for some time past, and which he found increasing. On this my spirits expanded: I did not fear being a match for his Lordship on a medical subject. He then began to detail to me the complaints and feelings of those persons addicted to constant study and a sedentary life. As I mentioned several circumstances which he had omitted in his catalogue, and which he immediately acknowledged, I gained his confidence. He was sensible I was master of

my subject. It is a good political maxim, "*Docti sunt doctè tractandi.*" I explained to him the rationale of his complaints, and shewed him the propriety of the diet, exercise, and regimen, which I recommended to him. In short, we parted, to join the company, very well satisfied with each other. I found my disgust and prejudice gradually abate. During several subsequent years, I had repeated opportunities of being in company with him, and never saw a single instance of that fastidiousness and arrogance, so conspicuous in his writings. He always received me with great good humour; I conversed with him easily and familiarly. On all subjects he shewed an attention and deference to the opinion of others. He had a great fund of anecdotes, and told his stories with much humour and facetiousness. This change in my opinion relating to Dr. W. was the effect of my being personally acquainted with him: however, I can never forgive him for defacing the immortal Shakspeare, by his many ridiculous and unlettered notes, though he made me a present of that and all his other Works. "He ought," said Quin the player, "to have stuck to his own Bible, and not to have meddled with ours." I beg your pardon for this dull tedious tale; but it seemed to the purpose. I thought I could have finished it in less than a page; yet when I had once entered, I was obliged to go on.

Notwithstanding all that you and others have said, I must still think this said Dr. Johnson

had a *feline* malevolence in his disposition, with a very narrow contracted heart, from the dislike he manifested for those who were not born in the same island. Can any thing be more unworthy of a philosopher, whose mind ought to be divested of all prejudice? "*Ah! mon Dieu!*" said the silly Frenchman to a gentleman who acquainted him that he was born in Switzerland, "*est il permis d'etre né en Suisse?*" In the name of every thing that is whimsical, what does it signify *where* a man is born? I would beg to know in what country, or in what part of it, it is most honourable to be born? I fear there is much ragged cattle, many shabby Christians, born in the proud metropolis of Great Britain, and even within the courtly parish of St. James's. Our religious and political principles are accidental, and merely the effect of education. Had you and I been born of Turkish parents, and educated in the city of Constantinople, our confession of faith would have been, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." Can it be supposed that Heaven puts itself at the head of any one religious party? No! Reason and Charity compel us to believe, that the virtuous of all religions are equally acceptable to the UNIVERSAL FATHER: for little as we know of Heaven, I hope we may, without any blasphemy, presume, that the Supreme Being is at least as reasonable as the best of his creatures.

I am, &c.

W. CUMING.

LETTER XXXVI.

From the same.

Feb. 26, 1785.

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If my paper, in my last letter, would have held out, I should have finished the subject of Warburton, by giving you an arch, but not unjust, character of him, which I extracted many years ago, and before I was acquainted with the Doctor, from a letter written by a gentleman, a clergyman I believe, in Devonshire, to a learned friend of mine, in which the metaphor is admirably supported. Thus he expressed himself: "And whom we may compare, not altogether improperly, to a *Blazing Star*, that has appeared in our hemisphere: obscure his *origin*, resplendent his *light*, irregular his motion, and his period quite uncertain. With such a train of quotations as he carries in his *tail*, and the eccentricity of the vast circuit he takes, the vulgar are alarmed, the learned puzzled. Something wonderful it certainly portends, and I wish he may go off without leaving some *malignant influence* at least amongst us, if he does not set us on fire."

W. C.

LETTER XXXVII.

Dr. Lettsom to Dr. Cuming.

Dear Cuming, *March* 2, 1785.

When I consider the trivial character of my letters, contrasted with the solid entertainment which my dear friend's afford, I am often sorry that so little occurs to me worthy of communication; and particularly so at this time, when I must make an apology for rendering this letter an echo to his last very acceptable and instructive favour.

The manner in which thou wast so agreeably undeceived respecting the late Dr. Warburton, exhibits a striking instance of the liability of mistaking characters, and of the propriety of candour in our decisions upon them.

The late Mr. Toplady, whose writings were professedly under the gloomy impression of predestination, appeared to me one of the most morose and dark characters I had met with in polemical reading; but upon a slight acquaintance, I found him cheerful, communicative, and social; and when I ridiculed his notions, so unworthy of philosophy and reason, he enjoyed the laugh with as much pleasantry as if I were his advocate; and we became as familiar as the bishop and his physician.

I dare say I am out of my calculation with respect to my honoured friend, to whom I address

this epistle, when I confess I should be impressed with awe at a first personal interview; but I will add, that this awe would be so combined with affection, as to produce, in the language of chemistry, a *tertium quid*, which I may term *respectful esteem*. Tell me when I must expect to make this experimental essay.

I have just read a note, which is enclosed, from Mr. Dawson, who seems by it to solicit disease that he may become my patient. He is a different character from what the bishop was; he came from the North of England, and he retains the dialect. He is not versed in letters, but is a man of business and dispatch—plain, blunt, sincere; a most cordial friend, and highly respected. At the late dissolution of Parliament, the Borough was offered him, without expence or canvass. He lives in Canterbury Square, Southwark. I was then attending his niece Maria; and he told me, he would not go among such company, unless there was an Act passed, that every Member should be hanged who spoke above half an hour in one speech. In consequence of this note, I visited my honest friend. When I had prescribed, he sent for Maria to pay her respects, as he said, to *her* Doctor. As she entered the room, "*Maria*," continued he, "*Here is Dr. Lettsom, who saved your life.*" What, my dear friend, is so charming as a young maid in such an attitude? Has not thy blood boiled upon such occasions; when the chaste

smile of gratitude has fallen, like the reviving lustre of the sun, on the arbiter of health? Maria, whom I had lately seen with features discomposed, had now a full prominent eye, and at this instant it appeared moistened with gratitude. The focus of it fell exactly upon a plexus of the *nervi sympathetici*. I was incapable of treating her with that reserve which thou exercised in the company of Warburton; and I introduce this anecdote to exhibit the contrasts. Tell me which of our introductions was most agreeable.

But, relinquishing this subject for a more serious one, I confess I was highly pleased with thy liberal religious sentiments: they are mine also. I was born a Quaker, and, what is still more strange, I was born so within the Tropics. I was brought up in notions which encouraged ideas of a favourite people, of a little remnant, of a chosen few, and such like narrow principles. As I loved reading, I acquired the power of thinking; and thinking that all our society together, compared to the Universal Creation, was in less proportion than a grain of sand to the great globe, I entertained more ample notions of the Universal Parent.

When I came to London, clothed in a long flapped coat, and carrying on my head a little bob-wig, unknown and knowing no one, I was revolving, as I walked along Lombard-street, what an atom of insignificance am I in this new world! At this moment a person abruptly interrupted my

reveries, by asking, "*Art thou not from Tortola?*" "*Yes.*" "*I am glad to see thee: wilt thou dine with me?*" "*With all my heart: for I am here, like Adam, without one associate.*" I do not know by what fatality Long Beezley thus accosted me and took me to his lodgings: for we were total strangers. He was some inches taller than I; his coat had large flaps, which added to his height; his arms and legs made up in length what they lacked in circumference. I remember once, as he walked up Cheapside, a little impudent boy kept strutting before him, crying out "*Ladies and Gentlemen, make way, make way, the Monument is coming.*" Beezley never minded this, but kept his pace, throwing his arms about him, and forming a periphery of three yards equilaterally from the centre of motion. I have often laughed at Beezley since, having heard that he was once a lover of my wife's; and yet he was some inches less than her first sweetheart. Putting the three lovers one upon the other, would form nearly an extent of seven yards. My wife, *wisely*, I suppose, of three evils chose the least. But Beezley possessed a most liberal heart: he had seen through the folly of little remnants; his mind was extended, like his body, beyond that of his associates. I shall ever love him. He told me what he thought might be improved in my conduct; he explained his opinions with candour, and reasoned with philanthropy. He is to dine with

me to-morrow at Grove Hill. My little woman, who does not think worse of him for his length, and who always esteems whom I love, will be of the party, and an Attic repast it will be. As a substitute for Dr. Cuming, I will introduce his animating ale. Curtis, the botanist, is to be of the party. I wish we had thee and Pulteney; the glass door that opens from my dining-room into my green-house should be opened, and aired by the stove. The Geraniums are in blow, and so is the *Aloe Margaritifera*, and so are some of the African Ericas. The *Dolichos sempervirens*, is exhibiting its popillaceous blush; and the Cape Jessamine is encircling the neighbouring Evergreens in fragrance.

A Fragment.

1 And behold! there were cunning men and learned in the sciences.

2 And they made clothes of silk and of linen, and they joined them together, yea like unto the form of the moon which is in the firmament.

3 And they hired artificers and men skilled in all the knowledge of the Montgolfiers, and they inflated the silk and the linen, and called them balloons.

4 In these days, the cunning men said one unto another: Lo! the birds have dominion of the air. Why therefore do we walk on the earth like the beast of the field? Let us also have dominion over the air.

5 And the thing pleased them much; and the men waxed bold, and went up with the balloons, even into the firmament of Heaven; like unto the birds of the air, so did they.

6 And it came to pass, that William the Seer, who dwelt in Dorchester, as thou goest to Exeter, leaned upon his staff, saying,

7 The days of my youth are passed, and the marrow in my joints faileth me; wherefore I can no longer visit my friends, as in days that are gone.

8 Howbeit, this device of the cunning men pleaseth me much, as I can sojourn whither I list, and give my bones to rest.

9 And lo! William the Seer yearned to sojourn with John the Antipode, who came from a far country: for he loved this young man.

10 And the wise men made him a balloon, and he went up with it, and did fly like the birds of the air; even like unto the eagle that soareth above the skies.

11 And it came to pass, that he rested on Grove Hill, nigh unto Camberwell.

12 And Philip, the chief gardener, and the men tarrying in the field with him, were sore afraid,

and marvelled together, for they wot not but they were in a vision:

13 But John the Antipode ran forth to meet him, and embraced him, and wept for joy, saying,

14 Now come into my habitation, and tarry with me many days; for, said he, now my eyes have seen thee doth my heart rejoice; make this house as thy own abode.

15 And he went forth, and killed chickens, and pigeons, and coneys; for his heart was gladdened.

16 And he set before him meats and drinks; yea, wine from Madeira, and Port from a far land.

17 And they rejoiced together, even unto midnight, with Anna, his wife, and their whole household.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From the same.

March 2, 1785.

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At nine last night, having some families to visit in Southwark, I determined to go on to Camberwell, with a view to command a moment to ac-

knowledge the acceptable letter of my honoured friend. Just as I had finished the minutes of the day, my clock pointed to 12; nevertheless, I am anxious to insert a line or two in the frank which was directed for him a week ago.

If I have any literary merit, it is in writing with dispatch; but to-night, coming down fatigued with the labours of the day, I indulged in a potation of Dorchester; which generally seizes me by the cranium, and presses heavily on my optics. My little woman, who loves Dorchester, is much wiser than her husband, for as soon as the soporific influence operates, she throws herself supine between two sheets of linen, and leaves me dealing out sedatives to my numerous Correspondents, among whom thou must accept of a dose with the indulgence of a friend.

I have by me Dr. Franklin's Pentateuchal imitation, which does not merit any encomium, as a studied performance; but I have understood that it was an extemporaneous production, in a society of literary persons, who were remarking that there was not in the whole Bible any example of hospitality and benevolence. In like manner, when Dr. Franklin was a printer, he made an extempore funeral inscription for himself, as each of the club in rotation did the same. The Doctor's was as follows:—

The Body
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer;
like the cover of an old book,
its contents worn out,
and stript of its lettering and gilding,
lies here,
food for worms:
Yet the work shall not be lost;
for it will (as he believed)
appear once more,
in a new and more beautiful edition,
corrected and amended by
THE AUTHOR.

J. C. L.

LETTER XXXIX.

Dr. CUMING to Dr. LETTSOM.

March 6, 1785.

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In the autumn of 1738 I frequently visited Dr. Mead. One morning, while at breakfast, he told me that he had been applied to by Sir William (then Dr.) Brown, who was come to reside in the metropolis, to recommend a physician of character to supply his place at Lynn. Dr. Mead obligingly told me, that, if agreeable, he would recommend me for this purpose. This offer I thankfully ac-

cepted of. When I next waited on the Doctor, he acquainted me that he had, according to his promise, mentioned me to Dr. Brown; but that he on inquiring who and what I was, objected to me, saying, he should accept of no person as his successor who was not a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge. Dr. M. piqued at this reply, as considering such a circumstance to be of very little importance (he had himself taken his degree as Doctor in Physic at the University of Padua), answered with some warmth, "Sir, you annexed no such condition on your first application to me. For the sake of my own character, you might have been persuaded, that I would have recommended no gentleman to you but one with whom I was acquainted, who had had a liberal education, and whose manners and abilities I was well informed of by persons of credit who had introduced him to me—do you, Sir, yourself look out for a successor to your own taste, I shall concern myself no further in this business." It was principally to him (Dr. Mead) that the several counties of England, and our colonies abroad, applied for the choice of their physicians, as he never recommended any but such whose capacity he was well assured of. He never failed to assist them with his advice and information when they had recourse to him in difficult cases, and required nothing of them in return, but an account of their several discoveries and observations, of which they enjoyed the whole honour.

W. C.

LETTER XL.

Dr. Lettsom to Dr. Cuming.

Aug. 16, 1785.

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When I mention above of succouring distress, I speak it not ostentatiously, but with humility, often recalling to my remembrance an injunction in Scripture, of looking to the Rock from whence I was hewn, and to the Pit from whence I was dug; or words to this import. After reading Herschel's account of the Milky Way, which consists of many thousands of stars, probably each as big as our sun; and that our sun is one of those very stars that composes the milky way, imagination is lost in the amplitude of creation, and the inconceivable immensity of the Creator. Alas! what is man? what is the great globe itself? Such a reflection, abased as we must be in dust and ashes at the contemplation of the Heavens, recalls to the upright man the golden anchor of Hope, which we are permitted to rely upon. "To that man will I look." The Creator of worlds which we have no powers sufficient to conceive, thus promises to superintend that minute part of creation—Man. As I write this I can hardly avoid falling on my face, in abased humility.

Pardon this digression so foreign from subjects of epistolary communication. I had just passed through my grove, where the moon's pale rays were almost excluded, and perhaps thereby a gloomy sedateness might cover a mind naturally too gay and voluptuous. Gloomy I ought not to say, for I do not think that such contemplations beget a gloom, though they produce diffidence and humility. It is the humility of gratitude to a good Protector, and not the dread of a tyrant.

To return to Franklin: It was remarkable that this great man should spring from the Court of France across the Channel, to go to America in an English bottom. I did expect that a French frigate, at least, would have conveyed a constellation about which so many great planets have moved. Ought he not rather to have been conveyed by an immense fire-ship, as being more in character with him, who has been supposed to have been the spring of fire and carnage, during the American convulsion? I suspect the fear of Algiers induced this wary philosopher to prefer the English flag to every other.

J. C. L.

LETTER XLI.

Dr. CUMING to Dr. LETTSOM.

Aug. 22, 1785.

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I love benevolence and liberality when judiciously exerted. I esteem you highly, my friend, for your generous and beneficent disposition. Benevolent men are the soft easy cushions on which the artful and designing repose and fatten. Your character for extensive beneficence and liberality is so diffusively known, by the numberless proofs you have given of it, in the various objects you have relieved, that every needy projector, every visionary schemist, every one in short who is reduced to penury, though reduced perhaps by extravagance and criminal excesses, flee to you as to a certain asylum, depend on having their wants relieved, and a supply of money given them, to be spent perhaps in the gratification of those schemes and appetites that reduced them to the condition in which you first found them. I do not mean to check and restrain your bounty; but in some cases it appears to me, that by a strict attention, it might be directed to flow into more proper channels. Your benevolent inclinations, I am well convinced, would prompt you to relieve distress and penury wherever found, within the limits of

your acquaintance, but that it is far beyond your ability; and I am sometimes sorry to see you beset by a group of lazy, indolent, self-interested people, who take advantage of your generous disposition; and after having once tasted of your bounty, claim a right to a repetition of it as often as their necessities require it.—

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.

W. C.

LETTER XLII.

Dr. Lettsom to Dr. Cuming.

Sept. 15, 1785.

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I fancy that every person, who seriously contemplates his own character, will acquire the *nosce teipsum*, which has been long considered as a high degree of knowledge. There is a difference between the knowledge of ourselves, and the appearing what we really are; for even if we knew our own infirmities, few of us would be disposed to expose them to the world. Thus I was impressed on the perusal of the letters thou lately committed to my charge*; and with

* Alluding to Letters which passed between Drs. J. Fothergill, Alexander Russell, George Cleghorn, and Cuming. Ed.

the knowledge of my own inferiority to those correspondents whom thou once enjoyed, I lament thy fate, as thou must sensibly feel the inequality of thy dead and living friends.

With all the enchanting energy of a deceased Fothergill, there is a living friend, who in point of affectionate esteem is not his inferior; and such a sentiment I feel is impressed upon thy mind in my favour, as encourages me, though *haud passibus æquis*, to follow after my predecessor. It is not in epistolary correspondence alone that I labour under this difficulty. In my profession, called in, as I daily am, to some of his *quondam* patients, where he, thou knowest, pre-eminently shone in address, endearing manners, and in creating a bewitching *penchant*, I encounter much more than in dead letters. Knowing my own imbecilities, I am thankful, however, that whatever ground I have gained, I have hitherto maintained.

I have sent two volumes by Dr. Sparrman, just published, which I have read with singular pleasure, and thou mayest keep them thy own time. The descriptions are prolix; but you in return accompany him in his wonderfully enterprising expeditions; and though he be prolix, the subjects are so novel, or treated so accurately, that the prolixity does not fatigue. You enter the life and sentiment of a Hottentot or a Boshies-man. You observe by his descriptive minuteness the passions and sentiments of the lion, the hyæna, the rhinoceros, the elephant, sea-cow, honey cuckow, &c.

You traverse with him the arid plains and mountains of Africa, and enjoy his pleasures as well as suffer with him in his difficulties.

The Psalmist exclaims, "What is man! that thou regardest him?" So have I exclaimed in contemplating the life of the Boshies-man. Does not Lord Monboddo say, "Man, in his refined state, is the work of man and not of God." He means, I suppose, that a Boshies-man is the work of the Creator. And yet he seems, in proportion to his sense of distress, to enjoy his proportion of happiness. Though he appears to be another species of animal from a Cuming or a Templeman, who in Scripture language are created a little below the angels, he has sentiments that would not disgrace a polished mind. I have viewed him with pleasure, because I saw him happy, loaded round the neck and arms with the flesh of the buffalo. If his sources of pleasure are but few beyond tobacco and hemp, he suffers few or no wants; and even when polished and refined by the Hottentots, he encounters no more wants, though probably he increases his source of pleasure.—

Far be the thought—the pleasure most sublime,
The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear;
The tow'ring wish that scorns the bounds of time,
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here.

To plant the vine on Norway's wintry land,
The languid stranger feebly buds and dies;
Yet there 's a clime where virtue shall expand,
With godlike strength beneath her native skies.

The lonely Shepherd on the Mountain's side,
With patience waits the rosy opening day;
The Mariner, at midnight's darksome tide,
With dreadful hope expects the morning's ray.

Thus *we*, on Life's storm-beaten ocean toss'd,
In mental vision view the happy shore,
Where *Fothergill* points to the peaceful coast,
Where Fate and Death divide true friends no more.

J. C. L.

LETTER XLIII.

Dr. Cuming to Dr. Lettsom.

Oct. 1, 1785.

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Is it possible for you to conceive how such immense sums as are daily amassed in our East India settlements, can be acquired, by means that a man of religious principles and moral rectitude can approve of on cool reflection? To me it seems impossible, after making large allowances. Money certainly is a very desirable object, considering the valuable purposes which it may be made to serve, by a right use of it; but there is a *something* of far more intrinsic value than all the wealth ever imported from the mines of Peru and Golconda; and that is, a consciousness of having acquired it by honest, fair, and direct means. The possessors,

therefore, of these treasures never once excited even the shadow of one envious thought in my breast. I consider them as men of weak understandings, lashed on by their impetuous passions to make a silly inconsiderate and foolish bargain, to purchase money at fifty times its value. I well know how ridiculous such sentiments are in the opinion of the Adventurer, whose universal cry is:

O Cives, Cives, quærenda Pecunia primum est,
Virtus post Nummos—

and who instruct their children—

——————————Rem, facias, Rem,
Si possis, recte; si non quocunque modo Rem.

It afforded me singular pleasure to hear my respected friend, the late Ralph Allen of Prior Park, in a *tête à tête* I once had with him, declare, "I have been blessed, Doctor," said he, "with the acquisition of a very affluent fortune from an humble station in life; but I have the satisfaction to reflect, that not a single guinea of it was ever acquired without once contributing in some degree to the benefit and advantage of my country."

W. C.

LETTER XLIV.

From the same.

Nov. 4, 1785.

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It is indeed highly probable that I shall first visit "that country from whose bourn no traveller returns," and I wish it to be so, that I may leave you behind me, the guardian of my fame. May I ever be duly prepared to obey the summons, and meet with a gracious reception from my Judge! I shall not fail, *s'il est permis selon les Loix de ce pais la,* to leave word, as you desire, whither I am gone; but it is likely from the universality of your philanthropy, and the many acts of beneficence which you are daily exercising on the indigent and distressed, that you will soon overtake me. It will then fall to your lot *to leave word* at the several gates of transition. But yet I hope at some future period to come up with you, that we may be together, and live with those whom we loved and esteemed while on earth—

Vita tum demum vocitanda Vita est,
Tum licet gratos Socios habere,
Seraphim et Sanctos Triadem verendam
Concelebrantes.

I was much pleased with the poetical quotation which you sent me; I did not know your abilities

in that walk, but I might easily have suspected that one of your amorous disposition could not have failed to have drunk of the Castalian stream. I am sorry to hear that you made such an offering to *Amphitrite*. I hope, as you say, she has placed it on a shelf in her coral grove, and on the same shelf with the six books of the "Fairy Queen," which were lost in the Irish Sea. Pray, no more such presents to her or Vulcan. I long to see some of your juvenile productions: send me, therefore, copies of some of those that yet remain. Your late amiable friend John Scott was a sweet versifier; but he was the only one of your Society, as far as I know, who climbed the Parnassian Mount.

W. C.

LETTER XLV.

From the same.

Nov. 25, 1785.

Upon my word, my good friend, your situation is truly deplorable, and claims compassion. Neither night nor day, nor any change of seasons allows you a moment's repose, incessantly employed in rattling along the streets and highways, on a long trot, hearing dismal narratives of disease and despondency, prescribing for the sick, relieving the

wants of others by your benevolence, composing works for the benefit of the public, superintending the progress of the press, and carrying on an extensive correspondence,—even compelled to write in your carriage. These alone, though other employments might be added, are far too many for the human frame to support; both mind and body perpetually on the stretch, so that I seriously dread some fatal consequence from this uninterrupted continuance of your labours; either that these incessant exertions will produce a fever or palsy, or bring on a premature old age. Well may you exclaim in the words of Pope—

> Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I said,
> Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead
> . . . . . .
> What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
> They pierce my thickets, thro' my grots they glide;
> By land, by water, they renew the charge,
> They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
> No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
> Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me.

For God's sake think seriously of what I say to you, as I fear you cannot proceed long in your present rapid course. Accept of your amiable and sensible Eloisa's invitation (for such indeed by her letter she appears to be), and after you have breathed awhile in the enjoyment of her and her husband's company, proceed to Dorchester (which is not farther from Froyle than that from London), where I will lock you up with as much

security as if you fled to me for refuge from a Bailiff; no mortal shall know your name or place of retreat—

O qui complexus, et gaudia quanta!

I am, &c.

W. CUMING.

LETTER XLVI.

From the same.

May 23, 1786.

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Dr. Johnson and his biographers have employed the press, and been the subject of most conversations ever since he died, *ad Nauseam usque.* That poor man's fate has been singular beyond precedent in the annals of literature. While he lived he was considered as an excellent classic scholar, as the author of several works, some of approved merit, and others of an inferior character, but known as a man of a disposition sour and *intractable;* yet still he might have been handed down to posterity as a tolerable mixt character, in some points respectable: but no sooner was the poor man laid in his grave, than four or five of his most intimate friends took it into their heads, that he

merited nothing less than deification; and to work they went with a determined resolution of elevating his character beyond that of any that had ever dignified or adorned human nature. But so peculiarly unfortunate have they been in their endeavours, that every effort they made to elevate has operated in a retrograde direction, and these united efforts have dragged him down below mediocrity. His learning appears to be no ways superior to that of many others whose names have been less known. Of the Hebrew, Saxon, German, and Dutch languages, he knew, I believe, very little; and he ought to have been well versed in the three last, before he attempted to compile a Dictionary of the English Tongue. His political opinions were a jargon of nonsense, his religion (far from manly and rational) a system of dark, gloomy, weak, and slavish superstition. No man seems ever to have had less claim to the character of a philosopher, as his mind was overrun with weak, illiberal, and deep-rooted prejudices. His temper arrogant, contemptuous, and insolent; his disposition vain, conceited, sour, and often malevolent. Upon the whole, he was a most unamiable being; and most of these failings the intemperate and injudicious zeal of his best friends has by a strange fatality brought to light. If the man had virtues (the world indeed gave him credit for many, from the several religious and moral papers published in the Rambler), they were so overlaid with the quantity of base alloy, that the valuable metal was not

sufficient to defray the expence of separating it from the dross. Boswell's and Piozzi's works are wonderfully trifling and inconsistent, and greatly resemble those of an author who should write with a professed and avowed design of celebrating the purity, innocence, and chastity of a lady; but this declaration once made, every future page of the work should contain the histories of her intrigues, and of her illicit congress with a hundred different men. I am sorry to hear that Boswell is deaf to every remonstrance, and fear that this affair will end fatally for his intellects. Soame Jenyns's epitaph is excellent.

W. C.

LETTER XLVII.

Dr. Lettsom to Dr. Cuming.

May 25, 1786.

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I knew thou wouldst excuse the familiar restriction I made, on account of purchasing shells; which I did jocosely; for in truth, I see no rational objection to the indulgence of now and then amusing oneself on a hobby-horse, that does not prance and gallop too much, and endanger the

throwing off a middling kind of a rider. For my part, it ill behoves me to censure, who keep a whole stud of race-hobbies. If I had leisure I would take up a defence of them, and of the propriety of keeping them under proper bits and bridles. They are the best remedies I know of, for that dangerous disease, called *ennui*, which is an introduction to every other malady of the mind. If money, by increasing and hoarding it, conferred any mental good, it would be wrong to increase intellectual pleasures at the expence of the *Summum Bonum;* but if hoarding it be proved the *Summum Vitium*, let us, my dear friend, occasionally trot, and even gallop our intellectual hobbies. Who will thank us for dying rich? not those who get hold of our scrapings. And pray who earns his money with more solicitude than a physician? Who, therefore, has a greater moral right to exchange care for pleasure? especially when those pleasures are the gratification of intellect—an exchange of the paltry works of man, for the glorious works of Nature. This rational system of conduct is not beneath the wisest and best of us; let us therefore keep our hobbies, and ride them too, on the road which leads the mind to what I would call *pecuniary ethics*.

There is a thing I hate, called *ennui*, and if I can find a little leisure, I mean to write upon him, for the Philosophical Society of Manchester, (of which I am an unworthy member); how to kill

him, under every hydra appearance; for he is Proteus like, and attacks poor mortals most insidiously and cruelly. I should attack him with more pleasure, as it would lead me to the defence of *pecuniary ethics*, and *rational hobbies*. Is he worth attacking?

J. C. L.

LETTER XLVIII.

From the same.

Nov. 17, 1786.

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I am sometimes engaged with the Sierra Leone people, in explaining and enforcing the cultivation of tea, coffee, sugar, sago, &c.; and shall, I believe, rob my stove of some of its ornaments, to be transported to Africa. There will be some intelligent persons attend this black embassy; and were they suitably encouraged, the scheme might be productive of public good. There is certainly a great revolution of sentiment and conduct in the nations of the earth now evolving, greatly to the apparent happiness of mankind. Let us pray that the channel of benevolence may open into a sea of concord. There is good enough in the world to

make all its inhabitants happy; and I suppose Providence designed it; but man, in the contracted system of self, dams up this channel, and embitters all its streams. Honourable to literature it is, that the united endeavours of philosophers and sages have opened the eyes of princes and ministers, to let them behold that public good is individual happiness. To Adam Smith we owe much; your frozen country has emitted the bright light that has illumined Europe, if we omit the days of Locke, Sidney, and Child. May the Northern lights extend to the East, West, and South!

J. C. L.

LETTER XLIX.

From the same.

Jan. 16, 1787.

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With one domestic or another, I have about twenty-two in family, to each of whom I behave with condescension; but I am ever careful of much familiarity in my own house, in order to preserve that subordination and influence which a

commander-in-chief should maintain. To attain this medium begets respect as well as affection. I remember, when at Lea-hall, with Dr. Fothergill, one Sunday when the barber disappointed him, and his attendance at meeting seemed likely to be prevented, and the doctor in the *fidgets*, I observed to him: "That his servant Emanuel could shave him." The doctor, with that fire and quickness which sometimes overcame him, hastily replied: "If thou mean to preserve authority in thy house, never suffer a servant to take thee by the nose." I was silent, and the barber's opportune arrival restored placidity and good humour.

Let us remember each other in our prayers!

J. C. L.

LETTER L.

From the same.

My dear Friend, *April* 29, 1787.

I have at length the pleasure of sending thee the first volume of Memoirs of our Medical Society, requesting at the same time, (but I need not request it) to suffer the partiality of friendship to be the veil of my imperfections. A friend will make many allowances for the agitation of incessant hurry; but the public will not poise in the balance the necessary imbecility of a hasty birth.

Of late, indeed, the public prints have puffed me off unmercifully, which I cannot help; but I know it does me more injury than abuse, and will prove the prelude of it. I feel in my own mind a firmness, that will not be agitated by either. I have approached the acme of my wishes and of my ambition here, and often endeavour to cast anchor in the haven of a better port, and to prepare to visit it with comfortable resignation. Anchored here, the light breezes of adulation excite no levity; and the storms and dark clouds eclipse not the sunshine of true pleasure.

Yesterday, as I stepped out of my coach near Temple Bar, who should catch hold of my arm but the good Mr. Howard, who was going up to Parliament, to lend his assistance to the Debtors' Bill. I renewed in vain, my intreaties for a *Fac Simile.* "You live," said he, "in my esteem in every thing but *one.*" I could not push the subject further. He told me he should set off for Ireland in three weeks, but must postpone the history of his last journey till his return, as there were twenty plates at least to be engraved for it.

In Askew's sale, there was sold a short inedited letter of Hippocrates', which Dr. Wright bought for four guineas and a half. The last physician being dead, I gave Dr. Sims a commission to bid ten guineas, or any money for it. It sold for ten shillings and sixpence! Dr. Garthshore, Dr. Simmons, and several literati were present, but Sims whispering he wanted it for me, he was

not opposed. It is intended for the first paper of the second volume of Medical Memoirs. Talking yesterday with Dr. Heberden and Dr. Morton upon it, I was surprised to hear Dr. Heberden say, he thought nothing of Hippocrates' of any value, and that nothing could be learnt from him. He quoted Sir John Pringle, that he would rather know what will be known 2000 years hence, than what was known 2000 years past. Dr. Morton seemed much of the same sentiment; but, unlearned as I am compared to these men, my opinion is independent, and widely contrasted. Charterius, who by the bye does not exceed Foesius, mentions that this MS. did exist, but that he knew not where to find it.

I am, &c.

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER LI.

Dr. CUMING to Dr. LETTSOM.

Dear Doctor, *June* 6, 1787.

I am now wading through Sir J. Hawkins's singular and unwieldy volume of the Life of Johnson: a most curious work as ever was penned. However, it contains many entertaining anecdotes, and recals to my memory many persons and things

that were formerly well known to me, intermixed with many puerile and trifling stories and remarks not worth recording. As to the hero of the piece, he loses ground, in my estimation, by every page that I peruse, and his whole life seems to be a great aggregate of inconsistency, want of judgment, strong prejudices, gloomy superstition, supreme arrogance, and gross rudeness of manners. Few, very few actions of his life or habits of his mind there are that do not stand in need of an apology. This his biographers are sensible of, and are incessantly labouring to make them; yet they generally labour in vain, and seldom if ever produce such as are satisfactory. This man's fate has been singularly unfortunate. Had he been allowed to rest in his grave in peace, he might have been remembered as a man well skilled in the Greek and Latin tongues, as the compiler of a Dictionary, and the writer of Essays of moral and religious tendency; but the intemperate zeal of his chief friends, whom nothing would satisfy but to hold him up to the world as the brightest pattern of piety, benevolence, and every other virtue that ever adorned human nature, and as the brightest luminary of science, has proved fatal to his fame, has dragged all his faults to light, *set them in a note-book, learned and conn'd by rote, to cast into his teeth.* His character may be compared to Cæsar's mangled robe, when displayed by Marc Antony to the Roman people, after the assassination:—"Look! in this place ran Piozzi's

(Cassius) dagger! through this the well-beloved Boswell (Brutus) stabbed! See! what a rent the envious Hawkins (Casca) made." And he is still doomed to further indignities by the publication of his Life threatened by Boswell. The Knight, unhappily for his hero and the readers of his book, is cursed with a most tenacious memory, which has enabled him to record a variety of trifling and puerile anecdotes which he had not judgment to suppress. But enough—perhaps too much of this.

I am, &c.

W. CUMING.

LETTER LII.

Dr. LETTSOM to Dr. CUMING.

Dear Cuming, *Aug.* 1787.

In a preceding letter, thou requested some account of Mr. or Dr. Godbold. I have read his pamphlet, and noticed the remarkable recommendations it contains. I have known also numerous cases, wherein he has been consulted; but I never knew of any one instance of recovery, or even of benefit. I have tasted the medicine, but I conceive it to be inert: an infusion of some trifling vegetables. *We* know that it is an easy matter to call coughs consumptions, anasarcas,

dropsies, &c. &c. and by indirect means acquire reputation, where none was due, and perhaps where even blame was merited. Among the people of fashion in London, quackery is cultivated. Can one wonder at lying advertisements, when it is known that Garrick, Lord Lonsdale, and the Bishop of London, were for a while the patients of Myersbach! These were men of sense; but what is the intellectual state of our nobility? Perpetually enslaved by the novelty of fashion, however *outrè*, they acquire a constitutional propensity to imitation in every thing; and leave their physician as they quit an old coat. Sir Richard Jebb told me that Sir Edward Wilmot informed him that he (Wilmot) sunk from 3000*l.* to 300*l.* *per annum*, in consequence of having lost two ladies of the court nearly about the same time; that he went abroad upon it; and upon his return to town, he again rose to 3000*l.* *per annum.*

Poor Sir Richard Jebb! I loved that man, with all his eccentricity. He had the bluntness, but not the rudeness of Radcliffe. He had the medical perception, but not the perseverance and temporizing politeness of Warren. In every respect, but fortune, superior to Turton; or to Baker, but in classical learning; and yet he was the unhappy slave of unhappy passions. His own sister is, and has long been, in a mad-house; the same fate attends his cousin; and a little adversity would have placed poor Sir Richard there also. There was an impetuosity in his manner, a wildness in

his look, and sometimes a strange confusion in his head, which often made me tremble for the safety of the sensorium. He had a noble, generous heart, and a pleasing frankness among his friends; communicative of experience among the faculty; earnest for the recovery of his patients, which he sometimes manifested by the most impetuous solicitude. Those who did not well know him, he alarmed. Those who did, saw the unguarded and rude ebullition of earnestness for success. Like Corporal Trim for his Lefevre, I miss him much; for to speak my mind, I have but little faith in some pompous survivors.

Thus far had I rambled when I received thy letter, with the books; and must now leave Jebb to the tribunal of mercy, where I trust he will meet with forgiveness of the irregularities of the head, for the integrity of the heart. I always think, whoever I can forgive, and I can forgive every individual I know, will be forgiven at a tribunal, which the Scriptures say is covered with mercy to a hair's breadth, and I think it is added that hair too. Shakspeare says—

> How would you be,
> If He, which is the top of judgement, should
> But judge you as you are?

And yet, if I do not disagreeably detain thee, I should like to stay a little longer with Jebb. Thy patients, on whom thou imposed such severe restraints in diet, thought thee an unfeeling mortal;

and yet I know few were possessed of more sensibility. I remember thy speech, "Good God! Dr. Lettsom, Lord ***, whom I cured a year ago, has employed lately another physician." Well, Sir Richard, you have more than you can do. "I know it, but this case has grieved me incessantly for a fortnight." But when his Majesty turned away poor Jebb, and substituted Sir George Baker, he never after overcame it. He left Great George-street, and *pretended* to retire to Lamb's Conduit-street. But when the measles brought him again into the Royal Family, he was so agitated, that instead of sleeping at Windsor, he got up twelve times each night, was hurried, confused, tortured about the event, till at length, without apparent danger, he sent for Baker to consult. After the termination of the measles, his own debility ensued, which he injudiciously increased by venesection; and which no cordial could surmount. But, poor fellow, a little before he died, the Queen, in a letter written by a German lady, inquired after his state of disease. This letter rekindled the expiring flame; he grasped it, and never parted with it, till life parted from his poor emaciated weather-beaten frame; for of the two he was more extenuated than myself. I could say much more about this man, who was worth ten avaricious W——s, and 100 greedy E——s, though 15,000*l.* was the extreme of his fortune, did I not suspect fatigue on thy part.

I remain, &c. J. C. Lettsom.

LETTER LIII.

From Dr. Cuming to Dr. Lettsom.

Sept. 4, 1787.

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As to the picture you sent me of the late Sir Richard Jebb, though I never saw either the original or the painter, I can affirm with confidence that it exhibits a striking resemblance. What a wild, singular, and eccentric character was that of Sir Richard! He must, indeed, I think, have been possessed of very extraordinary professional abilities, to have entitled him to such an eminent rank in that profession, and to have put it in his power, though he did not avail himself of it, to acquire great pecuniary emoluments from his practice. I cannot conceive a manner, disposition, and address, less fitted to conciliate the confidence and regard of the sick, than were his. All the generosity of his temper could not compensate for the want of that gentleness, that placid composure, and that sympathy, which are so winning and engaging to those afflicted with disease, and, by inspiring hope, often contribute to their recovery. He must have been an unhappy man, and I think very unpleasant in consultation. That irritable solicitude and anxiety which he felt for the

success of the remedies he employed for the recovery of his patients, must, I think, have produced very unhappy effects, and often have disposed him to change his medicines, before he allowed them a sufficient time to answer the purpose for which they were administered. Mons. Tissot has very sensibly remarked on this subject:—" Rien ne nuit plus au malade, que cette instabilité, et s'imaginer qu'un rèmede est inutile, parcequ'il ne détruit pas la maladie au gré de notre impatience, et le rejetter pour en prendre un autre. C'est casser sa montre parce que l'aiguille emploie douze heures à faire le tour du cadran." I have been led to suppose this imperfection in his character, from the wonderful panic with which he was seized during his late attendance on the Princesses, though I do not know that it was the common fault of his practice.

W. C.

LETTER LIV.

Dr. Lettsom to Dr. Cuming.

Sept. 20, 1787.

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Thou dost not justly appreciate Jebb's character. He was petulant and hasty; but there was a

bluntness too that looked like sincerity; and an attention to his patients' language and look, that shewed him interested in the event. He told anecdotes without reserve, and often comforted the sick by the kindest words. When patients deviated from his rules, he grew petulant, and even severe; but still it was swearing like Corporal Trim to Le Fevre. He was easy to meet in consultation: at least I found him so: for professional men, who ought to see with one eye, cannot often have two minds. He certainly was not consistent in his temper; but let it be remembered, he was seldom well, and the seeds of madness were sown in his frame. Nevertheless, I always thought I saw the good of his patient the prominent feature in his conduct.

Adieu! my dear friend,

J. C. L.

LETTER LV.

From the same.

Sept. 20, 1787.

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Howard, on his return from Scotland, paid me a visit. He is engaged to bring in a bill for the reform of prisons and prisoners. For the last he recommends milk and water, instead of beer, and

wine, and brandy. Speaking of this restraint, said he, facetiously, "It is very well you have not made me a statue of wood, for it would certainly be burnt by the people."

J. C. L.

LETTER LVI.

From the same.

Dear Cuming, *Oct.* 20, 1787.

I think I shewed thee my letter to Dr. Thornton on the slave business, and my sentiments on the Sierra Leone scheme. Some weeks ago we had an account of the arrival of the free Negroes from London on that coast. After the death of Smeathman, a solid sensible man, by the name of Irvine, embarked in his place, who took out with him his son and daughter, both grown up. Some surgeons accompanied the equipment, all recommended by me; and at the head of them was Currie, whose pleasing behaviour during my examination, and afterwards, impressed me with an interest in his happiness. Of Negroes, I believe the number did not exceed five hundred of both sexes, besides nearly about one hundred white women, who had intermarried with the black men. There were a chaplain, master, mistresses, and I suppose a few

white manual labourers, and particularly a sober German family, of a husband, wife, and child or two. The part on which they landed belonged to king Tom, who lives nearly twenty miles up the river, which at its entrance is eight or nine miles broad, and navigable a considerable distance. The Negroes here speak English, and are employed by us, in the traffick of their species. The offer to purchase twenty miles square of King Tom was readily accepted; and goods, to the value of 150*l.* were given to him, when a puncheon of rum would have purchased the whole, and pleased his majesty much more. After he had received his 150*l.*'s worth of merchandize, he pressed so much for the rum, that a puncheon was given him, which lasted exactly three days; as after that period, many of his courtiers came to the new settlement for more; although they themselves observed, that "Rum be no good for Negro, for it burn the inside too much." But when they got it sparingly, they had the prudence to add water, which "no burn Negro." King Tom is a very fine fellow, so far as dress goes, for he generally has variegated bright colours; his hat is immensely large, and the whole flap covered with gold lace, of which he is very proud. His palace is, however, but equal to a hut. The natives often come to the new settlement, and are disposed to settle with our people; but this is merely to get clothes and provisions without labour, which the new settlers part with very foolishly, and will soon leave themselves as

miserable as the natives, to whom they give clothes and provisions for what formerly might have been purchased for half a biscuit; and thereby almost spoil the usual traffick of the English. Plenty, however, will soon cease, and traffick acquire its usual level.

But to return to our own people: Many died in the passage; the adventurers were extremely unruly. The white wives, having become familiar to the blacks, no longer inspired respect or love, and the husbands and wives were continually fighting. During the voyage scarcely any white lady had more than one white eye, the other being usually black by blows. Battles have been carried on even under the oratory of the chaplain; who, I believe, was a pious, good character. The time of the arrival of the equipment was unfavourable to health. Currie, who was beloved by all this motley crew, died on the coast. The German husband, wife, and child expired together by the same putrid fever. Irvine, the leader, fatally followed. His son and daughter are returned alive; but the son is now dangerously ill under my care. About fifty white women are no more; and of all the whole settlement, not more than two hundred and fifty remain above ground. The surviving white ladies long to see Tower Hill, Saltpetre Bank, and St. Catherine's; but their return is denied. The blacks begin to think that slavery is not less insupportable than their present condition.

Captain Thompson is the Commodore on this station: he is an amiable man, and acts in the most parental manner towards the settlers. The natives likewise are friendly in every respect, and King Tom often requested Irvine to visit him, which he did not however live to do, though he intended it. I think King Tom was poor Smeathman's father-in-law. But Smeathman, who also married the daughter of King Cleaveland, who lives higher up the country, always spoke of Cleaveland with the highest respect, and his majesty was fond of his son-in-law. The wives died before Smeathman left the coast; and I forgot to inquire of him, whether he had any prince or princess by them. I find these nations are very much disposed to work for the whites for trifling wages; and a settlement formed amongst themselves, under a prudential civilized management, might be nationally advantageous, such as I have hinted at in the Memoirs of Dr. Fothergill. A man of Smeathman's enterprising spirit, with an alliance with two princes by marriage, might effect much; but the man is not to be found; and the period will not, I fear, arrive in our days.

Thornton, the excellent Thornton, might pave the way, but his health is indifferent. He has a personal fortune, and is too good a man to be sacrificed to an uncertain experiment.

I think I formerly mentioned that various kinds of seeds and plants were carried over; but these in

general perished. The ground was almost alive with the multitude of voracious ants, which soon destroyed the new vegetation. It should have been cleared and the weeds burnt, to have a soil fit for the growth of plants. This operation would have destroyed the insects.

I am now approaching London, and must cease this chit-chat, to write to a friend at Geneva. And, indeed, thou must think it high time to rest after so long a voyage; but no expedition will make me forget how much I am thy assured friend,

J. C. LETTSOM.

LETTER LVII.

Dr. THOS. T. HEWSON to Dr. LETTSOM.

Sir, *Philadelphia, Oct.* 28, 1804.

Your friend, Dr. Anthony Fothergill, who was likewise the friend and companion of my father, has mentioned to me your desire to have some account of Mr. Hewson: it being your intention to preserve to posterity the names and the characters of celebrated medical men. I feel a grateful sentiment for the honour you propose my father's memory—a father whom it has been my misfortune to have known only from history. I am happy that I have it in my power to send you a sketch

written by my mother, with all the marks of fidelity and feeling. That mother I lost in 1795, while I was at Edinburgh, in the study of medicine. The tears of her children flow in remembrance of the tender solicitude with which she watched their growth, from infancy to riper years, when it pleased God to take her from them. Of these, two only remain at present: to wit, my sister, married to Mr. Caldwell of this city, and myself. My brother William died two years ago, leaving three daughters and a son, who likewise bears the name of William.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
with great respect,
your most obedient humble servant,
THOS. T. HEWSON.

MEMOIR OF MR. HEWSON.

William Hewson, the Anatomist, was born the 14th of November, 1739, at Hexham in Northumberland, where his father, William Hewson, resided many years with great reputation as a Surgeon and Apothecary, esteemed and beloved as a man. Mary, his mother, whose maiden name was Heron, was a native of the same town, and allied to several respectable families. Having many children, and not an affluent fortune, they

could afford no very extraordinary education to their son: he went to the grammar-school in Hexham, and lived with his parents. When he was of a proper age he served as an apprentice to his father, and was some time a pupil of Mr. Lambert in Newcastle. In his early years, he discovered that application to study and diligence in business which laid the foundation for the fame he afterwards acquired.

In the autumn of 1759 he came to London, lodged with Mr. John Hunter, and attended Dr. Hunter, who then lectured at a house in Covent Garden. His diligence and skill in anatomy soon recommended him to the notice of both the brothers; and when Mr. Hunter went abroad with the army in 1760, he left Mr. Hewson the charge of instructing the other pupils in the dissecting-room; by which means he gained money at an age when most students in surgery are only spending it.

As Mr. Hewson's sole motive for coming to London was the desire of acquiring medical knowledge, he lost no time, but entered himself pupil at Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, attended Dr. Colin Mackenzie on Midwifery, and Dr. Smith on Physic. A large sum was necessary to defray these expences, and the person upon whom he drew for the money, not knowing the occasion, supposed the young man was running into extravagances that were by no means allowable, therefore acquainted Mr. Hewson's father with his ap-

prehensions. Upon this information he wrote to his son, and, without any rebuke, told him he was so much convinced of his prudence, that he gave him full liberty to draw for whatever sums he wanted. The consciousness of not being unworthy of this confidence, made him receive such a testimony of paternal affection with unalloyed pleasure. He was sensible his father went to the utmost of his ability to support him; and this instance of his goodness so deeply impressed his mind, that he resolved never to spend an idle penny. The prudence that took root at this early season continued with him through life; but it did not check the growth of generosity. No man ever exercised his profession with less avidity of gain; he was always ready to relieve distress; he disdained every species of meanness; and possessed a judicious liberality, which ennobled his character. His father had the happiness of living to reap the fruits of his paternal care. Dr. Hunter, for want of proper assistance, did not lecture this year; but having too long known the advantages of giving lectures, he could not resolve to relinquish it. He therefore made proposals to Mr. Hewson, of taking him into partnership if he would study one year in Edinburgh. A proposal so flattering to his ambition was not to be rejected. He applied to his father, and gained his permission to go to Edinburgh. Dr. Hunter gave him recommendatory letters to the Professors; and Sir John Pringle did him the same favour. The friendly

attention of Sir John, from that time to the period of Mr. H.'s life, was a peculiar advantage, and an honour of which he was duly sensible. It is well known that Sir John was not indiscriminate in shewing favour.

At Edinburgh Mr. H. applied with his usual diligence to every branch of science; and resided there till the autumn of 1762, at which time he returned to London, and entered into partnership with Dr. Hunter, had a share in the profits, and gave some of the lectures. For the purposes of Anatomy they took a house in Litchfield-street, where Mr. Hewson lived, and took some of the pupils to board. All thoughts of settling in the North, which had been his father's scheme, were now given up for the prospect which opened to him by his connection with Dr. Hunter.

In the summer of 1765 Mr. Hewson went to France, where he visited the hospitals and all other places of note; and, returning through Flanders and Holland, arrived in London before the commencement of the Anatomical Lectures. Dr. Hunter and he continued their partnership upon the same terms.

In the summer of 1767 Mr. H. paid a visit to his father, who was then in a declining state of health. The sight of such a son, already in flourishing circumstances, and likely to be one day at the head of his profession, was the highest cordial to his drooping spirits. He prophesied it would be the last time he should have that happiness. On

the 8th of November following he died, leaving a widow and three daughters, who with his son were all that remained of eleven children.

After the death of his father, Mr. Hewson visited his mother, to give her the consolation of beholding a dutiful son who was able to support her upon all occasions.

The next summer Mr. H. went to the sea coast of Sussex to make experiments upon Fish, which led to the discovery of the Lymphatic System in those animals; and in the following winter, his account of the Lymphatic System in Birds, Fish, and Turtle, was laid before the Royal Society, for which the prize-medal was decreed him the next year; he was at the same time chosen a member of that respectable body.

In 1769, Dr. Hunter finished his building in Windmill-street, where Mr. H. had a small apartment allotted him, and they continued their partnership in the Lectures, which from that time were given by day-light in their Theatre. Till then they always lectured by candle-light, for want of a proper accommodation. Mr. H. was allowed half the profits, and was to give more of the Lectures than he had formerly given. The success which attended him was a spur to his diligence. He was constantly employed in the pursuit of anatomical knowledge; and though he did not seek much practice in surgery and midwifery, yet his manners were so engaging, and he discovered so much skill

without parade, that the profits of his business were not inconsiderable.

About this time he became acquainted with Miss Mary Stevenson, a woman of his own age, who possessed a small independent fortune, given her by her aunt, with whom she lived, and from whom she had expectations of more. The character she bore made him look upon her as a proper woman for his wife. With this view he sought her acquaintance, an intimacy ensued, mutual esteem was the consequence, and on the 10th of July, 1770, they were married. The day after their marriage they set out for Hexham, where they were received by his mother with the fondest expressions of joy, though mingled with tears. She had lost her eldest daughter since she saw her son. During their stay at Hexham, they were visited by all the neighbourhood, and invited to their houses. He had the satisfaction of seeing his choice approved of; for his wife's behaviour conciliated the affection and esteem of his family and friends. A resemblance to him, which was observed in her countenance, contributed not a little to prejudice them in her favour.

After a month's absence they returned to London, and Mr. H. took a house near Dr. Hunter, with whom he continued in partnership. The next spring he published his "Experimental Inquiry into the Properties of the Blood," some part of which had appeared in the Philosophical Transactions, vol. LX.

April 26, 1771, his wife brought him a son, who was christened by the name of William. Soon after this event, which completed his domestic happiness, Dr. H. gave him notice that he would continue the partnership no longer than the next winter. The reason the Doctor alleged was, that Mr. H. being now engaged with a family, and not under his roof, he could not attend to Anatomy in the manner he wanted an assistant to do. As Mr. Hewson had not been less diligent since his marriage, he thought Dr. H. had no cause of complaint, therefore was surprised at the warning, and much chagrined. By the articles of agreement, all the Anatomical Preparations were the property of Dr. H. and when Mr. H. applied to him for leave to make some for his own use, he was denied. This denial he thought ungenerous; for he considered the stipulation in the articles for a twelvemonth's warning as intended for their mutual benefit; that each party might prepare himself for lecturing separately.

Perhaps Dr. H. had some jealousy of Mr. H. but as that must now be laid in that place of silence and peace, the grave, no aspersion is here meant to be cast on the Doctor, who, when he now thinks of Mr. H. will remember in him the diligent pupil and faithful assistant; who, under his auspices, rose to fame in the Science of Anatomy.

The following winter they continued their Lectures as before; but Mr. H. employed his leisure in making Anatomical Preparations at his house in

Broad-street; and by the next autumn he acquired sufficient for his Lectures. The Collection was so valuable, that when it was sold by auction, after the death of Mr. Falconar, who purchased it of Mrs. Hewson, it produced not less than 700*l*. He began his Lectures Sept. 30, 1772, in Craven-street, where he had built a Theatre adjoining a house which he intended for the future residence of his family.

Before he began his Course of Anatomy, he gave a Lecture upon the use of the Spleen and Thymus, in which he displayed great sagacity and ingenuity, suggesting several hints and observations which threw light on a subject, till then involved in obscurity. To this Lecture he invited many of the principal gentlemen of the faculty, and some other men of science, who in general expressed their approbation.

He began his Course with great applause; and before the end of it he had upon his list fourscore pupils, added to those who were perpetual to Dr. H. and him, many of whom attached themselves to Mr. H. This was more than half the number that Dr. H. and he, when united, had ever had. His second Course was proportionably successful.

This winter he published a second edition of his "Experimental Inquiry," which he printed in 8vo, as it was to make the first volume of his Works, and the subsequent ones would have plates. This volume he dedicated to Sir John Pringle, to testisfy his gratitude for the friendship he expe-

rienced from him. It must ever redound to the honour of Mr. H. that his publications previously underwent the critical examination of so able a judge.

April 9, 1773, his wife brought him a second son, christened by the name of Thomas Tickell, in compliment to his wife's aunt, whose husband had borne that name.

The following winter he lectured with his former success. In the spring of 1774 he published the "Lymphatic System," with plates. This volume he dedicated to Dr. Franklin, who had shewn him great regard ever since his marriage. His wife had been long honoured with the esteem of that amiable philosopher.

Mr. H.'s success was not confined to his Theatre and literary productions; his practice in surgery and midwifery increased, which gave him the prospect of making a handsome fortune. He had a wife tenderly solicitous to promote his happiness; his favourite sister lived with them; and the greatest harmony subsisted in the family. Two lovely boys, of whom he was darlingly fond, gave him the pleasing hope of raising a line of successors.

Thus surrounded by the blessings of life, on the 18th of April, 1774, he was seized with a fever, occasioned by a wound he received when dissecting a putrid body. The symptoms at first were not violent; he omitted giving the Lecture on the 19th, but gave it the next day, and that was the

last he gave, for from that time he never quitted his chamber. On the 23d, calling his wife to his bed-side, he said, "Take care of our children: I must bid you farewell! Let Mr. Falconar be my successor. I shall be gone before"—his voice failed. This was a shock which she could hardly withstand. The friends about him having concealed their opinion from her, she was not prepared for this stroke. In the greatest agony of mind, with an expiring hope, she endeavoured to persuade her loved husband that his suggestions were the effects of low spirits; and exerting her utmost fortitude, stood by him with an assumed composure. His sister came to them. He took the hand of each, saying, "God bless you both! Love and comfort one another. I ought to beg your pardon, my dear (looking at his wife), for not making a will." To quiet his mind on that point, she replied, "You know our will is made." Her fortune was settled upon her and her children. "I have involved you in difficulties, my love." This was almost too much for her to bear, yet she attempted to sooth, and raise his spirits by rallying her own, saying, "You have made me happy, and I hope it will please God to continue you to us." He shook his head, and was immediately seized with convulsions. From this convulsion he recovered; but the fever continued with various appearances, and he was generally delirious. In his lucid intervals he was always distressed about the situation in which he should leave his wife. On

the 31st the convulsions returned, and on the 1st of May, early in the morning, he died, regretted by a numerous train of friends, leaving a mother bereft of her fondest hope, and a wife with two infants, deprived of her best support, looking forward to the struggle of producing a third in this melancholy situation:—it proved a daughter.

Mr. Hewson was above the middle stature, slender in his make, and his air was good; his countenance was pleasing, for it was expressive of the gentleness and sagacity of his mind. His general benevolence and modesty rendered his manners engaging. His works show his understanding.

LETTER LVIII.

Dr. ZIMMERMANN to Dr. LETTSOM.

Hanover, le 27 May, 1794.

Je suis extrêmement endetté auprés de vous, mon excellent et respectable Philanthrope; mais avec la ferme résolution de m'aquitter aujourd'hui de toutes mes dettes à la fois, je ne puis pourtant pas me satisfaire moi-même complettement si je ne vous fais pas une humble et ingenue confession de mes fautes, et de mes péchés.

Votre aimable Lettre du 24 Avril 1794, m'est parvenue le soir du 16 May. J'ay passé deux

jours, le 17 et 18 May, bien agréablement avec le Docteur Seybert, que vous appellés votre ami particulier, et qui mérite de l'être. C'est un jeune homme auquel je pourrois m'attacher comme vous lui êtes attaché; et ce qui me l'a d'abord rendu bien agréable, c'est que j'ay vû combien il vous aime et vous honore. Nous avons beaucoup parlé de vous; nous avons bû bien cordialement l'un et l'autre à votre santé; nou savons beaucoup parlé de médecine, sur tout du *yellow fever*, et même de guerre, aussi et de politique; mais aussi amicalement de l'un comme de l'autre. Le 19 May le bon Dr. Seybert est parti pour Göttingen, ou il ne passera que quelques jours, et de là il se rendra en droiture à Vienne; d'où il vous donnera de ses nouvelles. S'il n'avoit pas été résolu d'avance d'aller à Vienne, je lui aurois conseillé de préferer ce séjour au séjour de toute autre ville quelconque en Allemagne.

Vous me dites dans votre chère lettre du 28 Avril: "In my former letter I communicated some account of the Yellow Fever of Philadelphia. I now enclose some Observations of mine, printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the signature of *Medicus Londinensis*. I have also enclosed two parts of the fourth volume of 'Memoirs of the Medical Society of London,' of which thou art a member. I would have sent the former volumes for thy acceptance, could Dr. Seybert have conveyed them."

Je suis bien sensible, mon aimable Philanthrope,

à toute cette bonté que vous avés pour moi, et que je mérite si peu de votre part. Mais Dr. Seybert m'a dit, qu'il n'a pas réçu le paquet donc vous vouliés le charger pour moi. Il a fouillé ici tout son coffre, et il n'y a rien trouvé sous mon adresse. Vous l'avés chargé de *quatre paquets* qu'il a retrouvé ici; l'un étoit pour le Professeur Blumenbach, et l'autre pour le Professeur Arnemann à Göttingen, le troisième pour un Médecin à Berlin dont je ne me rappelle pas le nom, et le quatrième pour le Dr. Quarin à Vienne. Je suppose, donc, qu'il est arrivé quelque malheur à Londres au paquet que vous m'aviés destiné.

Cela peut être redressé fort aisément. J'ay un ami de cœur à Windsor, Mr. de Luc (que vous connoissés sûrement par ses profondes recherches sur la Physique, la Géologie, etc. etc.) avec lequel je suis constamment et pour la plûpart chaque semaine en correspondance d'un bout de l'année à l'autre. Il peût me faire parvenir dans le paquet du Roi, deux fois par semaine, toute lettre que vous lui enverrés pour moi, pourvû qu'elle ne soit pas trop grande. Il peut aussi me faire parvenir tous les paquets quelques grands ou nombreux qu'ils soyent, par le Courier qui va d'ici à Londres, et qui en révient tous les trois mois. Je vous écris cette lettre sous le couvert de Mr. de Luc; et je le prie de vous marquer, si le paquet que vous me destinés peut être envoyé, sous son adresse, seulement à la maison de la Reine à Londres; ou s'il doit être envoyé à Windsor. Dans l'un et

l'autre cas il faut toujours que l'enveloppe du paquet porte le nom de Mr. de Luc.

Vos observations sur la fievre jaune, et le troisième et quatrième volumes des Memoires de votre Societé, me seront d'autant plus agréables, parceque malheureusement le troisième Volume me manque. Vous m'enverrés un trésôr; mais, helas! que puis-je vous envoyer en échange, si vous ne savés pas l'Allemand? Tout ce qui s'ecrit de mieux en Allemagne, est ecrit pour la plûpart en Allemand, et même nos Médecins n'écrivent que très rarement en Latin.

A-présent j'en viens à la confession de mes péchés; c'est à dire, à l'exposé des raisons, un peu singulières, qui m'ont empeché de repondre à votre lettre si bonne, si amicale, et si obligeante du 24 Decembre, 1793.

D'abord il faut que je vous confesse, qu'au lieu d'être, comme auteur, ce que vous me faites l'honneur de supposer, je ne suis au fonds qu'un pauvre Diable. J'ay écrit beaucoup en ma vie, uniquement pour m'amuser ou pour me distraire: car je suis depuis ma jeunesse extrêmement sujet à la mélancolie, et tourmenté par mille maux de nerfs! Je suis né le 8 Decembre, 1728; ainsi j'ay vécu longtems, et souffert longtems. L'unique rémède que je connois à ma mélancolie et à mes maux de nerfs (dont j'ay immensement souffert depuis que je suis venu de la Suisse, ma patrie, à Hanover, c'est à dire, depuis 1768), c'est la distraction. Autrefois j'ay taché de me distraire par les voyages;

mais ce qui m'a le mieux reüssi dépuis dix ans, s'entend ce qui m'a fait le mieux oublier mes maux, c'est la vie sédentaire, l'eloignement de la societé, et l'oubli de moi-même. Voilà comment je suis devenu auteur en Allemagne : Obligé de voir des malades tous les jours de ma vie, et continuant d'en voir journellement jusqu'au moment d'à-présent, la médecine n'a pas été une distraction pour moi, mais une peine, et bien souvent un tourment affreux. Ainsi il a fallu que je change d'idées dès que j'ay été libre et que je pouvois passer une partie de la journée dans mon cabinet, si je voulois me procurer une existence tant soit peu supportable. Voilà pourquoi je suis tombé successivement dans un train d'études philosophiques, historiques, et politiques. Les dernières même, et l'esprit du temps actuel (qui me paroit un bien mauvaix esprit!) occupent maintenant toute la capacité de mon ame.

Je ne vous parlerai point des bons et mauvaix succés qu'ont eu mes ouvrages; mais pour vous expliquer l'aversion que j'ay eu de repondre à une lettre trés polie que Mr. Dilly, Libraire à Londres, m'a fait l'honneur de m'écrire le 29 Octobre, 1793, il faut necessairement que je vous dise que j'ay été excessivement malheureux en traducteurs de mes ouvrages, et *qu'il n'existe presque pas de tourment plus affreux pour moi et pour mes pauvres nerfs, que quand on me dit qu'on veut me traduire; ou quand on me parle des traductions qu'on a fait de mes ouvrages, ou qu'on me force d'en parler.* Voilà

la raison pourquoi je n'ay point repondu à l'honnête Mr. Dilly, auquel je vous prie, mon respectable ami, d'en faire mes excuses; et voilà pourquoi je n'ay aussi pas pû me resoudre de repondre à votre lettre, d'ailleurs si supérieurement interessante, du 24 Decembre, 1793, parceque vous me dites de la *fièvre jaune*—puisqu'il auroit fallu vous dire pourquoi je n'ay point repondu à votre ami, Mr. Dilly.

Mais la glace etant maintenant rompüe, je m'en vai m'expliquer, à fonds, avec vous et aussi avec Mr. Dilly, *sur l'aversion excessive que j'ay à parler des traductions de mes ouvrages, et sur la frayeur qui me saisit quand on me dit qu'on veut reimprimer, et même corriger ces traductions abominables.*

On a traduit mes ouvrages presque dans toutes les langues de l'Europe: en François, en Italien, en Anglois, en Hollandois, en Espagnol, en Danois, et en Russe; et je voudrois qu'on n'en eut pas traduit une ligne dans quelle langue que ce soit. Les seules traductions qui ont réüssi, ce sont parmi celles dont je puis juger, la traduction Italienne de mon "Traité de l'Experience en Médecine," et d'un pétit "Essay sur la Solitude," et la traduction Angloise de mon "Traité de la Dissenterie," faite par le Dr. Hopson, et imprimée à Londres chez *John and Francis Rivington, at the Bible and Crown (No.* 62.) *in St. Paul's Church-yard,* en 1771.

On m'a rendu à peu près le même service en donnant à Londres une prétendue traduction de

mon " Essay sur l'Orgueil National, que si on y avoit mis mon Portrait (ou même ma personne, si on avoit pû) au *Pillory*. Cette pretendue traduction est intitulée " An Essay on National Pride, translated (en quoi on a menti) from the German of Dr. Zimmermann: London, printed for J. Wilkie and Heydinger, 1771." Si ce prétendu Traducteur n'avoit qu'ignoré entièrement la langue Angloise et l'art d'écrire, je lui eusse pardonné en faveur de sa bonne volonté le mal qu'il m'a fait; mais il m'a prêté une grande quantité d'idées pueriles plattes et triviales de sa façon, qu'il a inseré dans le texte de mon ouvrage. Il a farci ce texte de vers Latins et Anglois dont il n'existe pas un seul dans mon ouvrage; et malgré ce que dans la préface un tout autre homme a dit à mon honneur, ce pretendu Traducteur Anglois m'a donné partout cet ouvrage l'air d'un Sot. Un Traducteur pareil n'est pas seulement un ignorant, mais il est un fourbe.

Un pareil fourbe a traduit en François mon " Traité de l'Experience en Médecine;" mais au lieu de dire, purement et simplement, en François, ce que j'ay dit en Allemand, il a partout enchassé ses propres idées entre les miennes, ce qui fait plus que le quart de tout l'ouvrage; et il a fait passer sous mon nom, et fait vendre comme mon ouvrage, toutes les révéries, toutes les bétises, et toutes les démiconnaissances qui n'appartiennent qu'à lui. Partout ou il m'a traduit réellement, il m'a ou tout-à-fait mal compris, ou traduit sans esprit et sans goût. Cet ouvrage absurde (mis au *pillory*

par mon excellent Traducteur Italien) est imprimé à Paris en 1774, en trois volumes; et l'auteur de ce forfait, ou si vous voulés, ce prétendu Traducteur François, s'appelle Le Febvre, Docteur en Médecine.

Enfin, pour surcroit de malheur pour moi, un médecin Anglois respectable s'est imaginé que l'ouvrage de ce fourbe Le Febvre est mon ouvrage, et l'a traduit en Anglois et publié à Londres en 1782, avec de très bonnes notes de sa façon. Ce médecin Anglois, s'il sçavoit l'Allemand, et s'il pouvoit comparer mon ouvrage Allemand avec sa traduction Angloise, seroit bien étonné du mal qu'il ma fait sans le sçavoir et sans le vouloir.

Après tout ceci, je vous supplie, mon excellent et respectable ami, de dire ce qui suit à votre ami, Mr. Dilly, en réponse de la Lettre qu'il m'a fait l'honneur de m'écrire.

1. L'extrait de mon ouvrage sur la Solitude, fait par Mr. Mercier, n'est que la partie la moins philosophique de cet ouvrage. Il a omis tout ce qui pouvoit déplaire à l'Eglise Romaine, tous les détails d'histoire ecclésiastique mis au creuset de la Philosophie, ainsi précisement ce qui a fait réüssir mon ouvrage, et ce qui l'a fait passer rapidement par plusieurs éditions. Mais je dois la justice à Mr. Mercier, que là ou il m'a compris (car assés souvent il m'a traduit en contresens) il m'a traduit avec jugement et goût. Cet ouvrage sur la Solitude réüssiroit, je crois, infiniment mieux en Angleterre que cet extrait de Mr. Mercier, s'il

étoit traduit par quelqu'un qui sçauroit en perfection la langue Allemande, la langue Angloise, et l'art d'écrire; et principalement par un homme qui auroit assés de jugement et de goût pour rayer de mon ouvrage, sans misericorde, tout ce qui n'est pas fait pour plaire à des lecteurs Anglois, et ce que je n'ay dit qu'avec des vues particulières et peu intéressantes pour des lecteurs qui ne sont pas Allemands.

2. Je supplie Mr. Dilly à génoux, de laisser mon "Essay sur l'Orgueil National" pourrir tranquillement dans son tombeau, et de ne pas le faire revivre. La dernière edition que j'en ai donné est de l'année 1768, et imprimée à Zurich. Je n'ay point touché à celles qui ont parû du depuis; et elles ont été publiées à mon insçu. La traduction Françoise qu'on en a donné à Paris en 1769, est l'ouvrage d'un Abbé François, qui ignoroit l'Allemand, et qui en tout sens étoit un Idiot et un Sot. Il me seroit impossible de révoir cet ouvrage de ma jeunesse pour y faire des additions et des corrections; car la face de presque toutes les nations du monde (si j'excepte l'Asie), et ma propre façon de penser a tellement changé depuis l'année 1757, ou j'ay écrit cet ouvrage, qu'il ne mérite plus l'attention de qui que ce soit, et plus même un coup de plûme de ma part.

3. Si Mr. Dilly veut bien me faire parvenir par vous, mon cher Monsieur, un exemplaire de la Carcasse de ma "Solitude," qu'il a fait traduire en Anglois, je lui en serois très obligé; et je vous prie

de le demander comment je pourrois lui en marquer ma réconnaissance.

Pardonnés-moi, mon excellent et respectable ami, le terrible *ennui* que je dois vous donner par cette longue Lettre, en faveur de la nécessité dans laquelle je me suis vû de vous l'écrire, pour vous prouver que je ne suis pas digne d'être votre confrère, et qu'au lieu d'être tout ce que vous imaginés, je ne suis qu'un pauvre malade qui merite votre pitié.

L'objet dont j'aurai le mieux aimé vous parler dans toute cette Lettre, après ce que je vous ai dit du Dr. Seybert, et de ce que mon cœur me dit pour vous, c'est ce *Yellow Fever*, qui a porté la terreur dans la ville de Philadelphie. Je connoissois, dès ma jeunesse, ce *Yellow Fever*, tel qu'il s'est montré aux Isles de l'Amerique, et tel que les Espagnols l'ont décrit sous le nom de *Vomito pretto*. Je regardai cette fièvre comme une fièvre putride, endemique, et quelques fois épidémique dans les Isles de l'Amerique, et la Terre Ferme qui appartient aux Espagnols. Mais la fièvre qui a parû, l'année passée, à Philadelphie, me sembloit avoir *tous les caractères de la Peste*; ainsi j'en ai conclu que ce n'est du tout point l'ancien *Yellow Fever*. Mais jugés quelle a été ma surprise lorsque j'ay eu la nouvelle, directement arrivée ici de Philadelphie, que le rémède qui y a fait le plus de bien, du moins au commencement, c'étoit la Saignée; et lorsque j'ay appris par votre lettre que c'étoient les Mercuriels. De tout cela j'ay conclu que cette

matière n'étoit pas encore assés bien examinée et assés bien constatée, et je me suis dit: *Fiat Lux!* Vos observations, mon respectable ami, m'apporteront cette Lumière. Du reste, tout ce que vous me marqués de la situation des habitans de Philadelphie, du tems de ce malheur public, m'a fait saigner le cœur. La conduite moralement très pétite du Dr. Kuhn, pour lequel les habitans de Philadelphie avoient le plus de confiance, ressembloit parfaitement à celle du grand Sydenham du temps de la Peste de Londres. La conduite du Dr. Rush a mérité, que non seulement la ville de Philadelphie, mais l'Humanité entière, lui élève une Statue!

Vous me fairiés un bien grand plaisir, si vous vouliés me faire parvenir, "The present State of Europe, compared with the ancient Prophecies. By Joseph Priestley. With a Preface containing the Reasons for the Author's leaving England. London, 1794. Johnson." *Vale et fave.*

I. G. ZIMMERMANN.

Translation.

Hanover, May 27, 1794.

I am extremely indebted to you, my excellent and respectable Philanthropist; but I have resolved to acquit myself this day of all my debts; and I cannot completely satisfy myself if I do not

lay before you an ingenuous confession of my errors and sins.

Your kind letter of the 24th of April, 1794, reached me in the evening of the 16th of May. I passed two days, the 17th and 18th of May, very agreeably with Dr. Seybert, whom you call your particular friend, and who deserves to be so. He is a young man to whom I could attach myself in the same manner that you are attached to him; and what has already rendered him very agreeable to me, is to see how much he loves and honours you. We conversed for some time about you; we both very cordially drank your health; we spoke a great deal about medicine, especially about the *yellow fever*, and also of war and politics; but as amicably of the one as of the other. The 19th of May the good Dr. Seybert set out for Göttingen, where he will only remain a few days, and thence he will go direct to Vienna; from which place he intends writing to you. If he had not previously resolved to go to Vienna, I should have advised him to take up his abode there, in preference to any other part of Germany.

You tell me, in your kind letter of the 28th of April: "In my former letter I communicated some account of the *Yellow Fever* of Philadelphia; I now enclose some Observations of mine, printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the signature of *Medicus Londinensis*. I have also enclosed two parts of the fourth volume of 'Memoirs of the Medical Society of London,' of which thou art

a member. I would have sent the former volumes for thy acceptance, could Dr. Seybert have conveyed them."

I am very sensible, my amiable philanthropist, of all your kindness towards me, and of which I am so little deserving. But Dr. Seybert told me that he did not receive the packet which you intended to have entrusted to him for me. He has carefully examined the contents of his trunk, and has not found any thing with my address. You gave him *four packets*, which he still has; one was for Professor Blumenbach; another for Professor Arnemann, at Göttingen; the third for a Physician at Berlin, whose name I do not recollect; and the fourth for Dr. Quarin, at Vienna. I suppose, therefore, that some accident happened at London to the packet you intended for me.

That may easily be set to rights again. I have a very intimate friend at Windsor, Mr. De Luc, (known to you, doubtless, by his deep researches in Natural Philosophy, Geology, &c. &c.) with whom I am constantly, and most generally every week, from one end of the year to the other, in the habit of corresponding. He can send me, in the king's packet, twice a week, any letter you may forward to him for me, provided it is not too large. He can also transmit to me packets of every kind, however large or numerous, by the Courier who goes from hence to London, and returns every three months. I send you this letter under cover to Mr. De Luc; and I beg of him to inform you,

whether the packet you intend for me may be sent, under his address, to the Queen's Palace, at London; or if it must be sent to Windsor. In either case the envelope of the packet must always bear the name of Mr. De Luc:

Your Observations on the Yellow Fever, and the 3d and 4th volumes of the Memoirs of your Society, would be so much more agreeable to me, because, unfortunately, I have not got the 3d volume. You will send me a treasure; but, alas! what can I send you in return, if you do not understand German? The best works written in Germany, are in German; and even our physicians seldom write in Latin.

I now come to the confession of my sins; that is to say, to the disclosure of the reasons, *rather* singular, which have hindered me from answering your very good, friendly, and obliging letter of the 24th of December, 1793.

In the first place I must confess to you, that instead of being, as an author, what you have done me the honour to suppose me, I am at best but a poor Devil. I have written a great deal in my life only to amuse myself, or draw off my attention from other things: for I have been, from my youth, extremely subject to melancholy, and am tormented by a thousand nervous affections. I was born on the 8th December, 1728; therefore I have lived a long time, and suffered a great deal. The only remedy I know for my melancholy and my nervous affections, (from which I have suffered

exceedingly since I came from Switzerland, my native place, to Hanover, that is to say, since 1768), is relaxation of mind. Formerly I used to divert my attention from myself by travelling; but what has best succeeded for the last ten years, I mean, what has made me most *forget* my misfortunes, is a sedentary life; retirement from society, and forgetfulness of myself. The following are the reasons which caused me to turn author in Germany:—Obliged to see patients every day of my life, and continuing to do so to the present time, physic has not been able to make me forget myself, but has been a trouble, and very often a source of dreadful torment to me. It therefore became necessary that I should vary my ideas since I have been independent, and able to pass a part of the day in my study, if I was desirous of rendering my existence in the least degree supportable. These are what caused me to sink successively into a train of philosophical, historical, and political studies. The latter even, and the actual state of the times, (which appears to me to be a very bad state!) occupy at present the whole capacity of my mind.

I would not speak to you of the good or bad success which my works have had, except to explain the aversion which I have felt to answer a very polite letter which Mr. Dilly, a Bookseller in London, did me the honour to write to me, on the 29th of October, 1793. It is therefore necessary that I should tell you, that I have been very un-

fortunate in the translators of my works, *and that there does not exist a more dreadful torment to me and my poor nerves, than when people tell me that they wish to translate them; or when they speak of the translations which have been made of my works, or when I am obliged to speak of them.* Such is the reason why I have not answered Mr. Dilly; to whom, my respectable friend, I hope you will plead my excuse; and the cause why I have not been able, till now, to summon up sufficient resolution to answer your letter of the 24th of December, 1793, which was so much superior in point of interest, because you spoke of the *Yellow Fever* in it,—is, that it was necessary I should inform you why I had not answered your friend, Mr. Dilly.

But the ice being now broken, I will explain, at length, to you and Mr. Dilly, *the cause of the excessive aversion I have to speak of the translations of my works; and of the terror which seizes me when I am told by people that they are desirous of re-printing, and even correcting, these abominable translations.*

My works have been translated into all the European languages: into French, Italian, English, Dutch, Spanish, Danish, and Russian; and I would much rather not have had a line translated into any language whatever. The only translations which have succeeded, are, so far as I am able to judge, the Italian one of my "Treatise on Experience in Medicine," and of a little "Essay on Solitude;" and the English one of my "Trea-

tise on Dysentery, made by Dr. Hopson, and printed in London, at John and Francis Rivington's, at the Bible and Crown, N° 62, in St. Paul's Church-yard, in 1771."

Nearly the same kindness has been rendered me, by giving, in London, a pretended translation of my "Essay on National Pride," as if my effigy (or even my person, if it had been possible,) had been put in the *pillory*. This pretended translation is entitled "An Essay on National Pride, translated (which is a lie) from the German of Dr. Zimmerman: London, printed for J. Wilkie and Heydinger, 1771." If this pretended Translator had only been ignorant of the English language, and the art of writing, I might have pardoned him, on account of his good intentions, the harm which he has done me; but he has lent me a great number of puerile, insipid, and trivial ideas, of his own making, which he has inserted in the text of my work. He has crammed this text with Latin and English verses, not one of which appears in my work; and notwithstanding what, in the preface, a very different man has said to my honour, this pretended English Translator has made me appear throughout the work like a *fool*. Such a Translator is not only a dunce, but he is an impostor.

A like impostor has translated into French my "Treatise on Experience in Medicine;" but instead of saying, purely and simply, in French, what I have said in German, he has all through

put his ideas among mine, which take up more than a quarter of the work; and he has passed under my name, and sold as my work, all the irregular thoughts, all the stupidity, and all the half-notions which belong only to himself. In those parts where he has really translated me, he has either altogether misunderstood me, or else translated without spirit and without taste. This absurd work (put in the pillory by my excellent Italian Translator) was printed at Paris, in 1774, in three volumes; and the author of this transgression, or, if you like, this pretended French Translator, calls himself Le Febvre, physician.

In fine, to add to all my misfortunes, a respectable English physician imagined that the work of this impostor Le Febvre, is my work, and has translated it into English, and published it in London, in 1782, with very good notes of his own. This English physician, if he knew German, and could compare my German work with his English translation, would be much astonished at the harm which he has done me, without either knowing or wishing it.

After all this, I beg of you, my excellent and respectable friend, to tell Mr. Dilly what follows, in answer to the letter which he has done me the honour to write to me.

1. The extract which Mr. Mercier made of my work on Solitude, is the least philosophical of the whole. He has omitted all that might displease the Romish Church—all the details of ecclesiastical

history, put into the crucible of philosophy; precisely that which has caused my work to succeed, and which has made it pass rapidly through several editions. But in justice to Mr. Mercier I must say, that, where he has understood me (for there are many false constructions in the course of his translation), he has translated me with judgment and taste. The work on Solitude would, I think, succeed much better in England, than the extract by Mr. Mercier, if it was translated by some person who perfectly understood the German and English languages, and the art of writing; and particularly by a man who had sufficient judgment and taste to erase, without mercy, from my work, all that part which is not written to please English readers, and what I have only said with a particular view, which would be little interesting to any but German readers.

2. I beg of Mr. Dilly, on my knees, to let my "Essay on National Pride" rot in its grave, and not allow it to live again. The last edition which I have given, is dated 1768, and printed at Zurich. I have not touched those which have appeared since; and they have been published without my knowledge. The French translation, which was published at Paris in 1769, is the work of a French Abbé, who knew nothing of German, and was, in the strict sense of the words, an Idiot and a Fool. It would be impossible for me to revise this work of my youth, and to make additions and corrections to it; for the situation of affairs in almost all

the nations of the world (if I except Asia), and my own way of thinking, have changed so much since the year 1757, when I wrote that work, that it does not merit the least attention whatever, and much less a stroke of the pen from me.

3. If Mr. Dilly will send me, through your hands, my dear Sir, a copy of *the Carcase* of my "Solitude," which has been translated into English, I shall be very much obliged to him; and I beg you will ask him how I can requite his kindness.

Pardon me, my excellent and respectable friend, the dreadful *ennui* that I must occasion you by this long letter, on account of the necessity I felt myself under of writing it, to prove to you that I am not worthy of being your fellow member, and that, instead of being what you imagined me, I am but a poor disordered person, who deserves your pity.

The subject on which I wished principally to have addressed you in the whole of this letter, after what I said to you about Dr. Seybert, and what my heart dictated as to yourself, was the *Yellow Fever*, which has thrown terror over the city of Philadelphia. I have known, from my youth, the *Yellow Fever*, such as it appeared in the Islands of America, and which the Spaniards have described under the name of *Vomito Pretto*. I looked upon this as a putrid, endemical, and sometimes epidemical fever, in the Islands of America and Terra Firma, which belong to the Spaniards. But the fever which appeared last year at Phila-

delphia, seems to me to possess all the characteristics of the Plague; therefore I have concluded that it is not, in any degree, the old *Yellow Fever*. But judge what was my surprise when I received the information which came direct from Philadelphia, that the remedy which succeeded best, at least at the commencement of the disease, was bleeding; and when I learnt, by your letter, it was mercurials. From all this I have concluded that the subject had not been sufficiently investigated and verified, and I said to myself: *Fiat Lux!* Your observations, my respectable friend, will bring me this light. In other respects, all that you have pointed out to me respecting the situation of the inhabitants of Philadelphia, at the time of this public evil, makes my heart bleed. The conduct of Dr. Kuhn, in whom the inhabitants of Philadelphia placed the utmost confidence, perfectly resembled that of the great Sydenham at the time of the plague in London. The conduct of Dr. Rush deserves, that not only the City of Philadelphia, but Humanity at large, should raise a statue of him.

You would afford me great pleasure if you would send me: "The present State of Europe, compared with the ancient Prophecies, by Joseph Priestley. With a Preface containing the reasons for the Author's leaving England," London, 1794. Johnson.—*Vale et Fave!*

I. G. ZIMMERMANN.

LETTER LIX.

Dr. Lettsom's Reply.

July 21, 1794.

Dear and respected Friend,

Thy letter, for which thou makest an apology on account of its length, I have repeatedly perused, and as often lamented that I had not more to read. I felt indeed a proud pleasure in experiencing so much notice from a person whose literary productions have arrested the attention of potentates and philosophers. This must have entailed upon him a more extensive correspondence than a man, whose moments are so precious to the world at large, can sacrifice to the importunities of individuals. It brought to my recollection a saying of Ned Hyde, as he was called, before he was created Lord Clarendon, that he never thought so highly of himself as when he was the least in the company; and so I feel, from the honour done me by such a correspondent as Zimmermann.

I have to request thy acceptance of a few pamphlets, which our friend De Luc has the goodness to take the care of. I have not yet had leisure to enlarge upon the Yellow Fever of Philadelphia; but I am collecting all the facts I can upon the subject. The Gentleman's Magazine for April, herewith sent, contains a little Essay of mine on Human Dissections, under the signature of One of

THE FACULTY. It is merely a *jeu d'esprit*, without any other merit.

There are only two parts of the fourth volume of Medical Memoirs yet published, which I have enclosed. The third part is in the press, and will include a memoir of mine on the prison of our Newgate, with the plan of a new bed for the prisoners.

With respect to the German language, I never was acquainted with it, and painfully experiencing this inconvenience, I sent my eldest son two years to a German University, who speaks it fluently. I requested him to return by Hanover purposely to see thee; but, submitting his route to the inclination of his companions, the opportunity was lost, and I fear will never again offer.

Some days ago, I gave a seat in my coach to a patient of mine who is a German. He pulled out of his pocket, as his companion to read in travelling, "Zimmermann on National Pride." I immediately applied to him to make a translation, which I think he will do; not as a bookseller's labourer, but as a classical gentleman, above pecuniary emolument. He and Dilly dined yesterday with me at my Tusculum.

I ought to have observed, that with my packet is the Life of my late patron Dr. Fothergill. We were born and educated Quakers (Friends). I trust I entertain no narrow selfish notions of religion, as I believe all are equally children of one Supreme Beneficent Creator—equally regarded by their Common Parent in proportion to their intellec-

tual improvement. Indeed, I have often thought, that if any thing we could do, could possibly add to the pleasure of our Author, it would be to see individually the 3000 different religions (for so many there are supposed to exist) adoring him in different modes: for the sacred mount of Divine Mercy is acceptable every way to the humble traveller. I even think there are not two natural objects in the whole universe exactly similar. There are not two bodies, nor do I believe there are two minds, alike. Hence we should bear and forbear with each other, and avoid every species of persecution for opinion, as well as for difference of bodily construction, or difference of age.

I believe our Society, though respected in England and America, is almost unknown to you. In France we were *once* respected; and I remember, when I visited Macquer, Daubenton, Le Roi, and Dubourg, in my youth, with letters from Franklin, Dubourg said to me: "I thought Franklin had been a Quaker; and I did not like him better when he told me he was not."

The short sketch of thy life gave me singular pleasure, because, although I could perceive a bodily constitution much broken down, there remained a mental vigour that triumphed over the material system, and reminded me of an observation applied to D'Alembert by thy late royal patient, Frederick the Great. While he prepared for the other world, he continued to teach the members of this. Happy, indeed, is it for the community,

that thou hast thus cheated away the *tædia vitæ*, raising monuments to laudable fame by thy instructive and philosophic works, thus realizing the beautiful theory of our Bolingbroke on Retirement.

I could not but sympathize with thee, on the murders thou hast suffered by translators; but do not regard a cloud in the atmosphere, which shades for a time even the meridian sun. The refulgent power will resist and dissipate the haze. Time is the arbiter of things, and truth will prevail when we can no longer defend ourselves.

I was about to close this letter, when I received one from Dr. Seybert, whose relation of thy kind reception binds me under renewed obligation, as thou wilt suppose, from the following extract of his letter:†

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LETTER LX.

Dr. Franklin to Dr. Lettsom.

Dear Sir, *Passy, March* 6, 1783.

I received your favour of September last. It found me labouring under a painful disorder,

† The remainder of this Letter is not preserved in the rough draft from which it is printed. Ed.

which continued long, and put me much behind-hand in my correspondence. I thank you for the valuable publications that accompanied it, particularly those of your own composition, which I read with pleasure.

Our late excellent friend* was always proposing something for the good of mankind. You will find instances of this kind in one of his letters which I inclose, the only one I can at present lay my hand on. I have some very valuable ones in America, if they are not lost in the late confusions. You will be so good as to return this to me, after having extracted from it what you may think proper. Just before I left England, he, in conjunction with Mr. Barclay and myself, laboured hard to prevent the coming war. But our endeavours were fruitless. This transaction is alluded to in the paragraph that begins at the bottom of the first page. If we may estimate the goodness of a man by his disposition to do good, and his constant endeavours and success in doing it, I can hardly conceive that a better man has ever existed.

I desire to be considered as a subscriber, if there is a subscription, for two sets of his Works, which I will pay for on demand.

With great esteem, I am, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

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* Dr. John Fothergill. ED.

LETTER LXI.

From the same.

Dear Sir, *Southampton, July* 26, 1785.

I received here your kind letter and the valuable present of Dr. Fothergill's Works; for which please to accept my thankful acknowledgements. I purpose on my voyage to write the remaining notes of my life which you desire, and to send them to you on my arrival. You have done a good deed in contributing to promote science among us by your liberal donation of books to the Carlisle College. Thanks for your good wishes in favour of our country, and of

Your friend and servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

LETTER LXII.

Mr. HOWDELL to Dr. LETTSOM.

Wells, Somersetshire, Sept. 30, 1789.

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I was greatly entertained with an abstract in the Gentleman's Magazine of your Life of that most

good and amiable man, the late Dr. Fothergill, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, (and to know was to love him) as I often met him at the lodgings of Dr. Hillary, an old gentleman who had practised physic for many years in Barbadoes; and I perfectly well remember a dispute which ended much to the honour of Dr. Fothergill's head and heart, and by whose means a life, and a *most valuble* one too, was saved—I mean the present Dr. Hawes, of the Humane Society: they both attended him. Dr. Hillary was obstinate in his method, and insisted on being observed as the elder physician; when the other, with all that modesty and goodness for which he was so conspicuous, replied, "Yes, brother, I would give up to thee in any matter where life was not concerned;—here I cannot, as the patient must die, if thy method is pursued." Dr. Hawes chose to abide by the younger physician's opinion, and the event proved him right. I fear the other never forgave Dr. Fothergill; for when he was ill sometime after, he begged, almost on his knees, of Dr. Hillary to take a medicine, which the other with anger thrust from him, and probably lost his life from his resentment, as he died soon after.

R. H.

LETTER LXIII.

From the same.

Dear Doctor, *Wells, Jan.* 12.

I received your kind present last Friday, for which accept my sincere thanks. The reading of it gave me great pleasure: it does honour to your head and heart. I could have wished to have been acquainted with Dr. Cuming and Major Pickering; and would have walked bare-foot (lame as I am) many miles for such a satisfaction. Dr. Fothergill I have often conversed with at Dr. Hillary's lodgings, in Fleet-street. The print of him is very like; but there is not altogether those strong lines of thought and sensibility of the original. All that knew him loved him. The likeness of Dr. Franklin is a very good one; but the Cassius-like sternness is left out. I passed one day with him at Spithead, with Sir J. Banks and the late Dr. Solander (one of the most pleasant men I ever met with); when they went to smooth the water with oil.—Lord Loughborough was of the party. I remember there was but little conversation, except from Solander, and a laughable scene between an officer on board the ship and Dr. Franklin, on the properties of thunder and lightning. The officer continually contradicted the Doctor with saying, "Sir, you are quite wrong in your opinion; Dr. Franklin says so and

so; the Doctor and you are quite contrary in your ideas. I never will allow, Sir, that Dr. F. is wrong. No, Sir; I am sure he is right, and you are wrong, begging your pardon." The Doctor never altered a feature at the conversation. All the company enjoyed a laugh except the disputants.

I am, &c.

R. HOWDELL.

LETTER LXIV.

Dr. FALCONER to Dr. LETTSOM.

Bath, Sept. 5, 1790.

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I have read Mr. Burke's book on the French Revolution. Perhaps it may be vulnerable in some points, but the principal blame I lay on the National Assembly is, that they certainly might have restored the old constitution, in which the people had a proper share, instead of pulling down, and building up as they have, what even now seems to totter. To preclude improvement is not only wrong, but absurd; but to alter on speculative grounds is still more dangerous. Liberty itself is not found in speculative systems; it is the result of experience, which has shewn, that despotism prevails in bodies of men as well as in individuals. "As distant," says Montesquieu, "as heaven is from earth, so is the true spirit of equality

from that of extreme "Equality." When a man in a popular state incurs the dislike of his fellow citizens (which may be as likely on motives of caprice as justice,) he has no chance, no protection for innocence, and much less for liberty. Even when acquitted by a court, the lamp-iron is at hand to dispatch him,—and this disorder is called Liberty. It was observed by Plato, that "from the extreme of liberty, the most excessive and savage servitude arises." (Plat. Rep. VIII. 564. Serran.) The power of the people is often confounded with their liberty; but to enjoy the former, the latter must be abridged. Unpopular conduct may be as innocent and meritorious as popular, and often is so. Socrates and Phocion fell by democratical despotism, whilst Dionysius was ashamed or afraid to hurt Plato, though he hated him and had him in his power. Democratic and Aristocratic States are not (says Montesquieu) in their own nature free. Political liberty is to be found only in moderate governments, and even in these it is not always found. What pretence has the French government to this title? My opinion is, that no alteration should be made, but to remedy some specific mischief, and carried no farther than for such purpose. Honesty, moderation, observation, and attention to experience, will soon ascertain the necessary boundaries; but to alter on other grounds (as the French profess to do), is to act on principles long exploded in every other branch of philosophy. Knowledge made no progress till ex-

periments were substituted in place of theory; and the knowledge of mankind, the only true basis of politics, will be more improved by reading their history, than by having recourse to rights which the experience of 5000 years gives no account of having ever been practised. Men have undoubtedly a right to be safe and happy, both in person and property; but whether this would be attained by giving every man a share in the government, is another question. Is corruption most scarce where the voters of the lowest rank are most numerous? The lower order of people regard this franchise as a property, not as a privilege. Indeed they know not how to use it, and are always the tools of corruption or of violence. To bring our Constitution to its proper state, the number of electors ought to be diminished, not enlarged. Suppose every town was like the Constitution of Westminster, before the late Act. Would any liberty remain? No: but riot, violence, persecution, robbery, and murder, under the name of Liberty. I know not how you will like my opinions, but such as they are I offer them very rudely exhibited.

Yours, very truly,

W. FALCONER.

LETTER LXV.

ANONYMOUS.

Sir, *April* 30, 1801.

You must pardon the intrusion of a stranger, who can only say to you in excuse, as Dr. Johnson did to Dr. Mead *, "If you think it troublesome, you must rank it among one of the (smaller) inconveniences of eminence:" since my reason for addressing you is, your being a man of literature, a man of benevolence, and a physician.

My complaint is against medical men, not of their want of judgment, but their indolence in using it in certain cases: for the grievance I complain of, is rather of a moral than a physical kind.

It is a misfortune for persons of slender income to be accustomed to expensive diet—it is no less a misfortune for them to be taught to imagine their health depends on such diet. If medical men would take the trouble (as the late Dr. Tissot did) to *study* for the Poor, it would be a truly patriotic as well as benevolent exercise of their talents. In cases of debility (and such cases are now common among the poor) relief can only be expected from the continuance of gentle remedies and suitable regimen; but, if the poor are told the only remedy is that they must *live like the rich*—what is the consequence?

* Dedication of Dr. James's Medicinal Dictionary.

Some time ago I sent a woman-servant in a weak state of health to a medical man of eminence for his opinion on her case. His prescription was as follows: "You should live well, drink Port-wine daily, ride out on a double horse, and *if you could* do it, it would be well in the summer to go to the sea-side, and bathe." What was this but saying, if you were the mistress instead of the servant, you might regain your health? Is not this adding pain of mind to weakness of body, and producing useless regrets, if not evil-pinings? A few days ago I inquired after the health of a child in a declining state, belonging to a working man in the neighbourhood. I was told the Doctor had said she must *live better*, and drink porter and wine. Is there no other way of strengthening a child of seven years old? To my knowledge, she has not lived in a poor manner from her birth. It is true, the father has friends who will, I believe, supply him with what may be ordered; and it is a pleasanter, and probably, at present, to him a cheaper prescription than any other; but the child is habituated, and the parents taught that this kind of good living is the chief means of strength. With a little *more* study (for I suppose this prescription required but little), might not some simple regimen, at once nutritive and unexpensive, have been devised? Are not these artificial helps of strong liquors injudicious, even for a rich man's child, much more so for one whose best prospect is, by habits of frugality and temperance, to keep above

want? I need not enlarge: benevolence and good policy equally dictate more wisdom.

You may perhaps ask what I hope for in this application to you? I hope to interest your thoughts and pen on a subject where you can throw light, and that in a sphere where you have influence. If this should be inconsistent with other demands on your time and talents (though I think few can be more weighty if all results are considered)—if, however, from better judgment than mine, you decline the task, I will close with a request of much narrower expectation. Will you, after making what alterations and additions you think proper, send this as a letter to the St. James's Chronicle? * I shall thereby have the satisfaction of knowing you do not judge the subject utterly unworthy of notice; and it may induce some one at least to consider the matter more closely. I am, Sir,

With real respect,

Yours,

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* This letter does not appear to have been printed in the St. James's Chronicle. Ed.

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